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CANADA:

Peter Marshall and Laurier LaPierre on the Quebec Question; Leo J. Hertzel on the Fiction Nobody Knows; Stephen and Virginia Minot on Living in Exile from the U.S.

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The North American Review

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Peter Cooley

TIME'S POETRY PAPERS

During the early '60s, in my second year of college, my Sunday evening cramming was always interrupted by the knocking of Harry at my door. Entering before an answer, he would flop into the only available armchair and proceed to read me aloud my otherwise unread copy of the latest *Time*. I must have tolerated this ritual as a sort of exorcism; a *Time* subscription was sent to college with me by my parents as a staple reminder of what I was desperately trying to forget – upper-middle-class suburban life, a background shared by Harry with the weight of a few more cars and country clubs on his side. During the college's Junior-Year-In-Paris, which both Harry and I landed in, he spent most of his time racing up and down the Champs-Elysées in those cars or lunching at the American Drugstore. Finally, he bought a Jaguar and drove toward Russia. I've never seen him since, but I'm confident he's still reading *Time* puns aloud, perhaps to White Russian princes who service his car in Volgograd. I know I wouldn't miss a single issue. Not that I subscribe, of course. But I devour it surreptitiously in drugstores as I once did girlie magazines, as a housewife must her monthly *Cosmopolitan*.

Time rarely bothers with the contemporary poetry scene, so when it does, one can expect a spicy dish of criticism. This is exactly what A. T. Baker spoons up in the July 12th issue ("Poetry Today: Low Profile, Flatted Voice"). Here, between ads for contact lens cleaner, Time-Life Books, cigarettes, insurance, and bourbon – mainstays of that life Harry imported into Russia – is enough bombast to confirm the prejudices of the *Time* audience that what's happening in our poetry right now isn't worth knowing about unless you're on campus. (And then, hopefully, you'll lose your interest by the time you start graduate school.)

. . . the real W. S. Merwin

The arguments, though, are interesting. *Time* claims that the "modern masters" of the cerebral and the courtly ("Eliot, Frost, Thomas, Auden") are out; they have admirers but not followers. Probably true. And equally so is *Time's* acknowledgement of Williams as the "enshrined elder" of our poets, though in their campus surveys it's not clear if they Galluped commune kids or over-thirty types.

But it is hardly justifiable to dismiss Williams' experiments with language this simply: "[He is] the new chief because he dealt with commonplace objects by using common speech and he never rhymed anything!" Williams is filled with off- and near-rhymes; as for "common speech", take several lines from any period in his poetry and try to use them as conversation: none of us speaks that compactly.

Or again: "Other gurus are Walt Whitman and Ezra Pound (of the *Cantos*)." But how? Pound a denier of the cerebral and courtly? What version of the *Cantos* does A. T. Baker read?

However, the bulk of the article constructs a sort of department store of contemporary American poetry with six inventoried floors cleverly labeled so you can find almost everyone you want, starting at the top and going toward the "Specials" in the basement. From the roof down: (1) "The Polemical Roarers": Ginsberg, Corso, Bly; (2) "The Confessional Sufferers": Lowell, Plath, Sexton, Levertov; (3) "The Tiny Imagists": Olson, Creeley, Kinnell, Wright; (4) "The Compulsive Reporters": O'Hara, Schuyler, Koch; (5) "The Cult Poets": Snyder, Strand, Brautigan, and (6) "The Specials": Merwin and Ammons.

Time's classification isn't even arbitrary: it's absurd. How can Bly be in the same "school" with the "once and future guru" (there's that word again) Allen Ginsberg because he is "visible and vocal"? How is Denise Levertov to be lumped with the Confessionals when, by her own admission and the opinion of every critic and anthologist, she derives from Williams and the Black Mountain Poets? If poets are fish to be herded into schools, let's at least put them where they belong. Or again: What does Kinnell, whose work bears such strong affinities with Roy Harvey Pearce's Adamic tradition and with the Rilke-Whitman-Roethke spirit-in-nature as microcosm influence, what does he have in common with Creeley's Puritanesque minimalism?

Or: Even if one parses poets by their attire, why is the natty Mark Strand (he was my teacher and stepped into each class out of a *New Yorker* ad) walking through the door of *Time's* Abercrombie & Fitch with Gary Snyder in his "buskin vests and beads"?

One could go on and on. For the record, Merwin's latest book of poetry is *The Carrier of Lad-*

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ders, not the *Carriers* (plural) as *Time* would have it, and Merwin does not look like Kinnell. For another kind of record, it's interesting to observe how many British critics *Time* quotes on our new poetry and how vengeful they are – perhaps an admission that there's really nothing going on in English poetry for them to pick on?

* * *

Time's summary maintains that the level of poetic *output (nota bene*, the "Books" section in *Time* follows "Business") in our country now is great but the quality low. This is, they stress, because of the flattened voice our poets assume, an unmemorable language unable to "change man's thinking and the sound of the language in his ear." Yet glancing over the middle of the article, *Time* has explicitly discussed Ginsberg, Corso, Bly, Plath, Sexton, Koch, and Merwin as anything but flat; if nothing else, further, the silly categories argue for the diversity of our poetry. And, more importantly, the memorable verse *Time* demands seems that of limerick or epigram, or the instantly recitable Tennysonian apothegm on God, Mother & Queen. Surely Koch's finer moments in "Sleeping with Women" are highly memorable, as are Wright's epiphanies ("Suddenly I realize/That if I stepped out of my body I would break/Into blossom.") and, forgive me, but whole clumps of Merwin stick to my ears:

Every year without knowing it I have passed the day
When the last fires will wave to me
And the silence will set out
Tireless traveller
Like the beam of a lightless star
("For the Anniversary of My Death")

But that's only one test in any case. Why shouldn't the poem be considered for how it works upon us while we read it? Perhaps its intention is to create a transparent medium where language is immediate but deliberately unmemorable. Brautigan works that way. Or to immerse us in social outrage by an imagistic appeal to the collective unconscious as Bly's poems do. If I know anything about the poetry of our time it's that – to reverse the words of one of our non-gurus – good fences don't make good neighbors; and I need every breath of openness and innocence to get through our poems now and keep writing my own.

And I need *Time*, too, for gossip on Jackie Onassis, for the triple sexual puns of its movie reviews, for the Medicine section which I can't understand in any other magazine, and for those *Milestones* which make Divorce and Death a sort of Tweedledum and Tweedledee. But not for poetry. Or consider this, *Time*. With the exception of that former advertising man now turned poet who is conspicuously absent from your article, the words of Pound's Mr. Nixon (I see your ears prick up) in "Hugh Selwyn Mauberley" are applicable, not for our current poets, but for you: "as for literature/It gives no man a sinecure . . . And give up verse, my boy,/There's nothing in it." □

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William K. Woods

MAIN STREET U.S.A. HOSTS THE WORLD

If Sinclair Lewis looked down from heaven at Indianapolis during the last week in May, he probably beamed with pride when he saw that Babbitt's "Zenith spirit" was still alive and well in 1971. A host of municipal officials and urban experts from seventeen countries were treated to heavy doses of Hoosier Boosterism during the four day "Conference of Cities" that met in Indiana's capital. The ironies and incongruities that flourished at this convention comprised enough factors to permanently boggle an oversensitive mind. While many of the world's ablest architects, planners, sociologists, economists, political scientists, and urban officials pooled their knowledge about housing, transportation, government, finance, pollution, crime, land-use, recreation, and urban aesthetics and culture, the main arena was preëmpted for the stump speaking of American politicians.

Speeches by Secretary George Romney of HUD, Vice-President Spiro Agnew, and Mayors John Lindsay, Carl Stokes, and Richard Lugar received 90% of the press coverage. The media's fascination with political implications turned the communications aspect of the conference into a battle between Nixon and his critics. Revenue sharing and local initiative were pitted against federal programs and the concept of local paralysis. While diverse ideas and case studies were aired by international panelists, the headlines described the no-compromise struggle between the Nixon programs and the legacy of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

This political scenario nurtured the false concept that federal and local policies can't be mixed into a creative response to problems, and it detracted from the efforts of conference participants to share their ideas. This emphasis on American political hoopla also created the false impression that U. S. urbanologists had nothing to learn from their foreign guests. It was ludicrous to see Agnew and Romney mouthing their rhetoric before television cameras while the officials from England, France, Norway, and the Netherlands (all countries with long-standing national urban policies) received no network coverage at all.

The media was not entirely to blame for this preoccupation with U.S. politicians. Conference schedulers awarded the prime time slots to Lugar, Lindsay, Agnew, and Romney. Mayor Lugar, as an official host, also deserves credit for intensifying the partisan atmosphere of this gathering. As a friend of the Nixon Administration, Lugar spent an entire luncheon address attacking the "grandiose housing plan" of Nixon critic Carl Stokes, blasting Congressmen for attempting to run cities from their offices in Washington, and praising his Administration's efforts to coordinate metropolitan and inner city functions. Numerous foreign delegates complained that the goals of the conference were compromised by the behavior of the American participants. After Lugar's speech, I heard one man grumble: "I didn't come all the way from Europe to watch the Yanks air their dirty linen. I frankly feel used."

Since it coincided with an election year, the Conference was timed as a stunning conclusion to Richard Lugar's first term in office. The mayor's aides coordinated the daily activities, and if you asked for a piece of carbon paper you were liable to get a sales pitch about their boss. The well fed young suburbanites of the Mayor's staff literally oozed homilies about "dynamic Dick."

Since I know Indianapolis from previous visits, I can attest that Indiana's capital suffers from a case of acute blight. An effort was made to keep the delegates from viewing these sprawling grey zones. Chartered buses guided by motorcycle escorts whisked the press and the conferees around the city. With sirens wailing, Indianapolis's men in blue cleared a path for the buses as they roared from the Hilton to the Art Museum to the Butler University Campus. Who can worry about cheap, fast and comfortable public transit systems or miles of ugliness while rolling about in such style. (I remember my frustrations, trying to get around this city by bus during the 1968 presidential primary, and I recalled driving in Robert Kennedy's motorcade along streets lined with decayed housing.)

During the Conference, the schedule makers gave us no side trips through the Indianapolis ghetto. It was all gilded Hiltons, art museums, and campus greenery. Although the art museum was the setting for the panel discussions on mass transit and on bringing cultural institutions closer to the neighborhoods, I would learn that inner city residents can't reach this museum by bus. The irony of the out-of-town guest's privilege versus the citizen's daily reality became evident when a frustrated rush hour driver, who was forced to pull off the road in order to make way for our official cavalcade, gave us the finger.

As everyone knows, U. S. cities confront a financial crisis. Never mind new programs in housing, transportation, education, recreation and public

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safety; most municipalities find it difficult to pay for basic services like garbage removal and street repair. Fiscal resources were analysed at length during the four day session, but Conference expenditures on drink, food, and entertainment numbed us to the immediacy of urban bankruptcy. There may be little money for housing and parks, but one can always find patrons to sponsor talkathons about these problems. The cost of the Conference was $600,000. Indianapolis and the state of Indiana put up $75,000 apiece, while HUD chipped in $100,000. The rest of the money came from foundations and corporate and private donors.

Dazzled by this bankroll, Conference planners couldn't resist a few frills like open bars, a Victor Borge concert, and a series of banquets. They must have reasoned that it takes a lot of whiskey, imported beer, and roastbeef to keep urbanologists talking. As I sipped Heineken beer at the press hospitality suite, I eased my conscience by telling myself that even statistics concerned with urban doom can be rather dry.

* * *

Although this contradicts my summary of American politicians at the Conference, I was impressed by Carl Stokes' performance at the opening day breakfast session. Over the clink of silverware, the Mayor reviewed his inability to make a dent in Cleveland's problems. His polished oratory and dapper appearance failed to mask the depth of his frustration with government at the local level.

After he sketched the political stalemate between the predominantly black East Side and the blue-collar white ethnic enclaves of the West Side, I could understand his decision not to seek a third term. His remarks about the undemocratic nature of a ward system that allows local councilmen to block the mayor's efforts to build low cost housing units in white middle-class neighborhoods underscore one of the limitations of current municipal government. When there is a white majority, black leaders talk about neighborhood autonomy and grass-roots efforts to overcome the city hall establishment. Once blacks possess the numbers to elect a mayor, the whites raise the banner of ward solidarity.

Even if he possessed a united citizenry behind his programs, Stokes concluded that he still could not orchestrate a renaissance for his city. Inner cities lack the financial resources to pull themselves up by their bootstraps. Those who once paid large property taxes now live in the autonomous suburbs that ring Cleveland. In order to break the social stalemate at the local level and to meet problems like Cleveland's 47,000 substandard housing units, the Mayor proposes new federal approaches.

Stokes outlined his plan for a national housing insurance program that would replace the myriad current government housing laws. Permanently funded by a national insurance trust fund, the program would offer every American an opportunity to receive financial aid for housing. If a citizen put up 20% of his monthly income, the housing authority would gurantee the difference between the citizen's contribution and the established rent or mortgage payment. Since private builders could count on a new market of clients, this mechanism would trigger a major expansion in the construction of houses and apartments. It would also eliminate those instantly segregated slums called public housing projects. The Mayor promised that he would present the plan in full detail at the National Conference of Mayors. Here was another potential law to be bottled up in Congressional committees for several sessions.

* * *

U. S. journalists and officials could have learned something from the Wednesday morning speeches of a Canadian and an Englishman. Chances are they didn't. While we flounder about with a plethora of unconnected and often conflicting agencies, programs and governmental units that deal in a piecemeal fashion with housing, transportation, employment, pollution, and health and welfare, these speakers outlined two national approaches for synthesizing all the interrelated factors that cause cities, regions, and countries to develop in certain patterns. Robert Andras discussed the goals of Canada's Ministry for Urban Affairs, and Peter Walker explained the functions of Great Britain's six month old Department of the Environment.

As the first minister of a cabinet level department that was created this May, Andras defined the differences between his ministry and our Department of Housing and Urban Development. HUD merely oversees and funds a series of urban-related programs. It in no way possesses a monopoly on federal policies that effect cities, and HUD officials spend most of their time tending to the mechanics of the Model Cities Program, "Operation Breakthrough", the Open Space Program, Urban Renewal, and the various other housing programs. Two years ago, Andras became the Federal Minister Responsible for Housing (The Canadian equivalent to HUD), but he soon felt that the chaotic, non-planned manner in which federal, provincial, and local programs operated might produce negative or even disastrous long-term results.

Andras temporarily halted allocations for programs such as urban renewal, and he sought government support for a national study of Canada's urban processes. Such a study was completed in 1970. It indicated the complexities involved in rural decline and urban-regional growth. Statistics revealed that one-half of Canada's population will live in Montreal, Toronto, and Vancouver regions by the year 2000. The report also found that there were 117 federal programs in operation through twenty-seven departments and agencies that affected cities and their regions. (A study of U. S. policies shows that there are approximately 400 federal grant programs administered by twenty-one urban agencies.).

After studying this report, Andras and other officials decided that in order to devise, oversee, and coordinate a national urban policy, Canada needed a comprehensive planning ministry with cabinet level status. Such a body was created by Parliament in May, and Andras became its chief minister. This ministry will not administrate programs, but it will study present and future trends and then attempt to

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bring local, provincial, and federal officials into a rational partnership concerning the options that are open for a socially and physically sound urban transportation, housing, employment, recreation, and environment policy.

It is too early to tell how effective this agency will be, but its institutional structure gives it more wieght than President Nixon's Cabinet-level Council on Urban Affairs. No person with a cabinet position devotes his full energies to the President's urban council, and it evolved into a mere discussion group between cabinet members and urban-related departments. After Daniel Patrick Moynihan retreated to the groves of academe, the Council became invisible.

* * *

As Secretary of State for the Environment, Peter Walker possesses sweeping authority over decisions affecting the quality of life in England. The thirty-nine-year-old Conservative member of Parliament was appointed Minister of Housing and Local Government when Edward Heath formed his cabinet in the summer of 1970. Half a year ago, the Department of the Environment was created, and Walker was chosen to head it.

In a well-crafted speech that he delivered with the tasteful fervor of an Anglican clergyman, Walker preached about the duties of his new office. Policies pertaining to pollution, housing, transportation, and national planning come under the jurisdiction of the Department of the Environment. Walker thus embraces the functions of the U. S. Transportation Secretary John Volpe, HUD Secretary George Romney, and Environmental Protection Agency Chief William Ruckleshaus. Ostensibly, the Department of the Environment can coordinate programs so that a new highway won't ruin residential housing, or so that plans for a housing project won't spoil a park or wildlife preserve. Walker gave the example of his recent refusal to allow heavier trucks on British roads. The Department of Transportation, working within the confines of engineering and economic priorities, might have approved the heavier vehicles, but Walker turned down the request because of the noise, vibrations, and pollution that these trucks would cause. After reviewing the mistakes that can be avoided by such a coordinated approach, the Minister alluded to the positive aspects of synthetic regional and national planning. Industrial growth, home building, transportation, recreation planning, and new town construction will be synchronized by his department.

It is not surprising that this new agency was devised by English government. With her green-belt laws, her distribution-of-industry legislation, and her new-town and town-planning acts, Britain led the way after World War II in forging a national urban policy. The Department of the Environment represents, then, a further refinement of this movement. With a geographic size comparable to an American state, and with one less layer of government between the national and local levels, England cannot be slavishly copied by the U. S. Nevertheless, she sets a lot of precedents that deserve careful study by our own urban strategists.

* * *

The hoopla and politics that set the tone for the Conference were missing in the panels. Most participants came to swap case studies with their fellow professionals. Panels were set up to discuss housing, fiscal resources, transportation, local government, public health and safety, planning and development, the environment, and urban recreation, culture and visual surroundings. Since all groups met simultaneously, the observer was forced to stay with one subject or to hop from session to session. In an attempt to compromise between specialization and sloppy generalization, I divided my time among three of the eight panels.

A topic like local government doesn't enflame the imagination or increase the heart beat. Nevertheless, so many schemes for urban improvement hinge on devising institutional frameworks for our regionally scattered populations that I spent my first afternoon listening to debates on this subject. The panel could agree on the need for new forms, but the members were fuzzy about the exact structures and functions of their models. Also, no one could explain how to win voter approval for any proposed new governments.

The panel was chaired by Alan K. Campbell, a Syracuse political scientist who recently collaborated on a concept called "split-level" government. The split-level scheme calls for governmental units that serve smaller populations and geographic areas than current big city governments. In order to respond to grassroots needs, New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles would be chopped into smaller communities. Imposed onto these smaller units would be a layer of government to care for area wide problems. Because he realizes that no functions are exclusively local or regional, Campbell proposes a close interlinking of these two tiers of government. Each community would want to insure that its needs were recognized in an area policy, and the Metro-Level would wish to block local programs that warped a regional plan.

Split-level government looks excellent on paper, but it would take dramatic efforts to create it. Voters usually veto governmental reorganization schemes, and state legislators try to avoid the kind of major political rows that such a proposal would stimulate. Of course, split-level government might evolve through piecemeal cooperation between the municipalities of a region.

The panel on development revealed the planning distance between a country like Norway and the U. S. Egil Tombre, Deputy Director of the Norwegian Institute for Urban and Regional Research, delivered a paper on his country's growth policy. Goldie Watson, Philadelphia's Model Cities Director, outlined the conflicts that stymied this program in her city.

Norway's government seeks to control the growth of Oslo and Bergen by inducing industries to locate in small towns with shrinking economic bases. This two-decade-old policy fails to prevent migration to the larger cities, but Oslo and Bergen do not expand like megalopolitan regions in Europe and the United States. Although some rural areas continued to decline even with government aid, Norweigian officials consider their policy of balanced population distribution a success. This

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type of comprehensive population and economic planning helps keep Norway's unemployment rate from rising above .7%.

Tombre also sketched city planning in Oslo. Backed by citizen approval, Oslo planners maintain large green wedges that penetrate the central business district. There are actually ski trails into the core area. In order to protect a wilderness area on the city's periphery, Oslo citizens prefer to sacrifice suburban space for condensed housing. In most cities this nothern forest would be cleared for homes, but Oslo residents continually vote to keep it in a natural state.

Goldie Watson then lectured us about the delays and frustrations of neighborhood revival under the Model Cities program. This program represents Congress's first attempt to bring federal programs together in a coordinated effort to rejuvenate specified "target areas" in the inner city. This was no sweeping law to solve the urban crisis, but merely a thoughtful scheme to synthesize various programs in a well-defined neighborhood. A lack of funds, changing federal guidelines, and hassles between City Hall and neighborhood people produced minimal results for this program. Enunciating each word with her school teacher's precision, Goldie Watson verbally led us through the frustrating maze that represents Philadelphia's Model Cities project.

* * *

The panel on recreation, culture and visual surroundings was lively. The blend of personalities stimulated a flurry of ideas. Although the subject seems removed from gut issues like poverty and unfit housing, the panelists dealt with themes like neighborhood restoration, citizen involvement, zoning, land-use, and building new towns. Instead of treating architecture, culture, and recreation as frills or fringe benefits, the panelists discussed these subjects in terms of urban rejuvenation.

Leopold Rosenmayr, professor of sociology at the University of Vienna, stressed the need for compact areas where people can see art, hear music, sit in the sun, run in the grass, eat lunch, shop, meet people, talk, and view architectural forms within a six-minute stroll. Panelists agreed cities should create such centers, and that smaller culture-recreation spaces would help to revive a sense of community in urban neighborhoods. Rosenmayr and architect Arthur C. Erickson commented that European cities, prior to mass transit and the auto, possessed such multiple-purpose zones, and that one way to restore human values to the city was to turn the streets back to the people.

Architect Phillip Johnson called for a return to the kind of spending that Popes and princes lavished on urban building during the Renaissance and Baroque periods. He said that even the Robber Barons of the 19th century were better patrons of public monuments than we are today. "Instead of building St. Peter's, the Louvre, or Penn Station, we send our money up in space," concluded Johnson.

Johnson's nostalgic paper on Baroque builders was in contrast to James M. Woods' discourse on street people and participatory democracy in Watts. Nevertheless, the patrician, with his views about European grand design, and the black president of Studio Watts Workshop were essentially seeking the same goal. They both strive to create visual surroundings that will give urban peoples an identity.

After earning degrees in economics and sociology, and traveling through the Far East and Africa, Woods had decided to make his home in the Watts area of Los Angeles. He turned to the arts as a means of bringing self-awareness and pride to Los Angeles' black ghetto. The six-year old Studio Watts Workshop sponsors a variety of programs for young artists and musicians, but Woods thinks in much more comprehensive terms than merely establishing an art academy and a few street festivals. He uses the unifying force of Watts' cultural activities to galvanize neighborhood energies behind housing programs and efforts to get better physical and social services. In this way, he views art in Athenian terms. Art is not entertainment for passive audiences, but an activity in a person's daily cycle. Involvement in a community theater production that depicts ghetto life may spur the players to work for more recreation space in their neighborhood.

Woods hopes that museums will become urban culture brokers. Instead of institutions that stand as static containers of artifacts and paintings, he proposes a museum that weaves cultural activities into the daily patterns of a city's diverse communities. Woods wasn't referring to an occasional concert in the ghetto; he visualizes an on-going cultural program that takes place outside the museum walls.

Woods gave his talk in a room of the Indianapolis art museum, and I noticed a few horrified faces in the audience. For socialites, who view the museum as a wing of the country club, this was a revolutionary manifesto.

* * *

If Booth Tarkington joined Sinclair Lewis to observe the conference, the Indianapolis novelist was probably shocked by the gauche behavior of Mayor Lugar at the Wednesday luncheon. Not even the optimistic entrepreneurs of the Ambersons' era would presume to lecture the officials of Paris, London, Vienna, Rome, Brussels, Amsterdam, and Oslo on how to run a city. For $600,000, Lugar assembled the delegates of seventeen countries to tell them that Indianapolis was doing just fine without their help. As the delegates left the dining hall, I failed to hear anyone whistling, "How you gonna keep 'em down in Paris after they've seen Indianapolis?"

I thought about the conference as I drove out of Indianapolis during the evening rush hour. Well off the path of the conference cavalcade, I rolled by used car lots, begrimed buildings, and neon drive-ins. It was fitting that the climax of the week's events would be the Indianapolis 500. This race glorifies speed and technology, and it was the car and the speculator that created this sleazy corridor I was viewing during the daily ritual of the traffic jam. As I crept along, I kept trying to think of ways to improve urban life. It is difficult, however, to keep some perspective on such matters when you can't see the blight for the exhaust. □

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THE QUEBEC QUESTION: TWO VIEWS

1. Peter Marshall: After the English Conquest
2. Laurier LaPierre: October 1970

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Noting that "only in Ulster can be found a region of the Western world where the past enjoys so active and political a role," the author discusses that past and relates it to Quebec's uneasy present and unpredictable future.

Peter Marshall

QUEBEC: AFTER THE ENGLISH CONQUEST

If the political history of Quebec possesses a continuous theme, it is that of the sufferings and strategems of a society in the face of perpetual menaces to its survival. Any growth in strength has been more than matched by the magnification of hostile pressures; although in the course of three and a half centuries the French-speaking population of Quebec has grown from a handful of settlers to five millions, comprising eighty-five per cent of the Province's inhabitants, so numerical, material, and cultural threats to a distinctive existence are seen to have developed even more spectacularly. To the Quebec nationalist, an Anglo-American world cannot avoid employing its immensely superior resources to impose a way of life irreconcilable with the maintenance of a radically distinctive culture, with consequences fatal to a linguistic minority already deprived of political and economic authority.

The odds against contemporary Quebec are therefore as daunting as at the time of the French and Indian war; even worse, the military conquest of 1761 seems likely to be followed at a distance of two centuries by a second conquest of a much more extensive and definitive nature. In this interpretation the outcome of the present struggle is crucial. Survival – a term synonymous with existence – and nothing less is at stake. It may well be argued that this sense of crisis is misplaced. Nationalist movements do not, however, flourish on a series of subtle distinctions between shades of gray. Those who, in one regard, dismiss the events of October 1970 as the futile gesture of a minuscule band of terrorists, in another perspective have interpreted the reaction of the authorities as a desperate attempt to destroy the separatist challenge. The terrorism of the F. L. Q. is submerged by that of the application of the War Measures Act, and the issue becomes not the murder of a politician but the denial of a nation's right to exist.

The problem of Quebec, increasingly expressed in nationalist terms, possesses both deep historical roots and complex contemporary aspects; between the interpretation and influence of the past and the elucidation of the present a multiplicity of influences are reciprocally at work. It would appear no accident that, at a period of intense political consciousness, a militant, populist history of Quebec should have been installed for six months at the head of the best-seller lists. Only in Ulster can be found a region of the Western world where the past enjoys so active and political a role. That much of this concern elicits bad history and dubious politics contributes to the difficulty of accurate exposition of current attitudes. The past, present, and future of Quebec are interpreted in widely differing fashion for conflicting political purposes, investing Provincial politics with characteristics apparent nowhere else in Canada.

The nature of Quebec politics has been rarely dull, largely internecine, for long periods socially and economically irresponsible, not to say corrupt. The system has maintained a vitality and importance to secure precedence for Quebec city over Ottawa as the effective locus of political power in French Canada. Yet, given the inevitable priorities of a Federal system – even one whose judicial interpretation has, in the century following its introduction, favored the confirmation of Provincial rather than of Federal powers – the limits of subordinate authority have been frequently and painfully apparent. This has been the more galling in that Ottawa has rarely appeared a convincing symbol of Canadian political or economic unity. It has seemed rather an aspiring metropolis, whose principal industry is politics, situated strategically between Montreal and Toronto, but which, though separated from Quebec only by a river, remains overwhelmingly English in character, its bilinguality confined largely to debates in Parliament. For the French-speaking Quebec politician, a shift from Provincial to Federal politics may represent much more than a change in status or a mutation of ambitions. A representative of the majority becomes a member of a minority, can expect to be referred to by nationalists as a *Vendu* [sell-out], and from the moment he becomes identified with Ottawa is considered to have lost touch with the sentiments and affairs of Quebec. The degree to which the two political systems are considered compatible indicates individual political viewpoints; no problems are raised by outright acceptance or rejection, but the middle ground is obscured by innumerable mediatory projects which seek to reconcile nationalism and the established order.

The frequency of these attempts at harmony points to the difficulty of the task. The nationalism of Quebec is a response to an extended historical experience, conceived as an unbroken process of colonization undertaken first by France, then by Britain, currently by the United States and English Canada. Each of these powers was primarily concerned with the exploitation of its "possession", as the territory was coveted first for its furs, then for its lumber and its access to the commercial empire of the St. Lawrence, now for its mineral resources and cheap labor. Despite centuries of material and human deprivation there survived, notwithstanding all obstacles and whatever the cost in the distortion of "natural" development, a community which must now be recognized as a nation, and which must be conceded its separate place in the international

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order. In terms of population, territorial extent, and – above all – resistance to assimilation, Quebec can justify its assertion of independence. The separatist case is clear but its universal appeal is less evident. Even the most committed must acknowledge that, though all nationalists are Québécois, not all Québécois are nationalists. (Descriptive terms can be an indication of political sympathies; nationalists have discarded the older terms *Canadien* and *Canadien français* in favor of *Québécois*, defined as one who considers his roots to be established in Quebec and who feels at ease in the French language, or of *Canayen* if a more populist appeal is intended.) This is explained as a consequence of an ignorance maintained by religious, political, economic and linguistic repression, and of a betrayal committed by a self-seeking élite which preferred the benefits obtainable by collaboration with imperialists of whatever origin to serving the interests of the people.

To separatists the historical accounts which must be settled are, therefore, both external and internal. The constant change which has been apparent in Quebec society during the last decade underlines, rather than reduces, this need. The power and position of the old élite seems less impregnable, more open to replacement by new elements whose ambitions are equalled only by their impatience. This social tension has been accompanied by a transformation of dominant intellectual attitudes. Quebec, for so long seemingly a miraculously preserved colonial caricature of pre-Revolutionary France, now seeks inspiration from revolutionary ideologies and struggles in all parts of the world. This upheaval has occurred far too suddenly to possess clear and logical lines of development; its reality may also be questioned. Quebec has not, in the course of a decade, abandoned conservative for radical political precepts, but its communal psychology has undergone a massive secularization. Québécois now possess a faith in the State of their national future which they formerly extended to the Church of their submerged past. This shift in belief has extended and sharply modified the objectives and modes of expression of a nationalist movement which, in its earlier phases, was closely linked with elements within the Church. But if Che has replaced Christ in the conventions of Quebec interior decoration, the reverence due the crucified seems to have lingered on. The dissociation of religion from society has thus been less total than might superficially seem to be the case, but remains sufficiently effective to cause both conservative and radical alike to stress the collapse of moral values within Quebec society. A major argument in the case for the creation of a new polity is to be found in the evidence testifying to the disintegration of its predecessor.

2.

For two centuries, almost to the year, the task of preserving the existence of French Canada was undertaken by the Catholic church. To a people who after, as before, the Conquest possessed no political representation, and who would advance by grudged stages to a majority situation in the provincial assembly only to assume a minority position in Canadian affairs, the Church assumed the function of institutional guardian of an otherwise defenseless community. The three distinguishing features of French Canada, its faith, language, and laws, could in the last analysis be sustained only through the energies of the Church. Throughout the nineteenth century, clericalism, brushing aside the challenge of contemporary secularism offered by *les rouges*, remained dominant. Faith was formed and confirmed by religious control of the educational system, to the extent that the authors of the British North America Act of 1867, the imperial legislation which remains today the constitutional basis of Canadian government, distinguished the educational systems of Quebec simply as Catholic and Protestant; the one, it was assumed, would require and guarantee instruction in French, the other in English. Pending agreement on procedures for the repatriation and revision of the B. N. A. Act, and while awaiting the outcome of proposed Provincial legislation – which may be challenged on constitutional grounds – the current structure of the Quebec public schools' system remains divided both by religion and by language. An English Catholic system was established after 1867 to meet the needs of those, initially for the most part Irish, in whom religious and linguistic preferences clashed with the provisions of the B. N. A. Act. Lacking constitutional guarantees, these schools have existed at the pleasure of the Provincial government. The Protestant system accepts all children of non-Roman Catholic parentage; Jews, Hindus, Muslims, Greek Orthodox are all, in the Quebec definition of the term, "Protestants". They are also "English", since the language of instruction has become an indication of communal attachment, and the number of "French Protestants" is unimportant. The majority of children in the Province are educated in the French Catholic schools system. This separation has handicapped efforts to promote bilinguality in the Province – the teaching of the other language in the schools is generally ineffective – and has allowed education to emphasize rather than diminish differences between the communities of Quebec.

Until 1960 the French Catholic system of education, not excluding the Universities, was dominated by the Church. The appointment of Pierre-Elliot Trudeau as a member of the Law Faculty of *l'Université de Montréal* had been blocked by clerical unwillingness to permit the youth of French Canada to fall under such radical influence. In this situation, general education continued to assume classical forms, leading towards that narrow range of professions characteristic of a pre-industrial society: the Church, law, and medicine. French Canada was neither equipped nor encouraged to benefit from the opportunities afforded by the economic growth of North America. The management and financing of Quebec enterprise, as well as larger developments which organized from Montreal the exploitation of Canadian resources, fell, at least partly by default, into the hands of the English minority. The Church regarded this situation with favor rather than resentment, since its efforts were directed towards the development of agriculture and not of industry. Such policies in part reflected, in part encouraged, the isolation of French Canada; a peasantry bound to the soil, enclosed within, in effect, a national religion, linked to the outer

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world by a restricted *bourgeoisie* whose professional elements had come to terms with the English, intermarried continuously, and would exist, comfortably if anachronistically, as evidence of Canada's other colonial past.

The dynamics of nineteenth century development made impossible the indefinite sustaining of this balance of forces. Montreal had become the commercial and financial capital, a center of immigration and industrialization, for British North America. Simultaneously, the means by which French Canada had been able to counter the superiority of Anglo-American resources became itself a fundamental cause of change; *le miracle du berceau* [the miracle of the cradle] had established a birth-rate sufficient to match growth by immigration and dash the prospect, envisaged by Lord Durham in 1839 and made credible thereafter by the growth of the English majority in British North America, of a solution by assimilation. But traditional ways could not support the growing population of a static society. In their turn, hundreds of thousands of French Canadians were to become immigrants, seeking land or felling timber in Northern New England and the West, employed as mill-hands in Massachusetts or in the textile industries which developed nearer home. These pressures, felt particularly acutely in areas such as the Gaspé peninsula, brought French Canada into the modern world without freedom of choice and on the worst possible terms. A society directed towards the goal of conservative survival could not escape the impact of radical innovation and responded, for lack of alternatives, by assuming the least rewarding of tasks within a changing economy. This was the price to be paid for retaining a communal identity which was now marked not only by differences in faith and language but additionally by social and economic inferiority. A society which might once have been content to assert its distinctiveness as an ethnic group seemed about to be assimilated by other, economic, means. Capitalism would achieve what Canadianism could not.

As long as the Church assumed prime responsibility for the maintenance of Quebec identity, challenges were more readily identified in national than in economic forms. The decline of the British Empire did not in itself, change this situation; to the French Canadian élite, less danger may have been apprehended from a policy devised in London and applicable throughout the colonies constituting British North America than from decisions reached in Ottawa and representative of the interests of the English majority of Canada. Canadian nationalism developed as the replacement of imperial loyalty, but its assertion of the country's independent role in international affairs has not checked the growth of Quebec particularism. If anything, it has stimulated isolationist sentiment by recourse to foreign policies considered useful primarily to Anglo-American interests. Canadian participation in the Boer War and the two World Wars was attended by controversy. Resistance to endorsement of an imperialistic venture against a minority – which offered uncomfortable parallels to the Quebec situation – provoked the stand against the Boer War of Henri Bourassa, now generally recognized as the first spokesman of the nationalist movement. There is evidence of continuity in Quebec declarations of resistance in that Bourassa was the grandson of Louis-Joseph Papineau, the *"Patriote"* leader of the 1837 rising in the Province, and that the newspaper founded by Bourassa, *Le Devoir*, should remain, sixty years later, the major intellectual forum of nationalist opinion.

During the two World Wars the question of conscription aroused strong feelings in Quebec, precipitated political crises in Canada, and did much to embitter Anglo-French relations. Those French Canadians who supported the war declared themselves to be Federalists; those who opposed involvement could be considered nationalists. To many English Canadians it may well have seemed that, since both wars turned on desperate struggles in which Britain was allied with France, there was no reason why French Canadians should not respond as emphatically as themselves to calls for aid. Logically, the argument was defensible; historically, it took no account of the consequences of 1763. The descendants of colonists who had been abandoned and thereafter ignored by the mother-country felt no sense of obligation or loyalty to a connection which had been historically fractured rather than forged. In this context Canadian nationalism offered no outlet for Quebec sentiment; at best a bid for a supporting role in the drama of Anglo-American domination, its emergence justified the development of separatism as a countervailing force. Once this had come about, the function and the power of the Church would become dispensable.

3.

Quebec nationalism has been sustained by repeated examples of internal inequities and of external commitments which have been neither approved by nor in the interest of a subordinate community. Conviction has grown as situations and solutions present themselves time and again. In 1849 Papineau's younger admirers were advocating Quebec's annexation to the United States as a means by which they might secure control of the government, establish French as the only legal language, and finally became *maîtres chez nous.* Within few nationalist movements can there be, well over a century later, an active discussion upon the merits of so venerable a policy, yet Mario Beaulieu, a contender for the leadership, of *l'Union Nationale*, has made this a major feature of his program, and the idea has also been advanced by economists supporting *le Parti Québécois.* One might add that *maîtres chez nous* was a slogan constantly employed by the Liberals during the "Quiet Revolution" of the early 1960s. History has provided the materials from which contemporary Quebec nationalism can be constructed; it is not surprising that historians have been much involved in the creation of a nationalist perspective.

Although the leadership of the Church was prepared to forfeit political influence in Protestant Ottawa if by so doing it could escape interference in its ordering of affairs in Catholic Quebec, subscription to the politics of calculation was never total. *L'abbé* Lionel Groulx, whose activities were not accompanied by clerical preferment,

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devoted himself to the writing of Canadian history from a nationalist standpoint; his interpretation, stripped of its pious homilies, was to prove widely influential. Even so, the belated development of Quebec attitudes is exemplified in the maintenance for the first sixty years of the twentieth century of a dominant school of nationalist historians, whose concerns were rarely for the economic and social crises of a society which was judged overwhelmingly in terms of its progress towards political independence. This period, which may now be seen as marking the development of a conservative nationalism, produced no more revolutionary endeavours than those devised by the linguistic and religious bourgeois traditionalists of the Saint-Jean Baptiste society or those alleged by Maurice Duplessis during a quarter-century of rhetorical prominence.

In an English-speaking environment, Maurice Duplessis might well have attained a prominence equal to that of Huey Long, with whom his career over-lapped and possessed similarities. Duplessis' tenure of power, not brought to a premature end, extended from 1936 to 1959, with a break of five years after 1939. Like Long, he had been elected to office as the saviour of long-neglected social groups radicalized by the impact of the depression. The provincial Liberals, stigmatized as politically corrupt, economically subservient to foreign capitalism and local, English-controlled monopolies, were swept from office in an outburst of protest strongly marked by xenophobic sentiment. It soon became evident, however, that Duplessis had no intention of introducing significant social and economic reforms, but that he would restrict himself to engaging in any form of political corruption and blackmail required to maintain his power; the great business corporations would have grounds to bless, not fear, his presence, provided their gratitude was expressed in tangible forms. Although making full use of the advantages accruing from the over-representation of rural areas in the Assembly and from election procedures which shamelessly favored the party in power, Duplessis retained wide support until his death in office; one can only conclude that failure to improve social and economic conditions appeared less significant to the electorate than his preferred role as defender of the rights and particularities of the Province.

The success of this appeal, given the blatant contradictions between assertions and achievements, was in itself proof of the degree to which the Province remained out of step with the major developments in the government of North American societies. Where else, as late as 1939, would the state be expending large sums on the encouragement of land colonization? Where else, down to the 1950s, would the recognition of trade unionism be so sternly opposed and systematically hindered? Where else, long before the rise of Senator McCarthy, would support of Christianity – or, more strictly, Catholicism – against Communism, very loosely defined, be accorded recognition as a basic precept of government policy? Where else would that same government connive at the looting of natural resources to a degree equalled only by the worst comparable examples of nineteenth century United States history? Not until the 1950s were such questions openly and effectively raised, both as intellectual challenges and as direct responses to a number of episodes which had blatantly proclaimed the repressive nature of the Duplessis regime. The opposition was highly articulate; *Le Devoir* had become increasingly hostile to *l'Union Nationale*, its provincial parliamentary correspondent, Pierre Laporte, being particularly prominent in documenting the failings of the party and its leader. A fund of information and criticism was contained in the periodical *Cité Libre*, of which Pierre-Elliot Trudeau was a director. That the ferment was far from being confined to intellectual circles was indicated by the bitter conflicts which marked the miners' strikes at Asbestos in 1949 and at Murdochville in 1957. Both strikes were technically illegal; both led to the use of strike-breakers and outbreaks of violence. At Asbestos, the provincial police were actively involved in attempts to suppress a strike against an American-owned company; at Murdochville, in the poverty-stricken Gaspé, Duplessis for months made no effort to intervene in a dispute which turned on the blocking, through a legal technicality, of official recognition of a union. By the late 'fifties it was apparent that *l'Union Nationale* was morally bankrupt, politically and economically incapable of assisting the Province to benefit from the developing resources of post-war Canada, and sustained only by the reputation its leader still preserved with the rural electorate.

Duplessis died in September 1959, to be succeeded in office by Paul Sauvé, the one Cabinet minister with a reputation for being able and willing to differ openly from his leader. A genuine process of party reformation appeared to be under way when, in January 1960, Sauvé, like Duplessis, died suddenly from a heart attack. The party was compelled to fight the election of 1960 with yet another leader. Antonio Barrette, a compromise choice, seems doomed to be remembered historically – against strong competition – as the most forgettable Premier of Quebec. The Liberals entered the campaign heartened by the misfortunes which had befallen their rivals, mounted a major attack upon the corruption and social irresponsibility of the Duplessis regime, and were vigorously led by Jean Lesage, who had resigned Federal office in order to enter provincial politics. Against expectations, the Liberals secured a narrow victory, winning 51 seats to *l'Union Nationale's* 43: the way had been opened to the undertaking of the "Quiet Revolution".

4.

Throughout the Duplessis era the predominantly English districts of Western Montreal could be relied upon to return Liberal members to the Provincial Assembly; although non-French financial interests may have established a satisfactory understanding with *l'Union Nationale*, the electorate flinched from supporting a party which was prone to bouts of exclusive nationalism and had regarded participation in the war as irrelevant. To the English the Liberal victory of 1960 was, therefore, a matter for rejoicing rather than alarm; a government pledged to hasten, by a comprehensive program of social and economic reform, the entry of Quebec into the modern world could only be welcomed. This attitude assumed that the prog-

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ress of French Canadian society would take place in such a way as to close that gap between the two communities, which was embarrassing to liberal English opinion, without endangering the interests of the minority. General approval was therefore extended to reforms which would bring nearer the prospect of equal status, in particular those involving the reconstruction of the schools system and the rapid and massive increase of financial grants to the Universities of Quebec. If there was disappointment in some quarters that French received greater assistance than English institutions, the disparity could be explained in terms of the need for *rattrapage* [catching up].

Educational *rattrapage* could be taken as a particular example of a general English attitude which viewed the modernizing efforts of newly recruited technocrats in a mood of benevolent complacency. Any alarm was alleviated by the benefits accruing from a period of economic expansion, inaugurated by Liberal willingness to abandon the frugal financial practices of Duplessis. Public borrowing and private investment fostered developments which, in their initial stages, particularly favored middle-class – and therefore considerably English – employment of professional and managerial staff. Accompanying the re-invigoration of the Provincial economy came the spectacular development, under the mayoralty of Jean Drapeau, of Canada's largest and most corrupt city, Montreal; a nineteenth century legacy of warehouses, churches and Scottish baronial residences now gave way to *Place Ville-Marie* and high-rise apartment buildings.

The assumption of greater responsibility on the part of the Provincial authorities did not precipitate constitutional clashes with Ottawa, since the Pearson Government was advocating a doctrine of coöperative Federalism, a position which allowed initiative to rest with the Provinces. Quebec's repetitive demand to be acknowledged as *une Province pas comme les autres* therefore received a sympathetic hearing. When, for example, the Federal Government moved to subsidize the Canadian Universities, Quebec alone claimed, and was granted, the right to distribute the sum made available to the Province. If its division was subsequently queried by the English Universities, the Provincial Government could retort that their share remained proportionately greater than the percentage of the English-speaking population justified. The University Grants issue was a demonstration of the Liberals' adherence to the Quebec emphasis upon firm rule; their ministers evidently enjoyed wielding power and sought to extend the authority of the state. In the process, it became evident that although the party enjoyed English support it did not particularly concern itself with English interests; the anglophone community could benefit from the general economic expansion which would culminate with the holding of Expo 67, but remained largely excluded from any direct influence upon provincial politics. *Maîtres chez nous* meant exactly that to the Liberals. They proposed to govern on behalf of French Canada.

In the light of these aims and attitudes, the Liberal defeat, after five years of power, in the election of 1965, came as a profound shock to the party. The result was not due to loss of the English vote nor to that of the island of Montreal, but demonstrated the political skill of Daniel Johnson, the new leader of *l'Union Nationale*, and in particular his understanding that the urban, technocratic bias of the Liberals had made them electorally vulnerable in the rural districts which still constituted the majority of seats in the Assembly. Changes which had been welcomed in the cities, such as the construction of new schools, could be ground for resentment in country areas where the accessibility of the local one-room schoolhouse was more evident than the educational advantages secured at the cost of long bus trips to regional centers. The Liberals, moreover, had abandoned or neglected the custom of disbursing political and administrative patronage, a work at which *l'Union Nationale* had excelled in the rural areas. It was undoubtedly praiseworthy not to build or repair roads and bridges immediately prior to an election, but the omission was regarded not as a sign of rectitude but as proof of the subordination of rural interests to those of the cities. Whatever the explanation for the Liberal setback, there was no doubt that the "Quiet Revolution" had come to a sudden and unexpected end.

To the Liberals, this was more than a temporary defeat; it delivered a sharp blow to their self-confidence. Occurring at a time when the problems of the degree to which the party could stress its radical and nationalist aspects had become urgent issues, it also coincided with the decision of the Pearson government to strengthen its numerically significant but individually unimpressive support from Quebec. The Federal Liberals were particularly anxious to secure the adhesion of Jean Marchand, a prominent Quebec trade union leader. He was reluctant to commit himself in isolation. The Liberals therefore agreed to extend the invitation to his friends Pierre-Elliot Trudeau and Gérard Pelletier, the latter formerly editor of *La Presse*, the largest-circulation French language daily newspaper, and also long associated with Trudeau in the publication of *Cité Libre*. Prior to their reception into the Liberal party all three were believed to be members or sympathizers of the New Democratic Party which, since 1961, had sought to extend the social democratic appeal of the old C. C. F. After 1965 relations between Ottawa and Quebec City, which had on occasion erupted into bitterness but which had also been marked by periods of indifference or stagnation, now moved towards a more active and direct phase of activity. While in Quebec national sentiment, whether supporting politically either *l'Union Nationale* or the Liberals, moved steadily in search of specific institutional expression, the Liberals of Ottawa, strengthened by their new recruits and sensitive to the symbolic importance of the centennial celebrations of Confederation, had determined to link the two founding peoples in a renewed system of national unity, one to which both French and English Canadians could subscribe. Canada, for so long bereft of any nationalist movement, now found itself the scene of rival patriotic appeals.

5.

The retention of power at a Federal level may seem to require a mastery of the perennial problem of Canadian

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politics: maintenance in office depends upon capacity to draw support from both language groups. Although in theory English Canadian representatives could numerically dominate the members from Quebec, in practice the unity of English Canada, from the Maritimes to the Pacific, has never been maintained for a protracted period. The problems created by this prerequisite has cut extremely short the roll of Canadian Prime Ministers agreed to have surmounted this obstacle: John A. Macdonald, whose following improbably united Ontario Orangemen and Quebec Catholics; Sir Wilfrid Laurier, whose hold over Quebec gradually waned as his dependence upon English Canada appeared more obvious; Mackenzie King, a subtle politician whose career, so well documented, still resists analysis – and the list is complete. All three contributed to the development of Canadian nationalism as the country loosened its formal ties with Britain, an issue which could hardly be judged alive by 1965 – though the interminable and emotional disputes involved in the devising and adoption of a Canadian flag indicated the degree to which, in some quarters, the past continued to dominate the present. To an important extent, Pearson and Trudeau continued to follow the only strategy feasible for a party whose strength derived overwhelmingly from Ontario and Quebec, the two Provinces substantially representing the English and French facts in Canada. But if the end remained constant, the means both differed and grew more ambitious; in the 'sixties Federal nationalism was poised to take an ambitious step forward.

Quebec nationalism should not be regarded as the sole stimulus of Canadianism; at least equally as important, in many regions of the country, was the need to assure that growing proportion of the population of neither French nor British origins that it would be fully associated in national development; there was also a heightened recognition that Canada had not freed itself from colonial status merely by securing an end to subordination to Great Britain. The problem of domination by the United States, particularly evident in matters of the economy and defense, but extending to more general cultural questions – such as the difficulty of retaining a separate Canadian content in TV, magazines, and higher education – became a theme of growing political concern and agitation. As a party, the Liberals had historically expressed their nationalism in terms of opposition to British superiority, and had been content to encourage economic links with the United States as a means to implementing that end. Divisions now became apparent in their ranks between those who still adhered to an acceptance of the American fact and those who argued the case for economic nationalism. The N. D. P. could add to a socialist program calls for resistance against the aggressive forces of an alien capitalism. The Progressive-Conservatives – with policies as ambivalent as their party title suggested would be the case – remained alert to detect their rivals in the perpetration of an economic strategy which they had in the past, largely in terms of its erosion of the British connection, regarded as endemic to an Americanophile Liberalism. It was therefore especially ironic that, at this juncture, the Liberals should countenance that meteoric rise in their ranks of a figure who not only became their leader three years after joining the party, but who had repeatedly expressed his rejection of the conventional trappings of nationalism.

In his brief career as a Canadian politician, Pierre-Elliot Trudeau has presented himself, or been presented to the public, in a variety of guises: as a youthful and refreshing contrast to the neo-Victorian figures who have blurred the political scene; as a hope and inspiration to contemporaries with his effortless bilinguality; as a playboy; as a cold and ruthless doctrinaire. All of these facets, real or invented, of Trudeau's personality detract from an understanding of the basic intellectual tenents from which his political stand derives, and which were established before his entry into the Liberal party. The essays collected in *Federalism and the French Canadians* are far more than contributions to political ephemera. They trace, for those interested in such matters, the route by which Trudeau moved towards his commitment to Federalism and rejected the separatist solution to the problem of Quebec. His assertion that "*in the last resort* the mainspring of federalism cannot be emotion but must be reason", summarizes his conclusion and its justification. Throughout the essays can be detected a growing impatience and distaste for argument based on shoddy thinking, self-pity, the retreat of Quebec within its own walls, and the concentration of energies on sterile advocacy of an independence in which such activities can make no practical contribution. Trudeau excoriated "this self-deluding passion of a large segment of our thinking population for throwing themselves headlong – intellectually and spiritually – into purely escapist pursuits." Acknowledging that the arrogance and ignorance of English Canada had also a major part to play in the maintenance of these attitudes, Trudeau proposed a dual reorientation of the two language groups: Quebec must look beyond the borders of the Province for its future; English Canada must acknowledge the French fact and cease to treat Quebec and all French-speaking Canadians as inferior elements confined to a ghetto or awaiting ultimate assimilation. Since in the past bilinguality had, effectively, involved the speaking of English by French Canadians – it is still difficult to assemble the shortest list of English Canadian politicians capable of delivering a written speech in an acceptable, not to say comprehensible, French accent – great emphasis was placed on the necessity of achieving a command of both languages as a necessity for advancement in the upper echelons of government service.

A Royal Commission on Biculturalism and Bilingualism, established by the Pearson administration, has been engaged in comparative studies of the functions and conditions of the two language groups, with the bulk of its evidence confirming the inferior position of Francophone Canadians. Extensive (and expensive) research has not, however, led to obvious remedies. The B and B Commission demonstrates, to a Federalist, the conditions requiring rectification; Separatists deduce that independence will provide the only sure solution to a century of injustice now more amply documented than before. In any case, it would be wrong to assume that the problem commands priority throughout Canada. The western Provinces, with their unimportant French minority, regard Ottawa's concern with the language

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question as further proof of the limited and biased outlook of the Federal Government; the Maritimes, grappling with poverty and unemployment on a scale equal to that of Quebec, do not accept that linguistic discrimination is an obvious cause of economic hardship. Quebec politicians find it difficult to appreciate that they represent only the most intractable and aggressive of the sectional interests contained within Canada, but a Government confined for its support to the provinces of Quebec and Ontario, as was the case with the Pearson administration, found itself lacking an absolute majority in the House of Commons. Trudeau's success in winning sufficient support in the West during the General Election of 1968 eliminated this problem but did not indicate that the nation had determined to devote its principal political energies to resolving the problem of Quebec. The new administration brought to Ottawa a determination to extend the principle of bilinguality which would inevitably favor those capable of implementing it; whether unilinguists of either persuasion would accept its policy remains an unresolved issue.

6.

Bilingualism, in common with Federalism, might be described as pluralism by necessity; that both systems could be defended for their flexibility and breadth – in comparison with their unitary alternatives – would represent an additional, consequential benefit from the maintenance of structures imposed by circumstance. The division of Canada into unilingual nations would require the unravelling of two centuries of historical development, a process feasible only by resort to draconian methods of resettlement. Both language groups in Canada hold minority groups in hostage: one million anglophones in Quebec represent twenty per cent of the Province's population, while almost as many francophones constitute forty per cent of the population of New Brunswick and nine per cent of the population of Ontario. These minority groups are equally fearful of separation. The English of Quebec foresee expulsion or subordination; the non-Quebec francophones envisage a definitive conclusion to their struggle against assimilation. Operating in the one case from a position of relative economic superiority, in the other from an undoubted situation of economic inferiority, neither group can anticipate benefits from removal and reunion to their linguistic units. Seen from this perspective, the construction of North America resembles a set of Chinese boxes: an English minority is enclosed in a French majority in Quebec, which becomes a French minority in an anglophone Canada, which becomes a slight linguistic variation within an overwhelmingly anglophone North America. The English minority of Quebec can, therefore, be seen as a one-fifth column within Quebec, and in the view of many nationalists acts in a fashion which indicates that it considers itself not only as controller of the Province's economy but also as representative of the North American linguistic majority. A minority which does not know its place is a constant provocation.

Growing Federal emphasis on the introduction of bilingualism during the 'sixties threw into sharpened relief the problem of Quebec and the issue of language. To many Quebec nationalists this development appeared full of danger rather than of hope. The practicability of bilingualism was vehemently denied; it represented a strategy aimed at assimilation by indirect means. Much emphasis was given to events which appeared to demonstrate the failure of such policies elsewhere: Belgium was given full news coverage while South Africa, which in terms of its linguistic policy within the white population might have offered contradictory evidence, was studiously ignored. As religious issues rapidly faded in importance, so the language question more than fully took its place as a mark of division between Canadians.

The forging of national unity had been a process of rational calculation, stimulated by the needs of resistance to external control rather than by a sense of territorial or popular integrity. The ecomonic and social development of Canada had taken place largely in the absence of an accumulation of national symbols and institutions equally relevant to both language groups. If the R. C. M. P., the chartered banks, the transcontinental railways – and perhaps the monarchy – distinguished the identity of English Canada, their emphasis was much less evident along the Lower St. Lawrence. Here, the past displayed its relevance in terms of types characteristic of the functions of the community: the priests, the *voyageurs*, the *habitants*, the loggers, whose life found expression in a collective existence which required exclusiveness for survival. Where individuals were commemorated, the recollection was colored by sentiments of religious or political martyrdom: the Jesuits among the Hurons, Montcalm at Quebec, Chenier and Riel in the nineteenth century. To these conditions and events English Canada rarely responded, and never in the context of French Canadian feeling. Canada was a device, not a unitary reality, and, in the decades marked by the steady recession of British domination, most Canadians were, for their differing reasons, content that it should be so.

This sense of release was substantiated by the belief of Canadians that the country had established, during and after World War II, an unquestionable claim to significance in international affairs. Any suggestion that this represented a temporary situation – derived from the impermanent derangements of war and the presence at the United Nations of a distinguished but isolated representative of Canada in the person of Lester Pearson – would have been considered, in the post-war decade, as near treasonable. Yet by the 1960s Canada's position had suffered an unmistakeable diminution; the new power had become a new colony, subordinate to the economic and military needs of the United States. Canadians were offered a choice of accepting this relationship in the interests of realism and a high standard of living, or of striving, irrespective of cost, for a policy of national independence. In very general terms, they have spoken in the second sense and acted in the first, to the extent of preferring to invest in United States corporations whose branch plants, by development or take-overs, dominate important sections of the Canadian economy. Given the requirements of Canadian consumers, there might seem to be little freedom of choice. The

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maintenance of a standard of living falling not far short of that of the United States and which, in terms of style, possesses many of the same preferences, can hardly be maintained through the autonomous operation of a market which has become increasingly accustomed to demand the provision of American products for no more than twenty million customers. This consideration has not inhibited the protests of economic nationalists – who are, however, more prominent in English than in French Canada, where debate continues on the desirability of negotiating an economic union with the United States. Much Canadian national sentiment at present inevitably finds its expression in anti-Americanism; Quebec separatism must ultimately face the belief that secession would compel the surrender of the dismembered remnants of English Canada to American hegemony.

7.

The urgent need to establish a specifically Canadian national stance presented itself at a time when Quebec nationalism was coincidentally defining and extending its claims, but the situation was not simply composed of a competitive interaction. By the mid-sixties the political situation in Quebec was in the process of rapid transition, a stage which cannot yet be regarded as having approached a foreseeable end. Trudeau has justified his shift from socialist to Liberal politics on the ground that the party to which he had given his allegiance prior to 1965 had, by that date, changed its course. He did so without regrets because "most of its Quebec followers were in fact exchanging socialism for nationalism. They did this in the hope of finding a foothold in Quebec, but as a result they merely drew closer to the rising *bourgeoisie*. The latter was beginning to use Marxist terminology to justify its preaching of *national* socialism." This shift of attitude was noticeable among the professional classes, teachers and civil servants who had benefited from the progress of the "Quiet Revolution"; obvious rifts could be observed in the ranks of the Provincial Liberals. The rural electorate found neither the ideology nor the achievements of the Liberals appealing and returned, in the general election of 1965, to their allegiance to *l'Union Nationale*, ably led by Daniel Johnson. The unexpected outcome of the election exerted a dual effect, upon victors and vanquished alike: the problem of devising policies in the light of an unpredicted result. The forces thus set in motion within the Quebec political structure have not yet run their course.

For Johnson, skilled though he was in political manipulation, the answer was never really in doubt: he would adapt the old Duplessis tactics to the new situation. In place of a provincial defiance of Federal authority he substituted a national challenge to a Government which must, by that prior definition, be considered an alien presence in Quebec. This might have constituted little more than a semantic exercise such as Johnson delighted to engage in and which allowed him to attribute differing meanings to key terms such as *race* and *nation* according to the language being used. Whether, behind the concept of the two nations to which Johnson frequently appealed, lay a reality of partition, or whether it represented the theoretical basis from which the practical details of the enlargement of Provincial at the expense of Federal authority could be negotiated, may never certainly be known. There is no doubt that the conflict grew greatly in extent and significance as a consequence of the participation of General de Gaulle.

De Gaulle had concluded after visiting Canada in 1964 that the federation of the founding peoples would not, and did not, deserve to endure. Whether his consequent policy was devised in the light of this perception, or through concern for the fate of the largest French-speaking community outside metropolitan France, or as a means of throwing into disarray the ranks of the Anglo-Americans with whom de Gaulle's relations, never good, had grown progressively more strained, or as a means of asserting the continued presence of France among the great powers, will no doubt be disputed indefinitely by historians. Within the context of Canadian politics it became clear that the constant series of checks and snubs suffered by the Federal authorities were both disturbing to the prestige of Ottawa and could hardly be ignored by a nationalist Quebec premier as a source of political advancement. Mutual self-interest, not emotion, fostered the links between Johnson and de Gaulle. Quebec was encouraged to assert its identity by venturing, under cover of cultural and educational missions, into the field of foreign affairs; Johnson was thus in receipt of a distinctive policy. This received, under de Gaulle's approval, a recognition from the francophone world which was denied to comparable approaches from Ottawa; de Gaulle's prestige rose, at Anglo-Saxon expense. Yet Johnson's recognition of the primacy of self-interest precluded his too eager acceptance of closer connections with France. One reason alone placed a limit on the significance of the new alliance: economics. The markets and capital required for the

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survival of an independent Quebec would not be found in Europe. Nevertheless, the French fact in North America became stronger as a consequence of this renewal of contacts. Nationalist self-confidence was strengthened and flattered; Paris no longer represented the capital of a nation that had abandoned its children, but might seem to provide, at last, a cultural counterpoise to New York and London, whose influences had so imperilled French Canadian society.

Franco-Quebec relations reached their peak with the spectacular visit of de Gaulle in the summer of 1967. Ostensibly but one of the innumerable visits of heads of state to Expo, it assumed from the beginning a very different pattern. The General arrived at Quebec city in a cruiser which pointedly ignored the courtesy of flying the Canadian flag. Unlike other heads of state, he had declined to arrive first in Ottawa, where he would have had to greet the Governor-General. He then proceeded down the old colonial road, *la route du roi,* to Montreal, being greeted continually by cheering crowds whose assembling had not been left to chance by *l'Union Nationale.* In Montreal he appeared on the balcony of the City Hall and made his famous declaration: *Vive le Québec libre*! The ensuing uproar led him to cancel his planned visit to Ottawa.

It is doubtful whether de Gaulle appreciated the full implications of his gesture. To separatists, it appeared to set the final seal of approval on their ambitions. In practical terms, nothing was changed. If Franco-Canadian relations virtually disappeared, Franco-Quebec relations could hardly become more substantial. French investment and aid – some teachers were permitted to undertake duties in the Province in lieu of military service – could not shield Quebec from its need to come to terms with North America. Yet nationalism had been elevated from a provincial protest to a movement dignified by international recognition; as such, it could take its place in the array of contemporary resistance forces. Quebec was at last qualified to join the Third World.

8.

The year of Expo was a period of profound excitement and self-gratification for the inhabitants of the Province. The success of the exhibition fortified their self-confidence, and encouraged hopes for continued expansion and prosperity. A community accustomed to being assigned to a position well below the salt had presided with aplomb over a gathering of the nations of the world. Inevitably, there was a reluctance to accept the possibility that six months of celebrations could not be indefinitely extended. The aftermath could not escape the onset of disillusionment. It was in these circumstances that the Liberals were forced to contemplate their political future. Should they re-emphasize their Federalist alignment, or assert their commitment to social reform within an independentist context? The second alternative was advocated by René Lévesque, a former member of the Lesage Cabinet, who, after the defeat of his proposals, left the Liberal party to form his own group.

Lévesque provided the separatist movement with its first major leader. Well known to the media as a former journalist, radio and TV commentator, completely bilingual, and capable as a public speaker of passionately articulating his opinions, Lévesque immediately assumed an importance far exceeding those spokesmen of the fragmented separatist groups who had previously competed, without great success, for electoral support. With the attraction of his leadership the movement became formally united, establishing *le Parti Québécois* in October 1968. It fought its first general election in April 1970, securing 24% of the popular vote, but being rewarded with only seven of the 108 seats in the National Assembly (as the Provincial Assembly had been renamed by Johnson). The main body of the Liberals secured an overwhelming electoral success under their new leader, Robert Bourassa, a young technocrat of impeccable *bourgeois* background. *L'Union Nationale* government had, for practical purposes, expired before the election confirmed its decease. The death of Johnson conveyed the leadership to Jean-Jacques Bertrand, who narrowly escaped the unenviable distinction of becoming the party's fourth Premier in succession to die in office of a heart ailment. Under his faltering leadership and indecisive policies the party became rent with divisions; the death-blow to its prospects was delivered when Réal Caouette determined to lead his Federal Créditistes into provincial politics.

Caouette is a figure to be relished by those with a taste for grass-roots politicians. The Social Credit movement established itself in Western Canada during the depression years, and through the leadership of William Aberhart became the permanently ruling party of Alberta. Although Social Credit continues nominally to flourish both there and in British Columbia, its attempts to persuade the electorate to support it at the Federal level have been uniformly unsuccessful. In Quebec, under Caouette's direction, the reverse situation held true: the rural areas currently possess 13 Federal members. These voters, dislodged from their loyalty to *l'Union Nationale* by its condition of disarray, rallied to Caouette's blend of social conservatism and political populism, presented by its devisor in a style inimitable by politicians from Quebec city or Montreal. The past three years have seen power in Quebec disputed by four, rather than two, parties.

This situation contrasts sharply with the distribution of seats at a Federal level. The Liberals dominate the representation from Quebec – apart from the Créditistes, the Progressive Conservatives were reduced to four members in the last general election, while the N. D. P. failed to secure a single seat. It would be foolish, however, to conclude that the comfortable majority possessed by the Liberals and Créditistes at both Federal and Provincial levels assures a reasonable harmony of purpose between the two governmental levels. In recent months the provincial Créditistes, much to the fury of Caouette, have indicated their interest in reducing their commitment to Federalism. Premier Bourassa, who during the first year of his administration was regarded by his critics as nothing more than a puppet operated by Prime Minister Trudeau, declined, on his return from the constitutional conference in Victoria, to recommend acceptance of the terms on which the other provinces were pre-

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pared to approve the formal transfer of the British North America Act into Canadian custody. Nothing suggests that he risked a decline in his political popularity by taking this stand. All four provincial parties may, therefore, be considered to have been deeply affected by nationalist attitudes. This development has also been observable in the Federal party system. Although the Conservatives and the N. D. P. possess an unimportant share of the Quebec vote, and face a bleak future, their provincial organizations have opted for a reduction and, in the case of the N. D. P., an effective elimination of the Federal structure. In consequence, the commitment of Quebec politicians to Canadian Federalism is practically confined to a federal element of the Liberal party, based in Ottawa, together with those elements accepting the idiosyncratic leadership of Réal Caouette. In the breadth of its base if not in the firmness of its control, Canadian political unity must therefore be considered as dangerously fragile.

9.

The principal beneficiary of the significant social and economic advances which have taken place in recent years in certain sectors of French Canadian society is clearly Quebec nationalism, not Canadian national unity. This does not prevent many progressive English Canadians from asserting that the activities of the F. L. Q. are related to the high rate of unemployment and economic handicaps of Quebec, an explanation which possesses only the merits of simplicity. As a revolutionary force in a class sense the F. L. Q. operates in a vacuum; as the logical, and sometimes admired, outcome of a commitment to romantic nationalism it exerts an appeal to a more substantial segment of the population. The F. L. Q. attracts sympathy by its ability to link old fears to current and international preoccupations; French Canadian intellectuals, a new class, maintain the pretentions of the old élites which have dominated the Province in the past. The process of secularization and internalization has proceeded sufficiently to allow this new élite to align itself with the victims of imperialism throughout the world. Indeed, they would claim precedence as the most profoundly colonized of all peoples. The necessity of summoning all energies to rid themselves of external domination justifies and requires a total commitment to nationalism.

Such a situation abrogates the possibility of close relations between Quebec and France, except through short-term arrangements for mutual self-interest. National sympathies for France are highly limited; the favorite film of all would-be Quebec revolutionaries is *La Bataille d'Alger*, with the sympathy of the audience being totally engaged on the side of the Algerians, whose methods of organizing and provoking conflict have been admired and carefully studied. Relations between Québécois and the metropolitan French have been far from cordial, particularly when questions of language have arisen. In a recent address to students at Laval University, Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber compounded the resentment aroused by his praise of federalist principles with his complaint that he could not answer all the questions his speech had evoked since he was unable to understand the French in which some of them were posed.

Attitudes towards forms of French serve to distinguish conservative from radical nationalists. In recent years much academic effort has been devoted to restoring the purity of Quebec French, with the purpose of expunging the local form known as *joual* (the local pronunciation of *cheval).* This elimination of a patois, considered deformed by its incorporation of anglicisms, confusion of genders, grammatical deviations, and peculiarities of enunciation, is now being strongly resisted in radical circles. Debate continued for months on the propriety of a colloquial exhortation comprising part of a mural provided, out of public funds, for a new theater in Quebec city; the minister for cultural affairs was at the center of the uproar. Radicals assert that a nation is confirmed in its existence by possession of a national language – in this case Québécois, not French. In linguistic matters, radical sympathies are with the Bretons, Basques, and Flemish, not with the political and cultural imperialists of Paris.

This emphasis upon language, a commonplace of nationalist movements, has provided material for many of the inflammatory issues which have brought disorders to Quebec in recent years. It has supplied a specific edge of hostility to a long-established nationalist grievance: the threat to French Canada from unrestricted and uncontrolled immigration.

Language has given to the conflict a description of "English" versus "French"; this in no way reflects the origins of the English minority. It is estimated that some ninety per cent of post-war immigrants to Quebec have opted to educate their children in the English schools systems, whether their own background was that of China, Greece, Italy, or Portugal. The decision is not difficult to explain. The immigrants were lured by the opportunities

"A minority which does not know its place is a constant provocation."

of North America; appreciated, in many cases, the cosmopolitan atmosphere of Montreal, where the great majority opting for the Province settled, but preferred to give their children the widest possible choice of scope for the future. In associating themselves with the local minority, the immigrants underlined the social and economic weakness of the numerical majority. To Quebec nationalists the question of survival was once again raised in most menacing terms. In the first instance, immigration was a Federal responsibility and thus beyond Provincial control. Secondly, immigration from francophone areas was neither adequate nor, it was felt, encouraged by Ottawa. France and the French could or would not reduce the linguistic imbalance. Francophone arrivals, even when garnered from the Lebanon, Egypt, Belgium, Switzerland, Haiti, the Antilles, the Congo, and North Africa, never appeared likely to match the rival migration, and were rendered even less effective by a wide-

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spread Québécois reluctance to accept differences of religion, professional and technical qualifications, and speech. Language was insufficient to bridge the gap between Québécois and *neó-Canadiens.* Economic fluctuations have proved no more helpful; periods of prosperity increase the influx of actual or potential anglophones; periods of stagnation reduce the entry of both types of immigrant, but leave the francophones in a clear position of inferiority. Recent figures indicate that Canada has absorbed more immigrants from India and Hongkong than have been forthcoming from France. The situation suggests to nationalists an imperative need to regulate both the entry of immigrants and their cultural direction after admission. Thirdly, the problem has grown increasingly alarming with incontrovertible evidence that the miracle of the cradle has drawn to an end. The Pill has replaced the priest as the arbiter of French Canadian family life, and the birth-rate, that inexhaustible reservoir from which to counter the tide of immigration, has lost its efficacy. The comforting trends of the past have been transmuted into the perils of the present.

A certain complacency towards immigration had been in order as long as the English proportion of the population had been declining and whole areas, such as the Eastern Townships, and Quebec city itself, passed overwhelmingly into French control. Even Montreal, which in the mid-nineteenth century had possessed an English majority, seemed secure. But with the declining birth-rate, demographers declared that in a matter of decades Montreal would again become an English majority city. If the industrial and commercial center of the Province was lost, the French cause would be at an end; Wolfe's conquest on the Plains of Abraham would be finally confirmed on the immigrant beds of Montreal. The exclusiveness of French Canada, which had previously been expressed in religious, anglophobe, and anti-semitic terms, was renewed in a larger and more purposeful manner, in a struggle to control the means of anglicization in the Province.

Support for this campaign was forthcoming not only from those who feared the long-term developments, but from those who required a short-term answer to their problems. After 1960 many changes had taken place in the educational system of Quebec. Not only were greater funds provided for French education, but the old system of classical colleges, dominated by the Church and placing heavy emphasis upon the ancient languages, traditional philosophy, and theology, was swept away and replaced by a system of junior colleges. From these institutions, and the greatly expanded Universities of Montréal and Laval, a growing number of graduates were appearing on the labor market, the greater part of whom were unilingual and lacking in technical or scientific qualifications. Once the teaching profession and the proliferating Provincial bureaucracy had reached saturation point, their only hope lay in storming the commanding heights of the economy – the major, and inevitably international, corporations, where a prerequisite for advancement remained a knowledge of English. To a nationalist desire to restrict the use of English was joined a functional necessity to extend the use of French.

The language question became prominent in an extended and bitter conflict over control of the Catholic schools in the Montreal suburb of St. Léonard. The municipality contains a large Italian population, whose children had been educated in bilingual schools – it being understood that bilinguality in Quebec is restricted to French and English. An election of Schools commissioners, restricted to householders and conducted in a not unfamiliar Quebec manner of deliberate inefficiency, produced a majority of the Board resolved to phase out all instruction in English. The Italians refused to accept the decision. Both sides organized support and violent scenes ensued. The cause of the immigrants evoked sympathy, but little practical support, from the established English community. Their turn was to come when a campaign followed, demanding the transformation of McGill University into a French language institution. It was perhaps at that point that the problems of St. Léonard became more apparent elsewhere: certainly, elaborate precautions were taken by the provincial and city authorities to prevent the march on McGill from erupting into major violence. The language question had enlisted support from many who would have declined to join the F. L. Q., but its emergence shifted the significance of the extremists from that of an isolated nucleus of revolutionary terrorists, capable of destructive gestures but otherwise unimportant, to an element whose means might be deplored but whose sincerity and aims could be appreciated. Additionally, the trend to violence in other parts of the world could be held relevant to the Quebec situation. Pierre Valliéres, detained for F. L. Q. activities since 1966, entitled his "precocious autobiography of a Québécois 'terrorist' " *Négres Blancs d'Amerique.* Episodes of revolutionary action in the United States, Viet Nam, Brazil, Northern Ireland, Jordan, even the minuscule Jura separatist movement in Switzerland, were linked as evidence of Quebec's participation in a development of universal significance. The development of "political" kidnapping was evidently the inspiration for the abduction of James Cross and of Pierre Laporte. The events of October 1970 represented the F. L. Q's bid for recognition in the vanguard of national liberation struggles.

10.

It seems doubtful whether the F. L. Q. had given serious thought to the likely consequences of their action. If their communiqués can be believed, it would appear that they were convinced that the Federal Government would yield to their demands for the release of its "political" prisoners, convicted for terrorist activities in the previous decade. The refusal of the Provincial and Federal governments – fortunately or infamously compatible politically – to offer acceptable terms, and the implementation of the War Measures Act, created an unprecedented situation which was brought to a tragic climax by the murder of Laporte. Many observers, in Canada and throughout the world, applauded the refusal of the authorities to submit to the terrorists; many Quebec intellectuals grew unalterably opposed to Federal "terrorism".

An explanation for this reaction can only be found in

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the light of the history of Quebec. Trudeau, the author of the deed, was a double traitor: he had sold himself to Ottawa and had renounced his former intellectual milieu. The F. L. Q. had acted in the tradition of the *patriotes* of 1837. The death of Laporte was not a responsibility of the terrorists but of the failure of the governments to negotiate a reasoned settlement. Claude Ryan, editor of *Le Devoir*, – politically adrift since the death of Johnson and articulating his uncertainties in endless editorials – joined with René Lévesque in urging a middle course. Trudeau's adamant refusal to consider Ryan's views as of any importance, moved the editor and his paper rapidly towards espousal of the cause of *le Parti Québécois*. In the wake of the implementation of the War Measures Act, some four hundred persons were detained. Most were quickly released, and their selection seemed to testify to the unpreparedness of the authorities to deal with the state of apprehended insurrection which justified their summary detention.

To militant nationalists, who may or may not openly espouse a solution by separation, it is now beyond question that the application of the War Measures Act, and its consequent replacement by a new Public Order Act granting the Government special powers until the end of April 1971, represented a deliberate and unscrupulous action of Federal authorities and their Provincial accomplices for the purpose of destroying the forces of the Left and of Separatism in Quebec. This interpretation has been widely accepted in Leftist circles throughout English Canada. Much of the supporting detail emerges from wisdom by hindsight: the discovery that the F. L. Q. consisted of a few small groups of reckless youths; the failure to uncover any significant quantities of arms or explosives; the value of the crisis in distracting attention from the mounting failure of the Quebec economy. The situation which developed in the two weeks between the abduction of Cross and the murder of Laporte, with its aspects of mounting admiration and support for the actions of the F. L. Q., is glossed over, as is the possibility that some thousands of young militants might have taken to the streets with the approval of some senior activists. A packed rally at the Paul Sauvé arena in East Montreal, at which the audience chanted triumphantly F. L. Q.!, F. L. Q.!, was incited to action by Pierre Valliéres and Charles Gagnon, released from jail pending appeal of earlier sentences; Robert Lemieux, the lawyer who had acted as the go-between with the F. L. Q. in the course of the abortive negotiations between the Provincial Government and the kidnappers; Jacques Larue-Langlois, a prominent separatist journalist, and Michel Chartrand, an exceedingly provocative Montreal labor leader. To many, the dream of independence appeared to tremble on the brink of romantic possibility. The initial conditions of the Cuban and Algerian revolutions appeared to have been fulfilled; it was time for the mass movement to emerge. That reality would have entered its dissent – as René Lévesque, who rejected the F. L. Q. claims, has pointed out, Quebec in winter is hardly suitable for *maquis* activities – was irrelevant at this stage. The Government, using the only constitutional weapon immediately at hand, suspended civil liberties, at least in theory, throughout Canada, in order to control a situation which it considered might rapidly get out of hand.

Pierre Laporte, Quebec Minister of Labour and Immigration, kidnapped and later "executed" in October 1970.

October 1970 is now installed in the rhetoric and mythology of Quebec nationalism as the final unmasking of Federalist brutality, creating conditions analogous only to the Nazi occupation of Europe in World War II. To dismiss the parallel as absurd is to ignore the insight which the argument provides into the lack of perspective and proportion of Quebec nationalism. Equipped with fashionable truths on the multiple modes of violence, on the alienation induced by capitalist exploitation, on the mystical unity engendered by the Quebec experience, on the irrelevant imposition of Anglo-Saxon institutions, extreme Separatists remain fundamentally parochial in their experience and theoretical in their understanding of the problems of restructuring a society which is, at least in part, highly developed. Nevertheless, the political consequences of the events of October have been considerable, and are not yet at an end; the future of Quebec remains, more than ever, uncertain.

The election of April 1970 had taken place in conditions of economic recession and uncertainty; in the preceding years industrial development in the St. Lawrence region had preferred to locate in Ontario rather than in Quebec. For this, a combination of Governmental inefficiency, labor unrest, and nationalist attitudes could be held to blame; American investors, in particular, preferred the anglophone familiarity of Ontario to the francophone peculiarity of Quebec. Bourassa campaigned on a platform of technocratic efficiency and the creation of one-hundred-thousand jobs to correct the high unemployment rate. These assurances, and the threefold division of his oppo-

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sition, brought an easy victory in the face of a hard campaign, particularly on the part of *le Parti Québécois*. The Separatists' seven seats fell far short of their hopes, and led many to a denunciation of that system of parliamentary democracy to which they had been briefly attached by hopes of sweeping success. Since six of their victories occurred in the poorer areas of Montreal, it would seem that popular support for the *Péquistes* reflected economic discontent rather than nationalist sympathy. In the disillusioned aftermath, however, explanations for relative failure centered on the unscrupulous means by which the Liberals had coerced the Quebec electorate; in particular, the well-publicized departure for Ontario of armored trucks supposedly carrying bonds and securities, and the defeat of René Lévesque as a result of the mobilization of the immigrant vote against him. The attempts of the *Péquistes* to assuage the fears both of business and of *néo-Canadiens* certainly proved abysmal failures; what is surprising is the shocked realization of the party that this should have been so.

The events of October 1970 did not destroy *le Parti Québécois* but appear to have impaired its always fragile internal unity. Lévesque has already on two occasions been compelled to state that a party decision to abolish the rights of the English minority to receive publicly-aided education, as distinct from the necessity of compelling future immigrants to enter the francophone community, would lead to his resignation. He has also stressed his unqualified commitment to the securing of power by peaceful democratic methods. These positions, and particularly the first, have been far from welcomed; in fact, it seems very likely that the language question would have been settled against Lévesque if the party felt capable of making progress without him. The party has clearly two wings: that of the middle class, mid-thirties age-group element which tends to favor Lévesque, and a more radical group which responds to the more activist appeals of Pierre Bourgault, with whom Lévesque's relations are far from fraternal. This division reflects the predicament of the party: it must expand its base of support, but by what means? The obvious hope is that of acquiring much of the following of the possibly expiring *l'Union Nationale*, but this would involve a decisive shift of emphasis to the right, and the secession of many activists. As it is, Lévesque's recent attitudes have not been far removed from positions adopted by the Provincial Liberals, whose Government has been hard pressed to absorb the challenges of Federal domination, economic ineffectiveness, and national betrayal.

The failure of Bourassa to produce his hundred thousand jobs has ensured the continued prominence of the language question; it is the Government's declared intention to make French "the working language" of Quebec, though no effective definition of what this involves or how it will be implemented has yet emerged. Intentions are loudly proclaimed but implementation is rarely announced; a declaration by Bourassa that he would secure the introduction of French as the working language at the major Canadian General Motors plant, much hailed at the time, seems to have led to no dramatic changes, and indeed was of little interest to the employees in comparison with a lengthy wage dispute in which they were simultaneously engaged. The English schools have been ordered to carry out forty per cent of their instruction in French, though without being provided with additional funds to engage additional language specialists. The policy, if such it can be called, appears to involve a series of gestures which are intended to establish French as the national language of the Province without imparing English rights in any way. How these two objectives can be achieved has not yet been revealed. So far, this development has alarmed the English community without providing any substantial measure of assurance to the French. Despite a somewhat simplistic belief that capital investment is governed solely by rate of profits, there would seem good reason for belief that, in a period of recession, these issues make for additional difficulties in attracting outside funds. The Quebec Liberals are in office, but it is doubtful whether they can be regarded as being in power.

11.

Prediction of future political developments in Quebec and Canada can best be left to soothsayers and committed participants; it is evident only that a point of equilibrium has not been reached. *Le Parti Québécois*, or any general nationalist party which may succeed it, can take comfort in the recollection that the two major innovations in modern Quebec politics, the coming to power of *l'Union Nationale* in 1936 and of the Liberals in 1960, was due in large part to the resurgence of nationalist energies. But if this should occur on a third occasion, what then? Nationalists no longer deign to respond to the ridiculed question of English Canada: what does Quebec want? It is an inquiry which still seems worth putting, even if responses have only revealed differing political mentalities. Anglophones might be prepared to consider a radical alteration in relationships if the precise form could be established; francophone nationalists subordinate constitutional detail to mystical generalities. The one will speak of a future division of powers, the other of the national soul and its destiny. Lévesque has indicated that his party exists as an instrument to secure independence; the form and direction of the new state will be subsequently defined. Whether separatism will triumph at the polls, whether it will become the purpose or pretext of further violence, whether it will define its objectives or rely on emotional appeals, cannot be foreseen. In the face of the abundant evidence which indicates the lack of Quebec incorporation within the national political structure, none of these possibilities can be dismissed.

Historical experiences have created formidable rifts between English and French Canada. Although over a decade has elapsed since Trudeau analyzed "Some Obstacles to Democracy in Quebec", the work of removing those barriers still has far to go. Trudeau argued that democracy was imposed upon French Canada by anglophones who had no real desire to encourage others to participate in its implementation. French Canadians consequently employed the mechanisms of democracy solely as a means of

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survival and discarded as irrelevant the moral obligations implicit in the system. Nationalism, authoritarianism, collective interests have distinguished Quebec attitudes, affording the sharpest of contrasts to the emphasis of English Canada upon links with the Anglo-American world, democracy, and individualism. As Prime Minister, Trudeau has sought to create a polity capable of reconciling these outlooks. The task will not be completed during his tenure of office.

If separatism succeeds, the history of Quebec suggests that it is unlikely to mark the triumph of the Left; Haiti, rather than Cuba, will provide the historical precedent. Public opinion polls indicate that a large majority of the Province's population still defer to authority in times of crisis. Despite the outrage of the Montreal intellectuals, support for Trudeau in his application of the War Measures Act was as overwhelming in Quebec as in other parts of Canada during the October crisis. An independent, socialist Quebec would undoubtedly precipitate a massive departure of French Canadians; a rightist dominated state would probably lead to a return in even greater measure to the methods of Duplessis. It is therefore possible that, presented with these disagreeable alternatives, Québécois will opt for a continuation of the Federal system. This, however, assumes that reason will prevail over emotion; that the appeal of nationalism can be diminished by the benefits of Federalism, that Governments in Ottawa and Quebec city can negotiate their differences; that Canada can provide a concept of value to both French and English speakers; that crises and personalities do not precipitate change.

It has been said that, in the October 1970 crisis, Canada lost its innocence. This may have been so, but to an outsider the fruits of experience appear far from ripe. Even if Quebec nationalism appears lacking in reality and Canadian nationalism is deficient in substance, such judgements possess little relevance to those otherwise persuaded. Talented *chansonniers* do not guarantee economic stability, nor does an increased Canadian content on TV ensure a national identity. Comparable experiences in other political units suggest that the odds against a lasting and genuine settlement are considerable. If one believes, however, that a continued close and unimpeded relationship between English and French Canada can confer more benefits than dangers — and that the necessity of separation has been neither conclusively demonstrated nor generally approved — the gradual reduction of conflicts would offer the most effective possible proof of Canada's political maturity. We may not have to wait too long for an answer, one way or the other. □

A partisan of the cause of separatism in Quebec, the author discusses the real and the imaginary events of a year ago and concludes with some heat that they have made the province's independence inevitable.

Laurier LaPierre

QUEBEC: OCTOBER 1970

"Il me semble que, dans l'enseinte où la panique nous est venue, il faut raconter son histoire."
Fernand Dumont, *La Vigile du Québec — Octobre, 1970: L'Impasse?* (Montreal, 1970)

On Monday, October 5, 1970, James Cross, the British Commercial Agent in Montreal, was kidnapped from his Montreal home. In the early afternoon of that day, the government of Québec announced that the kidnapping had been carried out by the *Front de Libération du Québec* (the FLQ) and that a communiqué had been discovered. Still according to the government, which never published this communiqué, the kidnappers demanded the following in return for Mr. Cross' life:

1. Publication of its manifesto (The manifesto of the FLQ is a lengthy statement of Quebec's colonial position, and was aired on radio and television on October 8, 1970. It will be discussed later in this article.)

2. The liberation of certain political prisoners (There is much confusion as to who these political prisoners are and how many of them had to be released. Today it is generally admitted that there were 23 of them; 20 were already in jail, having been condemned to various terms for various offenses, and three were out on bail awaiting trial. Of the 20 in jail, five or six were to be pardoned before May 1971 — and the government was prepared to pardon them before May to save Mr. Cross' life — while 11 chose not to leave Canada but to finish their terms.)

3. An airplane to take them all to Cuba

4. A press conference by the Postmaster General an-

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nouncing the re-hiring of mail truck drivers in Montreal who had been laid off (This reference is to a group of mail truck drivers who had been employed by a trucking contractor in the employ of the Post Office Department. A re-organization of the Post Office took place, cancelling the contract of the contractor, who fired some 180 workers. The government had abdicated its responsibility in the matter, creating a labor dispute of immense proportions.

5. $500,000 in gold, to be deposited in the above-mentioned aircraft

6. The name of the informer who the previous spring had told the police about certain FLQ activities and which had led to the arrest of many members of the movement (The previous spring the police were able to uncover a plot for the kidnapping of either the American or the Israeli consul. An informer helped the police.)

The communiqué added that the government[1] had 48 hours to meet these requests. However, in spite of pressure from various sources, the government refused to accede to them.

On Saturday, October 10, at 6:18 p.m., four armed persons carried out a second kidnapping by abducting the second highest ranking member of the Quebec Government: the Hon. Pierre Laporte, Minister of Labour and of Immigration. A week later, upon the refusal of the governments involved to meet the original requests of the FLQ, Laporte's captors "executed" him. As for Cross, his life was spared and he was finally released on Thursday, December 3, 1970. His kidnappers and their families were sent to Cuba. Twenty-five days later, on December 28, 1970, the kidnappers of Pierre Laporte were arrested. There was no question of a trip to Cuba for them.

For years to come men will be at a loss to understand this crisis and to assess its long term repercussions. Those who lived it – particularly the people of Quebec – were so deeply affected by it, both as individuals and as a people, that many of their future decisions will be greatly influenced by it. The people and government of Canada will also have to learn many lessons, one of which is that the Canada they have known is no longer there. We have all become older. The purpose of this short essay, then, is to suggest some avenues of understanding and to contribute something other than sheer force and brutality (we have had much too much of that already from both sides) to the "arsenal" that is now being mounted by many in Quebec and Canada in order to be ready for the next time.

1. The usual Canadian constitutional confusion is present here. The enforcement of law and order is a provincial responsibility. However, the nature of the crime is criminal, therefore a federal responsibility. Pardon, as well as the negotiations for political asylum in other countries, can only be exercised by the federal government. The airwaves and the airways are also under federal jurisdiction. Cross belonged to the jurisdiction of the federal government, while Laporte was an official of the Provincial government of Quebec. Interesting!

It is a cliché that Quebec is not a society like the other societies of Canada and of North America. Anyone even remotely familiar with this so-called province of Quebec has heard of a priest-ridden society, of a rural peasantry closely tied to the apron strings of the Roman Catholic Church and subservient to a political system which has fostered patronage, authoritarianism, arbitrariness, corruption, and fascism. Badly educated, Quebeckers have been represented as having little interest in technology and industrialization, contenting themselves with supplying the raw material for someone else to exploit, and the cheap labor to make it all pay handsomely. And the list of the inadequacies of the Quebec people could go on and on.

However, Quebec is much more than the sum total of its failures. For three hundred years the people of Quebec have attempted to be themselves, only to grow weaker, more vulnerable, more alienated, and more lost in this immense continent they once knew so well and over which they now have so little control. While the other peoples of America were achieving political independence, they became a conquered people. A great part of the succeeding centuries would be spent in attempting to erase that conquest and complete themselves as a people. In fact this search for *completeness* has occupied such a portion of their time, has consumed so much of their energies and creativity, that modernity too often passed them by. It was this overriding obsession for completeness as a people – and because little else remained that was open and viable – that they grouped themselves around their hundred-acre farms, bred multiple children, developed a faith "*à toutes épreuves*," and concentrated on their survival. They gave themselves leaders whose sole act of collective leadership was to stress the need for an existence of hardship, obedience, apartness from the movements of North America and of the world, and a blind faith in a providence which through its representatives could make it all come out right, someday . . . in the next world. Meanwhile, in Ontario, their neighbors – better situated geographically, closer to the deposits of coal and iron, served by a metropolis that could not ignore them, and eventually blessed by a tariff structure that protected their products from competition of all sorts – moved gradually and rapidly from a primary level of industrial development to a secondary one. Quebec had to wait until after the first World War, at a time when the new source of energy, electricity, made its vast natural resources exploitable. By the time industrialization came to Quebec, Quebeckers had no reserve of capital resources, their technical and managerial know-how had been essentially limited, and their skilled labor was almost non-existent. For these reasons – and many more besides – foreigners industrialized Quebec.

Later, Quebeckers discovered that their language was not the language of business, of industry, and of technology. Their vertical mobility was therefore affected, and they were thus made to concentrate their efforts on certain menial tasks and inconsequential managerial and clerical responsibilities. Their constant refusal to assimilate

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themselves into the North American stream of life and become English-speaking further limited that mobility. The government of Quebec, which could have helped to alleviate this situation, was essentially directed by men of little, if any, vision. Furthermore these politicians – and the people, for that matter – regarded the state as pernicious and inimical to the interests of the clerico-national society which the clergy, aided by such other social parasites as lawyers, doctors, and notaries, was determined to erect. The role of the state in such a context was to be the guardian of the national values and traditions and at the same time to perform its duties – to provide subsidies and abdication for the clerical power, rewards and benefices for those who allied themselves to the regime, and natural resources (with ancillary highways, railroads, factories, depreciation allowances, and anti-labor laws) for the new leaders of Quebec: the foreign invaders, the barons of American industries and their English-speaking clerks in Quebec and the rest of Canada.

Even though this sad state of affairs was to last over a century, it could not endure indefinitely. With the spread of industrialization came urbanization, and with it new voices. These belonged to a new breed of labor leaders, to men involved in the Catholic Action Movement, and to the graduates of such new faculties as the social sciences, engineering, and business administration. Slowly and gradually they began to articulate the dimensions and the *raison-d'être* of the new Quebec. They dreamed and planned to build a new society, an industrialized and urbanized society which would speak French. The rapid acceleration of the industrial process during the Second World War and after, the advent of television and other means of mass communication, the new militancy of the labor movement, the alliance of intellectuals and labor initiated with the Asbestos Strike of 1949, and the decline of French-Canadian power in Ottawa with the advent of John Diefenbaker's government in 1958: all these led to a new departure. Duplessis' death in 1959 opened up a new era by releasing the forces that had been building up for some time. (Maurice Duplessis was the leader of the Union Nationale party, which ruled Quebec with an iron hand from 1944 until his death in 1959. Duplessis was incapable of assessing the development of new values in Quebec and spent a considerable part of his time curbing them. Many intellectuals and others, of whom Pierre Trudeau was one, carried on a courageous battle against Duplessis' demagoguery, arbitrariness and authoritarianism.) Jean Lesage and the Liberal party – which had been part of the struggle since 1958, and were able to capitalize on the dissatisfaction, on the need for reform, and the desire to open up new horizons – came to power in June 1960, and thus was *la Révolution Tranquille* launched.

The "Quiet Revolution", as it is too often called, which consists of the period between 1960 and 1964-65, is the greatest achievement of the French-speaking people of North America. It had many manifestations, successes, and failures, and it charted a new course that no succeeding government could or would change. Its essential contribution was threefold, and these constitute the essence of the revolution:

1. It changed French-Canadians into *Québécois*: this is most significant. It means essentially that the collectivity in Quebec re-defined itself into a nation, a nation which could have a state, and a nation which could become the rallying point for a new task to be accomplished. This process was assisted by the massive reforms going on in Quebec, by the decrease of French Canadian influence in Ottawa, and by the conviction that French Canadians had really no group life outside of Quebec since their language was not guaranteed by the Canadian constitution in other provinces and no amount of political power and blackmail could change that situation very extensively. (Efforts have been made to bilingualize the federal civil service and the services of many provinces where French Canadians are numerous enough to have a group life. However, we are still at the level of symbols.) Furthermore, the new forces in Quebec had watched with interest the development all over the world of new countries which rallied the energies of their people within the bosom of a single state, rather than dissipating them in all directions.

2. *La Révolution Tranquille* changed Quebec's notion of the role of the state or of the government in a society. Prior to Lesage and the 1960s, the state was the guardian of the traditional values and way of life of French Canadians. Now it became the essential instrument of their collective life, the essential instrument for change, and the only government in North America they could control effectively. This transformation of the role of the state from a passive one to a most active one was achieved almost overnight and brought with it immense changes in the value system of Quebeckers. The state now permeated every aspect of the collective life of Quebec; it launched reforms in governmental structure and administration, and established new agencies and new sources of revenue that extended its role considerably in high finance, in industry, etc. Above all, it launched significant reforms in education, in the control and development of natural resources, in health and welfare services. All these innovations demonstrated rather easily that the only agency capable of meeting the on-going aspirations of the Quebec people was the government of Quebec – thus were the Church, the clerical and professional élites, the Ottawa politicians and bureaucrats, and the foreign barons of industry supplanted.

3. The Quiet Revolution gave Quebeckers a new lease on life; from the margin of life and of history, they moved right into the center of a stage they could design and on which they could be the main actors. The dimension of the changes that took place in almost every sphere of human activity, the rapidity with which they were carried out, the upheaval in the

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value-system which they engendered, and the debate and the energies and the creativity they generated made for a new mentality which was so well expressed by the slogans: *"Maîtres chez nous"*, and *"On est capable."* Quebeckers came to believe that they were masters of their destiny – or that they could be. They were also capable of modernity, of change, of technology, and of so many other things. No one had ever told them that before, and they now became aware that they too were part of a fast moving world, most of which had escaped them. Nothing was too sacred to be examined: God, the Church, the role of the clergy, many of their institutions and values, and the links that bound them to a Canada which had become somewhat foreign to them and to a world which they wanted to explore. Out of all of these came notions of a possible new role for them, of a new alliance with their English-speaking counterparts in Canada and in North America, of a new international capacity, of independence, liberation, confrontation. In other words: notions of a new destiny – which could be brought about peacefully and democratically, or through Revolution.

It was in this context that the terrorism of the FLQ was born and bred. The first notice of its presence came in 1963, and its revolutionary action consisted in the scribbling of graffiti on government and other public buildings in Montreal. Then, in April of that year, bombs began to appear and with them various FLQ victims. This first wave of terrorist activities ended when the police captured many of those involved.

A new wave broke out in 1966. This one consisted of irregular bombings; communiqués; thefts of dynamite, money, guns, and other essential equipment; marches and street demonstrations against imperialism of all sorts, against establishment-oriented institutions, against *"les anglais"*; actions for justice and independence and equality. The essential characteristic of this wave of terror was its use to force the solution of labor conflicts. This wave also ended with arrests, trials, and prison terms.

A third wave descended upon Quebec in 1968-69. This one was much more intense, much more terrifying, and much broader than the other two waves. In the space of 20 months, hundreds of bombs were planted and exploded in places as different as the Montreal Stock Exchange, where thirty persons were wounded, and the house of the Mayor of Montreal – the builder of Expo – Mayor Jean Drapeau. The government, disturbed by this mounting attack, extended its police operations considerably and launched a campaign of repression in which demonstrations were barred, community organizations were viciously attacked, and police brutality condoned. The police, almost driven to desperation, nevertheless managed to dismantle cell after cell, only to find another, somewhere else, planning more bombings, more demonstrations, selective assassinations, and kidnappings.

From the very beginnings of the FLQ, it was apparent that it constituted a loose organization established around general principles, that it was highly decentralized, that it had a horizontal structure rather than a vertical one, that the contacts between the cells were few and far between, that each cell was quite independent of the others, and that members of one cell could easily leave it to form another. Moreover, anyone who looked at the phenomenon attentively could easily see that it was based on the universal pattern of urban guerilla and liberation front movements. The objective of the FLQ is universal: a full-scale revolution is needed to end the domination of the working class by the élites and the establishment. The inspiration of the FLQ is also universal, the reading of its members is extensive, and the sources of influence upon it are very broad. In fact the strategy and the means to carry out the revolution came to Quebec as a direct result of experiences elsewhere and the exchange of information concerning those experiences.

It is also evident that the FLQ does not and did not form a coherent whole. In fact, when the federal occupation of Quebec ended at the end of April 1971, no one discovered an all-encompassing revolutionary plan for the liberation of Quebec, except some thoughts written by a 17 or 18 year old boy in one of his study books. Furthermore, the thefts of dynamite, guns, and other equipment was charted quite early on, and at any given time the police knew with relative accuracy what was in circulation, even if it could not control the sale of firearms in Quebec. (It is well to remember that the kidnappers of Pierre Laporte bought some of their arms on the very morning on which they planned to kidnap him.) However, the indiscriminate purchase of firearms – even under the absurd laws that now exist – could not have gone unnoticed by the authorities. Moreover, in spite of the massive powers of the police and numerous arrests, the police had not discovered, prior to October 1970, important or even significant caches of armaments. A revolution, after all, cannot be carried out with sawed-off hunting rifles.

What is also important to remember in assessing what came after the kidnappings is that the police had been successful in infiltrating the FLQ and dismantling many of its cells. From 1963 to October 1970, some forty persons had been arrested and found guilty, or had been accused of terrorist activities. Twenty of these were in jail in October 1970, the others were either at large, or pardoned, or out on bail. What baffled the police were the facts that there were no *big bosses* whose capture would end the FLQ, there were no plans, no evidence of friendly and armed villages and neighborhoods, and too often the same persons re-appeared within the various cells. Accustomed to orthodox revolutionary patterns, they were not prepared for what was in effect the embryo of an urban guerrilla movement.

In the presence of the October disturbances – disturbances which were not more acute, not more general, and not more englobing than the previous ones since 1963 – the governments of Quebec and of Ottawa reacted as they had in earlier circumstances: by police action and increased powers, arbitrariness, inflammatory eloquence designed to foster fear and panic, repression, and holding the entire population responsible for the actions of a few – and as

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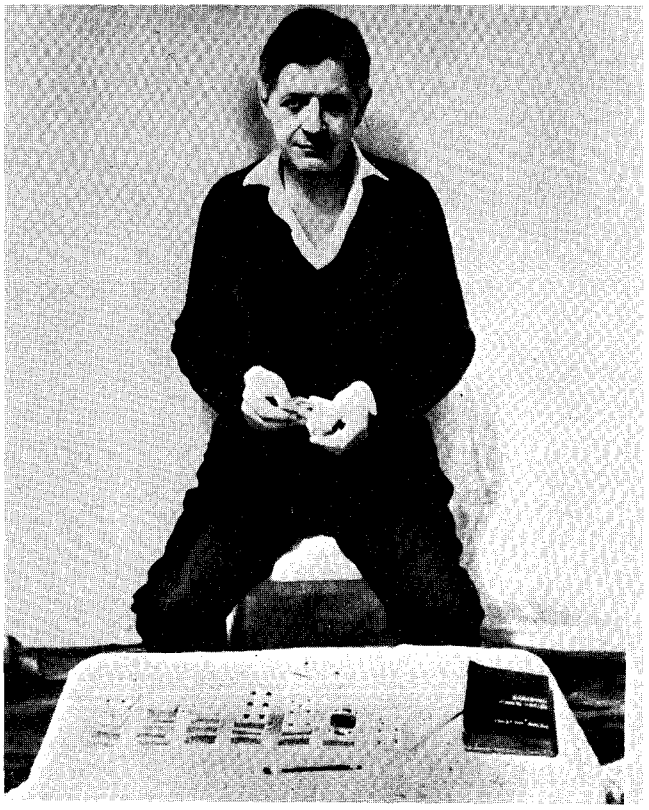
the guarantors of a new order of behavior. In other words, the government fought terrorism with terrorism, the only difference being that the terrorism of the FLQ was directed at only a few, while the terrorism of the governments involved the entire population of Quebec.

The method the government used was to declare a state of apprehended insurrection and siege.

On Friday, October 16, 1970, at four a.m. the federal government invoked the War Measures Act. This act had been framed in the early days of the First World War and was based on Britain's Defense of the Realms Act. By declaring that there exists a real or apprehended war, invasion, or insurrection, the government of Canada can suspend every conceivable liberty and human right; grant extensive powers of arrest, detention, and search to the police force; can carry out censorship, deportation, incarceration and seizure of property, and can hold everyone and everything for ninety days without having to show cause. By its very nature – by the powers it contains for a handful of men – it is a very dangerous act and has been used sparingly. Since World War I, the government has invoked it twice: on September 1, 1939, by virtue of the Second World War, and on October 16, 1970. When emergencies occurred at other times, such as in the process of transforming the war economy into a peaceful one, the government created temporary and particular legislation. In October the government, determined to act quickly, had no time to frame a Temporary Public Order Act and so relied on the promulgation of the War Measures Act until such time as it could frame a temporary Act, which it did at the beginning of December 1970.



A photo alleged by his abductors to show James Cross during his captivity.

In the proclamation that accompanied the re-activating of the War Measures Act in October 1970, the government declared the FLQ or any of its successors outlawed. It made it a criminal offense for anyone to assist, aid, or in any way give solace to the FLQ or similar organizations. It allowed the police, upon the instructions of the Attorneys-General of each province of Canada, to arrest, detain, search, hold persons and property without warrant, without trial, and without showing cause, for up to ninety days and it made the granting of bail possible only upon the instruction of the Attorney-General of the province involved. *Habeas corpus* was thus suspended. The only safeguard the people had was that the government was obliged to subject itself in Parliament to a review procedure which could be *ex post facto*. This review, however, the government sought immediately; without too much difficulty it was able to obtain the support of the vast majority of the House of Commons – with the exception of sixteen members of the New Democratic Party, the most leftist of the parties in the House of Commons, and the one which has an impeachable record on such questions.

Later, at the beginning of December, the Parliament of Canada passed a Temporary Public Order Act which suspended the application of the War Measures Act and its regulations. In its place, the Temporary Public Order Act, which was to remain in force until April 30, 1971, unless revoked at the discretion of the government of Canada, stipulated the new categories of crime and the applicable regulations concerning arrests and detentions. The application of this new act, unlike the War Measures Act, applied only to the Province of Quebec, where a state of apprehended insurrection was said to exist. (Since the War Measures Act was not limited to Quebec, attempts were made by various municipal and provincial governments to deal with unpopular community groups and other undesirables within their midsts.) Furthermore, a new crime was added: that of advocating the separation of Quebec from the rest of Canada by force. This new offense, and that of belonging to the FLQ and aiding it or similar organizations, was made retroactive. The powers of the police were maintained, except that the provision for 90 days' detention was changed to 21. The act came into force on December 3, 1970, on the very day that Cross was freed.

Both the War Measures Act and the Temporary Act that succeeded it created a state of siege in Quebec. The police forces, made up of the municipal police of Quebec, the provincial police – called the Sûreté du Québec – the Royal Canadian Mounted Police (the RCMP of the federal government), and some 15,000 soldiers of the Canadian Army stationed particularly in Montreal, intensified their search. As ordinary civil liberties were suspended and as the powers of the police were by law so immense, these forces had *carte blanche* to do whatever they wanted. In the middle of the night, citizens whose only crime was to have come to the notice of the police at some point or other, were awakened by great noises on their doorsteps

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and in the streets around their houses. They knew by experience that if they did not answer immediately, the police would break down either the doors or the windows and force their way in – which they did in too many instances. Lining whole families against the wall, disturbing the routine and work patterns of countless people, they proceeded to take whatever they liked or thought to be subversive, whether persons or things, documents of a confidential nature such as legal briefs for clients or the dossiers of patients, research material and books belonging to teachers and students, the electoral maps and literature of lawfully-constituted political parties. The police operated with such disregard for basic human rights, and with such arbitrariness and unnecessary violence, that the people came to fear the police far more than the FLQ.

By the time James Cross was released on December 3rd, the police had arrested and detained for more than one day – generally up to seven days – 453 persons. (This figure does not include the 200 or so persons who were arrested prior to the enactment of the War Measures Act, nor to the hundreds of people who were questioned briefly.) Of these, 403 were later released and the remaining 50 were charged with various crimes and offenses either under the War Measures Act or, after December, under the temporary public order regulations. (However, most of the arrests were made prior to December.) Of the 453 arrested: 139 were students or of student age, 45 were ordinary laborers, 42 were unemployed, 25 were teachers, 17 journalists, 15 office clerks, 14 technicians; not to mention a piano tuner, a model, a printer, three or four lawyers, several labor leaders and politicians of socialist, communist, or maoist political parties, even one officer of the new Democratic Party; several members and workers of the municipal party (which was the main opponent of the Mayor of Montreal and his political party during the municipal campaign of October 1970), numerous members of the Parti Québécois, the movement for the independence of Quebec through non-violent means; leaders of community organizations in various neighborhoods; a couple of doctors, one lumberjack, etc. Of the 50 persons who were charged with definite offenses, about 20 have come to trial at the time of the writing of this article [August 1971], and all of them have been found innocent of sedition, of preaching the overthrow of the government by violence, of advocating the separation of Quebec from the rest of Canada by violence, or of belonging to the FLQ. Juries find it possible to accept the charge that a defendant has aided the FLQ, but only, it seems, if it can be proven that he has given refuge to the kidnappers of either Cross or Laporte or that he has distributed tracts assisting the FLQ. The judicial process which began in January 1971 was such a farce that no one really took it seriously, and it appears that the greatest crime of those concerned has been contempt of court, a circumstance reminiscent of the Chicago Conspiracy Trial. Since no jury can be found to condemn persons under the trumped-up charges laid by the Crown, the judicial authorities of Quebec are now in the process of altering these charges considerably, and dropping a good number of them. This of course does not apply to the alleged killers of Mr. Laporte.

While some of the police were busy rounding up their "suspects" in this dangerous state of terrorist activity, other members of the police force were carrying out searches. In fact, between October 16 and December 3, they carried out 3,068 searches – not counting those that were carried out accidentally (and these were quite numerous), or those carried out as the arrests were being made, or those made of cars, trucks, and other vehicles at various crossings and at various times. These 3,068 searches uncovered 4,692 bullets for various guns; 912 detonators; 677 sticks of dynamite; 181 revolvers, small firearms, and sawed-off shotguns and hunting guns; 3 grenades; 4 canisters of powder, 1 sword, 1 sabre, 4 knives, 46 typewriters, two magnetophones, 2 stencil machines, one addressograph, and over 100 ancient muskets belonging to a private museum near Three Rivers. It was indeed, as someone has so aptly remarked, the most ill-equipped insurrection the world has ever apprehended.

The result of all this nonsense was that the normal life of thousands of citizens was interrupted and in many instances irreparable harm was done to careers, work patterns and promotion, family life, intellectual and academic activity – not to mention the ridicule and humiliation, and the hardship of several hours or several days in jail without any communication with dear ones. It is doubtful if in the history of democratic countries such flagrant injustices, such terrifying arrogance, or such utter disregard for life and liberty have ever been committed in the name of law and order and for the purpose of protecting the society and achieving the security of the state. The most dangerous terrorists were not the members of the FLQ who had kidnapped Cross and Laporte, nor even those who killed Mr. Laporte. The most dangerous terrorists were the Prime Ministers of Quebec and Canada, the Ministers of Justice of these two countries, the Mayor of Montreal, the members of the cabinets of Quebec and Canada, the backbenchers (the opposition parties who had agreed to this declaration of war against the people of Quebec), not to mention the intellectuals – who should have known better, but who insisted on placing all their confidence in one of theirs, Mr. Trudeau, on the ground that he *is* one of theirs.

If one is angry at the police brutality and the *insouciance* of so many, one's anger becomes even deeper when one tries to think of the reasons why the governments declared such a state of siege against the people of Quebec. The reasons seem to fall into two categories: the official ones and the unofficial ones. The official reasons can be ascertained from a reading of the letters of the Chief of the Provincial Police of Quebec, the Prime Minister of Quebec, and of the Mayor of Montreal; the declarations promulgating the War Measures Act and its regulations; the preamble to the Temporary Public Order Act, and the speeches of politicians – particularly those of the Prime Minister and the Minister of Justice of Canada, in the federal parliament at Ottawa. These sources point to the following:

1. Two kidnappings of important persons had taken place and the two were being held for ransom under the threat of death (A fact which is indisputable; however, since the Prime Minister stressed the *im-*

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portance of the persons involved, one wonders what the government would have done had the persons kidnapped been declared not to be important.)

2. The authorities of Quebec and Montreal believed that a state of apprehended insurrection existed in Quebec, and so requested wider police powers to cope with this situation (Not a very valid reason. In the first place the letters requesting wider powers arrived in Ottawa from Montreal at three a.m. on October 16, at the exact moment of the deadline set by the government for the acceptance of its terms by the FLQ. Who had drafted the letters, and when, is a question which has never been answered satisfactorily. Evidence is now emerging that the Federal Government agreed to send in the army on October 15th in order to help the already overworked police, on condition that the War Measures Act become applicable and that the provincial government make no attempt to negotiate with the terrorists. Further evidence is also demonstrating the continuous presence in Montreal of Marc Lalonde, the chief assistant to the Prime Minister, who had been sent to keep Quebec in its place. Moreover, two kidnappings do not an insurrection make. No state of insurrection, apprehended or real or otherwise, had been declared when bombs were exploding all over Montreal, when thefts were being carried out, when the police strike in 1969 caused wide chaos, looting, burning, and utter disregard for law and order. Since none of these occurrences were sufficient to cause a state of siege or panic, what made the October crisis different? In answering this question it is well to remember that the police forces in Quebec, or anywhere in the world for that matter, do not need special powers to carry out their responsibilities. It seems that they are protected even when they break the law. In Quebec, prior to October 16 when the War Measures Act was proclaimed, the police had already held hundreds of people for questioning and had searched numerous houses, and offices, and what-have-you. One can only conclude that no greater state of apprehended insurrection existed in October than had existed before; that the police sought special powers because too many of the citizens were questioning police use of arbitrary power; that the federal government forced the hand of the Quebec government because Mr. Trudeau did not wish to go down in history as having negotiated with terrorists.)

3. A considerable quantity of dynamite had been stolen the previous year, along with small arms and rifles, thus giving credence to the mounting state of insurrection (On December 3rd, Mr. Choquette, the Minister of Justice in Quebec, stated that the police had found 677 sticks of dynamite. The government never stated officially how much dynamite the FLQ had, but one of the Ministers in Ottawa used the figure: "two tons." Two tons of dynamite means eight-thousand sticks. (Where are the other 7,323 sticks?) As for rifles and arms, etc., it is well to remember that an inventory was taken after each theft and that the police consequently knew the approximate number and calibre stolen. The 181 firearms it recovered during its searches constitute no doubt almost the total number of firearms which the FLQ or others had at their disposal. Can an insurrection be carried out successfully with 181 firearms, against the arsenal at the disposal of modern police and other armed forces?)

4. Confusion in the Quebec government as to what should be done (This was certainly true. The cabinet was quite divided between those who wanted to negotiate and then accept the terms of the FLQ for Cross' release. It is sad to note that one of the "hawks" in this great debate was Mr. Laporte himself. When Laporte was kidnapped, the divisions and tensions were accentuated. The letter which Laporte wrote to Mr. Bourassa telling him in effect that he, Bourassa, had the power over his life or his death; the correspondence of Mrs. Laporte to all the members of government urging them to bring back her husband alive and at whatever cost; the fact that Laporte was a colleague and close to home, and the fact that some of the most influential French-speaking Quebeckers were insisting on negotiations and the meeting of terms acceptable to both sides — and had even toyed with the idea that should Bourassa not be able to carry his ministry, he should form a coalition government of the "*forces vives de la nation*" in order to save the lives of both Mr. Laporte and Mr. Cross — all of these made the position of the Quebec government almost unbearable and led it to favor negotiations. The federal government, particularly Mr. Trudeau, was quite unprepared to accept this. Since no one already in prison could be exchanged for the lives of Laporte or Cross without the assent of the federal government, which has exclusive jurisdiction over pardon in criminal cases; since the federal government could refuse to make the necessary negotiations with foreign countries to give asylum to the kidnappers; since the federal government could use its economic power to strain the financial resources of Quebec and thus make the economic consolidation of Quebec quite impossible; since the federal government could under various pretexts remove the army and the RCMP, leaving the Quebec authorities with the full burden of meeting the crisis; since it could forbid the use of the airways to transport messages to and from the kidnappers and the government or to bring the kidnappers outside of Canada — these and many other powers at its command created a massive imbalance in the federal structure of Canada, leaving the provincial government of Quebec incapable of pursuing any course that it deemed expedient without the consent of the federal authorities. Looking back upon it all now, there is no doubt that Bourassa was blackmailed into taking the terrible decision which he took the morning of October 16th.)

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5. Erosion of the public will, as expressed in the mounting sentiment that real negotiation take place and that terms be agreed to in order to save the lives of both Laporte and Cross (It is doubtful if this very human and very sensible sentiment constitutes an "erosion" of public will, except in the democratically perverted minds of certain members of the federal government of Canada and of the Quebec government. In assessing this reason for the siege that took place, it is well to remember that the War Measures Act was promulgated prior to the assassination of Pierre Laporte. The situation was therefore vastly different before October 17, the day on which Laporte died. It was his death that made the War Measures Act acceptable to the vast majority of Canadians and Quebeckers. In other words they accepted the government's arguments that any citizen, any child, could be next. However, before the death of Laporte, a considerable portion of the Quebec population favored negotiations and terms. This is why the federal government undertook a detailed and planned campaign fostering panic from October 10 until October 17. After that date, no campaign was necessary since the reality was horrible enough. It is possible to conclude that the War Measures Act was applied to free the federal and provincial governments from the burden of meeting or clashing head-on with the mounting public opinion regarding negotiations with the FLQ. There was therefore no erosion of public will, but rather the arrogant and arbitrary use of power to curb the public will.)

6. Growing lack of confidence in the ability of the institutions of government and the law enforcement agencies of Quebec to meet the crisis (This officially-stated reason should be divided into two: the lack of confidence in the government's capacity to meet the Quebec crisis, and the same lack of confidence in the law-enforcing agencies. To look at the latter first, it must be admitted that the public did not trust the police and felt it to be quite incompetent; the same attitude prevailed in governmental circles. Consequently, the War Measures Act could have been applied to meet the incompetence of the police, to give them everything they wanted and see that they did the job unencumbered by legal niceties, to force the non-police authorities to push the police into some coherent action – since the "civilians" would be subjected to questions of all sorts – and to make sure that some cooperation existed between the various law enforcement agencies which had to deal with the crisis. It is interesting, if not revolting, to come to the conclusion that a democratic government would suspend the liberties of a large portion of its people in order to render its police force more competent. When one looks at the argument that there existed a growing lack of confidence in the institutions of government to meet the crisis, one is faced with a similar conclusion. The federal government was quite conscious of the fact that there could have developed in Quebec a state of affairs whereby the Bourassa government may have been forced to resign or, at best, to replace certain individuals by others. The provincial government was quite divided between "hawks", of which both Mr. Laporte and the Minister of Justice, Mr. Choquette were the leaders, and the "doves", in whose number was Mr. Bourassa, the Prime Minister. After Laporte's kidnapping, the federal government saw that the division was being accentuated and that a majority of the Quebec government favored negotiations with the FLQ. The federal government, which did not wish to push the federal structure beyond endurance by forcing Mr. Bourassa's hand single-handedly, had to cajole Mr. Bourassa into accepting its hard line policy and at the same time to maintain the power of the hawks. It is in this context that one must understand the federal government's disclosure of the supposed Ryan plan to replace Bourassa's Liberal government by a coalition whose main tasks would be to negotiate with the FLQ and make certain basic economic and social reforms which the population demanded. There is no doubt that many in Quebec believed that should events become worse, this course of action should be attempted. The federal government was determined to discredit this possibility and, above all, the men who were considered "doves". It therefore launched a massive public campaign against Mr. Ryan and other moderates, against what Trudeau called "bleeding hearts" and "weak-kneed Liberals": that is, all those in Quebec who insisted that if the house was on fire, the people should first be saved and then the furniture. The harassment of Bourassa, the deliberate planting of distorted information to discredit key individuals in Quebec, the deals made in the middle of the night with Mayor Drapeau, the continuation of the reign of terror by judicious use of make-up, of television appearances, of televised funerals, and of the concentration of military personnel – all of these can tell a story to the shame of those who participated in this dramatic farce.)

It is difficult to accept the stated reasons as valid. The unstated ones – the real ones – are just as invalid. The War Measures Act was promulgated because of:

1. The need to camouflage the incompetence of the police of Montreal and of Quebec, the lack of cooperation between the various law enforcing agencies, the arrogance of the RCMP – mostly English-speaking and quite disdainful of the French-speaking police force;

2. The personality of Mr. Trudeau. Trudeau believed, and had so written in 1964, that separatism was violence. In 1968 he had been elected because he represented himself as the only person in Canada with the strength of character, the intelligence, and the ruthlessness to curb Quebec and put an end to the Quebec nonsense. From his ascent to power in

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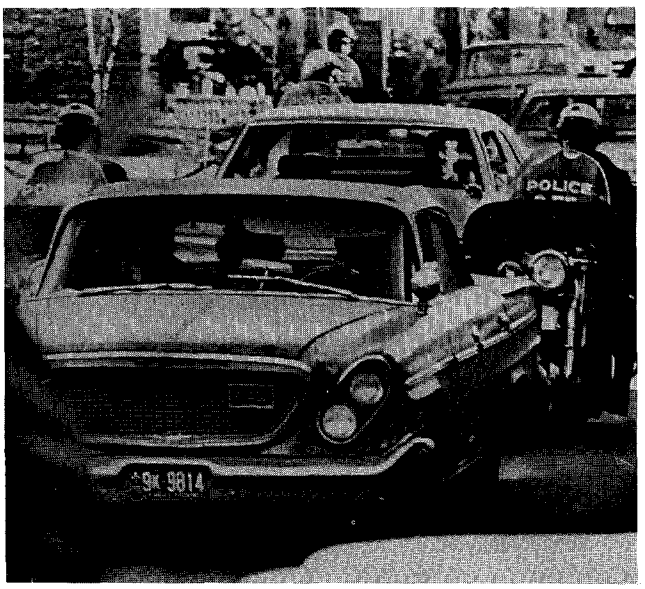
June 1968 until the present day, the notion of independence has gained more supporters and is now considered by over 1/3 of the population of Quebec as a decent and valid alternative. Trudeau was just waiting for an opportunity to strike what he hoped would be a fatal blow. The opportunity came in October, and he was quite happy to create the suspicion that those who advocated the independence of Quebec were terrorists in disguise. This can easily be shown by the fact that the Temporary Public Order Act of December 3rd mentioned the separation of Quebec from the rest of Canada, and by the fact that Trudeau allowed many of his cabinet ministers to make the most outrageous statements linking the proponents of Quebec's independence to the terrorist movement. Furthermore, Trudeau's uncompromising attitude against a negotiated settlement reveals his determination that the hard line policy was the best because he, Trudeau, would not be found to have been "weak". One cannot escape the conclusion that Trudeau would have sacrificed many lives in order to maintain his reputation as a ruthless and firm politician and as a "man of courage". (He is in fact quite an inflexible man, intolerant, and arrogant in the exercise of his power.) Whether Canadian democracy can stand much of his determination to polarize every situation and to break every bone in his opponent's body is another matter. Already the independence of Quebec has become a real alternative because of his deliberate closing of other avenues. Furthermore, the conservative nature of his government and the intellectual dishonesty he is prepared to entertain have created a state of crisis which has undermined considerably the capacity of the Canadian people to deal effectively with the grave and urgent problems facing them. A more subtle politician, a compassionate statesman, and a more honest man would have been able to save Laporte's life and free Cross much sooner without costing the population the price it had to pay in accepting the Trudeau policy. This suggests that in time to come, when the independence of Quebec becomes inevitable, Mr. Trudeau will stop at nothing – blackmail, war, or wanton destruction – to maintain his reputation. Canada cannot much longer afford such irresponsibility.



Laporte's alleged killers en route to prison.

3. The need to dismantle the "parallel power" which had developed all through the 'sixties. There is no doubt that the "parallel power" the government kept talking about was *not* the FLQ. Rather it consisted a) of various community-neighborhood organizations which had developed to meet various needs and the irresponsive character of the democratic institutions, b) of independentist-oriented action groups, c) of the non-violent left. Trudeau did not object to the presence of these forces – except those which advocated that the independence of Quebec would be the first instrument in meeting the needs of the neighborhood groups. Montreal's Mayor Drapeau, on the other hand, did. Since the dimensions of the crisis necessitated the unanimity of the establishment's forces, Drapeau's objectives could be served by identifying his political opponents at the municipal level with the FLQ, by charging that they constituted the moral guarantors of the FLQ and arresting many of the leaders of community groups who were asking too many questions and insisting on too many answers. Furthermore, all levels of government knew that the winter months would be long and arduous and fraught with danger, since the Federal government's inhuman policies in the fight against inflation was increasing unemployment at an alarming rate. The use of the arbitrary powers of the War Measures Act could solve many problems at many levels by discrediting independence as a normal and viable objective, by weakening the critics of the government, and by demonstrating to the people that if they got out of hand the government had many powers at its disposal to make them toe the line.

"Quebeckers wonder if they possess any real liberty . . . in the context of Canadian Federalism."

4. The acceptance by a vast majority of Quebeckers of the FLQ Manifesto made public on October 8th. This was quite a revelation to the governments involved. The people identified their objectives with that of the FLQ, while rejecting the means used by

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the FLQ. The Manifesto, in a rambling sort of way, reminded Quebeckers that theirs was not a normal society, not a free society, not a liberated one. Too many of their examples were taken from everyday reality and too many Quebeckers had suffered the terrible losses and humiliation and dependency the Manifesto talks about for it not to be taken seriously and accepted. Too many of us knew that Quebec had the highest rate of unemployment, of infant mortality, of poverty, of menial tasks in industry; too many of us knew that we had the lowest rate in Canada of per capita revenue, of control of our economy, of important and high ranking jobs. We knew that in spite of the massive reforms we had deliberately and with much anguish carried out since 1960, our society and our people were more vulnerable, more lost, more dependent, more unsure and insecure. We also knew that we could interest others in certain changes, but should these changes – important to us as they might be – cause a danger of profound changes in the style of life and power of those who controlled us, we would be blackmailed by threats of flight of capital, by the moving of head offices away from Montreal, and by increased interest rates into behaving as normal English-speaking American adults. Too many Quebeckers had also had to live daily the unresponsiveness of the governments that controlled and manipulated them and made empty promises to them. The day after the Manifesto had been read on radio and television, and had found its way into various newspapers, it was surprising to hear so many stating over and over again that the Manifesto had been accurate in its description of our way of life, in its assessment of our *malaise*, in its denunciation of the intolerable situation of too many of our citizens. There is little doubt that it was this realization more than any other that determined the federal government to pursue its course and to declare any demand for radical or accelerated social change to be FLQ-inspired. It was the population's reception of the Manifesto, more than the kidnappings, which influenced the Bourassa government to decide in favor of the brutality of the War Measures Act. Too many federal and provincial and municipal politicians ascended their pulpits to condemn the Manifesto in too harsh terms for it to be otherwise.

What can we conclude in such a situation? It seems obvious that the following constitute some of the effects of the nightmare of October:

1. The weakness of Canadian Federalism as presently conceived. Since the government of Quebec was incapable of asserting its will and of carrying it out without the advice and consent and determination of the federal government, Quebeckers wonder if they possess any real liberty of action within the context of Canadian federalism. The crisis was not that of Canada. It was of Quebec. And Quebec was unable to cope. What will Quebec need to meet and resolve the problems which it has to face every day? This has become the dominant question.

2. The precarious acceptance of basic civil rights and human liberties. Canadians, particularly certain key intellectuals, had accepted without question Trudeau's assertion that Quebeckers had no respect for democracy and no will to live it. In October 1970 it became quite obvious that this weakness did not belong only to Quebeckers, but to the vast majority of Canadians. English-speaking Canadians accepted the War Measures Act with delight and vigor. They saw it as another means of curbing the Quebec nonsense. They behaved in some ways like the Germans who accepted a Nazi Germany because of its stability and the solution to various problems it made possible. On the other hand, Quebeckers were in the midst of it and every day they were being told by Trudeau, by other Cabinet Ministers, and by Mayor Drapeau that blood would flow unless they accepted the government's way of resolving the problem. The same intensity of danger did not occur in English-speaking Canada and one would have expected saner and more detached voices. These were very few and far between, and for the most part they became strangely silent after private talks with Trudeau and after the enactment of the Temporary Public Order Act which limited the conflict to Quebec and dedicated it to the maintenance of Canadian unity. Very few in English-speaking Canada objected to the retroactivity clause of the December bill, to the arbitrariness of the police, to the horror created in Quebec by the terrorism of the established order. In their prejudice, they believed that this was the normal way for Quebeckers to behave. Having elected Trudeau to put Quebec in its place, they were certainly not prepared to prevent him from fulfilling their devoutly wished policy.

3. The inevitability of Quebec's independence. Before October 1970 many Quebeckers were prepared to give Confederation another try. After October, fewer and fewer people are prepared to do this. To most of us, we had little choice between the terror of the FLQ and the terror of the federal government. In fact we had no choice at all, except to give in either to the one or to the other. It became obvious, therefore, that we alone had to create our own choices. Furthermore, the FLQ is a Quebec problem and no one else should resolve it but ourselves. For many, therefore, independence now implies *"la solution québécoise"*. Since federalism as presently constituted and understood by the federal government means that we must leave it to others to resolve our problems, more and more of us are becoming determined that independence *must* come in order that we may be able to cope totally with the agonizing reality that confronts us every day.

4. Violence is not the prerogative of a few terrorists. This is very important. We now know that we must avoid the violence of terrorists, whoever they may be. Furthermore, we are becoming convinced that violence is not limited to the FLQ. It is in fact a normal condition of men and the everyday instrument of the governmental establishment and of the seekers of the *status quo*. Even though most of the population of Quebec is opposed to

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violence, it has now discovered that there are many forms of it and that it must be eradicated in its totality. Moreover, violence has become real, and we cannot escape the feeling that even if we arrived at the independence of Quebec in a democratic way (through elections, etc.), we would not be permitted to have it. Federal troops would occupy federal property and buildings in Quebec – and these are numerous; the economic power of the federal government would work against us; the English-speaking minority of Quebec and all their important industrial establishments would demand the protection of the United Nations through the federal government, thus leading to an inevitable clash, use of force, death and destruction and enslavement. We have, however, so acclimatized ourselves to violence – since we have experienced it from so many sources at the same time – that we shall do what has to be done to be masters of our destiny and to be free men.

Having begun this essay with a quote from Fernand Dumont, it may be appropriate for me to terminate it with another quote from him: *"Pour les peuples comme pour les individus, acceder à l'universel c'est d'abord choisir soi-même la porte d'entrée."* Such is the result and the lesson of October 1970. □

JOHN JUDSON

NINE YEARS TODAY

I wash the dandruff off my glasses. All night, farmers talked of spring plowing in the street. Loudly. Demonstrating the spread earth with their thick hands. My nose clusters among dead elms, coughing. Cross-pollination. It has set in on my son's birthday. No matter where he goes he remembers he was born on the spring plains of Iowa. Unable in our twenties to take such open land, we lived next to an alfalfa roasting plant on the edge of town. Such loneliness we settled for alfalfa. Sweet alfalfa. And high trucks passing through with their tunnels of dust. All night diesels and pigs squealing in our veins.

Today he is home. Nine years of searching for a birthday cake. I hold his hand and rock as I used to rock him at three a.m. chanting *The Windhover* through the fierce dark of his first year pain. Cross-pollination. Happy Birthday America! I love you. I love you, and the frail eagles of your hands.

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A Story by Jay Cates

HUNT

Last night, December 30, 1970, was a long night of drinking vort, preparatory to drinking more tonight, the last night of nineteen and seventy. Drinking and thinking like everyone must be this late in the year. Being retired early has already left me with too much time to think, and too often about Kathy, my ex, with whom I broke up in June, though it just doesn't seem like it's been half a year already. I noticed this year too that I was old enough to have known friends for quite a few years now, that I've met since school that is, and that every so often someone I had known would suddenly be dead. I'm sure people died even while I was in school, but I never noticed then, perhaps too engrossed in looking for what everyone looked for at that age. I suppose noticing such things as deaths means that I found what I was looking for somewhere, or else the number just became great enough to finally make an impact, like the smell from a growing number of hidden corpses. I think too much.

Last night anyway I was too happy with the thought of 1970 ending to be overly saddened about anything else. I was looking forward to the first minute of 1971 to swear never again to put up with 1970. The weather was anything but subtle about the fact that it was ending a year; it was more impatient than I was. There was a strong wind that changed direction as often as a falling leaf, a warm wind that kept the snow in the air and almost wouldn't let it fall. I could wait another day, sitting in front of a window looking at the snow and feeling an occasional gust through a crack, knowing better than the wind that another thirty hours was only and had to be only another thirty hours; I could wait.

This morning it was warmer out, and there was a foot and a half of snow on the ground with the top few inches new. So I went out to shoot a rabbit. A walk in the unbroken snow was what I was going for more than the rabbit of course, but I'd shoot the rabbit if I saw it; I could use some fresh meat.

Out in the snow I felt like a walking machine that had been left on a soundless white world – a Martian on his stilts (and I've always hated Martians too; irrationally, I suppose). The snow packed to cushion my legs halfway to my knees. I walked off a road into an open field, wondering always what I was about to step onto through the snow, and always the snow packed into the spaces between the ground and my feet, adapting, like cat treads, unstoppable. Walking slow and putting each foot down slowly made the rocks and roots I stepped on seem larger than they must have been; I kept looking behind me without stopping, looking at the zigzag pattern my footprints left, wandering holes for rabbits to avoid and squirrels to fall into.

As I walked back to the road big flakes of snow started falling, starting to cover my tracks, cover me, extending the soft protection of the ground to everywhere, only the snow and I moving, and it seeming to be still because it was everywhere, so that if I stopped there would be nothing moving, although I'd still know there were little animals running around in the bush where I couldn't see them. The trees were white broken by brown and green lines, dry brushstrokes on a white and gray canvas spattered with white snowflake paint. A white owl flew across the canvas and over my head, a competitor, like the coyotes. How can a bird be so silent, or how can there be so much noise for a bird not to make? I would follow the owl and let him show me where they were, flying north over the road, yes. Northern lights and a Chinook wind last night and an owl in the morning. It would be nice to be able to convince myself that such things only happen at the end of a year.

I remembered for the first time today the dream I'd had the night before, about Kathy. I dreamed of pools of sparkling fresh blood on the sidewalk in front of her house, blood that someone unknown had left, and I couldn't start my car. I woke up and had a couple of cigarettes before going back to bed. And then dreamed that I went into a hotel cafe and had something to eat, and when I was finished I fell asleep in my chair at the table. And there dreamed that I was back in front of Kathy's house, wanting to go somewhere and still not able to start my car. I woke up picked up my old roach clip and coat from the floor and walked out of the hotel. And woke up, wanting to go home.

I walked down the road without seeing anything but lots of tracks, rabbit and coyote – when there's lots of rabbits there's always lots of coyotes. Their tracks and mine all being covered up together now. And forty yards ahead at the side of the road was a rabbit, only the shadow of his dumb-looking ears making it possible to see him. Ah rabbit, I suppose now it might have been just as well if I hadn't seen you, but since I did see you, I had to see you. But I never thought of that at the time.

I went down on one knee and lifted the .22, feeling the reassurance of the snow around my legs and hips, giving when I moved in it, a smooth-walled protective hole, hiding me. The rabbit was partly hidden in broken snow behind a small bush where it was too dark to see anything in the sights. I took aim on a clear patch of snow about a foot

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JAY CATES is twenty-three years old, a Virgo/Leo, and a native of British Columbia, where he is now in retirement on a small farm. This is his first appearance in the NAR.

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above and lowered smoothly to where I knew he was: two quick shots. He didn't seem hit and I shot again, more carefully, and still nothing.

The sound of the shots distracted me and held my attention; the dull metallic clunk of the firing pin hitting the shell followed by a long echoing report, the sound bouncing from the trees along the road, coming from progressively farther trees and taking more than a second to be completed and finally return.

And I shot again, and after the report I remembered the sound for at least as long again as it had really taken, doubling it and drawing it too fine until it broke – and the rabbit still hopped in a tiny circle as if he was stunned by the sound too, the sound left by the snow that had muffled the clear shot.

And I shot again. The trees now like huge icicles and the bullet like a wind, bending each one just slightly until it made a crack, and kissing the next, all the way to the timber at the end of the road and the sound rushing back – in a hurry – shot again –

and again; he still looked untouched. I heard a rabbit scream far off once when it died; I've never heard one scream when it was shot. I wondered if everything when it died didn't make a scream, or say a word that would express everything it had ever seen, and done, and been. A unique word with all the highs and lows and rights and wrongs and shades of meaning that it had been, a word, or a scream. And a rabbit would scream all its rabbit joys, or scream the joys that it missed, of a mountain cat. It was a sound I didn't want to hear again.

And shot again, and the rabbit fell over, kicking. I got up and started walking to it. On the way I thought of Fred, my old friend Fred, and the last time I had seen him. I went because no one had seen or heard of him for days. I walked into his cabin and saw him sitting on the bed, and knew he had been stoned on whatever he could get for maybe a week; his records had stopped and were dusty. He recognized me presently and tried to talk.

Finally he said "I just – want to get – higher . . ."

Don't tell me, I thought, please don't tell me. You don't have to.

"I know," I said. And what I knew too was that I felt I didn't have the balls to do what he was doing, and he was my friend, and I should do more too.

But he was gone again, so I turned the stack of records over and started some Constant Comment on the stove and left, leaving him to remember it or not.

Standing over the rabbit, still kicking in a small circle of churned bloody snow, I put the muzzle to his head and squeezed. Nothing but a clunk, a dud. The last bullet and no knife. I didn't want to crush him with the butt but wanted to kill him quickly, for him and for me too, so he couldn't scream. So putting the toe of my boot against his throat I swung the barrel sharply, twice, until his head snapped back.

I picked him up by the legs and saw that he had been shot through the ear, a foot, a leg, twice in the guts. The top of his head been taken off.

If everything makes a last noise when it dies what will be the last thing Kathy will ever say? I'll be in that sound, I suppose. For her it should be a pretty sound, I almost hope I won't be any part of it, but I don't quite hope that. I am some part of her, and that must be right, or real, because what's happened has happened, and it's part of me too. So I shouldn't feel so empty, but I do, and I don't know why. But stop thinking of her, just – stop. Will I ever feel that I'll have a last sound to say, or a reason to want to say it? But I suppose its existence will be reason enough, and that's something I'll only know in the perfection that death is.

I found myself holding the rabbit tightly, aware of the yellow piss still warm on its legs. Wanting only to lie down in the snow with the rabbit, my rabbit, and be covered.

"Did you ever dream lucky, wake with an achin' mind?
Did you ever dream lucky, wake with an achin' mind?
And you know that your're losin' more'n you'll ever find."

Well I believe that I've just been dreaming unlucky, and I'm bound to wake with a quiet mind. □

LUCIEN STRYK

THE CHERRY

February: the season grips –
heavy – the chomped
stalks in Miller's field
across the way.

Wind comes level, spurred by
western counties,
and horses our daughter watched
all summer long

shiver in woodland now. Below,
the piled branches
downed by the storm of mid-December
shift in the gusts.

We have waited a month for the city
to cart them off –
it's been so cold the ice that
let the storm strip

clean, has scarcely thawed. The day
those branches split
I had to axe the cherry to its roots.
Our girl, sulking

out of range, held tight to twigs.

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Leo J. Hertzel

SOME COMMONPLACE THOUGHTS ON CANADIAN FICTION & CULTURE

As a general rule, Americans know about as much about Canadian fiction as they know about Canada – which is to say they do not know very much. And when through some set of unusual circumstances a Canadian writer does gain attention in the United States the chances are either he will not be recognized as a Canadian or else he will not be a very good writer, Mazo de la Roche or Ralph Connor being examples of the second possibility.

Ralph Connor, the pen-name of the Reverend George Gordon, a Winnipeg minister who wrote two-fisted Christian novels in the early part of this century *(The Man from Glengarry, The Girl from Glengarry*, God giving strength and victory to his Presbyterian children as they fight the wilderness, French Canadians and the evils of corrupt big business), was enormously popular in the United States for at least the first thirty years of this century. His simplistic pietism was comforting to those Americans who might have been threatened by the naturalism of Dreiser or Hemingway. But Connor's novels are nothing but wooden propaganda, Presbyterian Horatio Alger stories, and though they made a great deal of money for Connor, they did nothing to establish the respectability of Canadian fiction.

Occasionally some other random Canadian novelist turns up on the American scene – Morley Callaghan, or Hugh MacLennan with *The Watch That Ends the Night*, or Mordecai Richler – but somehow these people seldom stick in our literary consciousness. Perhaps the single brilliant exception would be Malcolm Lowry, who wrote *Under the Volcano* in Vancouver; but Lowry really wasn't a Canadian. He was just stopping in British Columbia for a while the way he had previously stopped in Mexico and other places, so he doesn't count in a commentary on Canadian fiction though he does count very much in the history of twentieth century fiction in English.

And so, considering the general blank that is Canadian fiction in the American consciousness, it is difficult to find some firm spot from which to begin a discussion of the subject. Even the names of most Canadian authors are largely unknown in the United States. Try this on a sophisticated friend; make a list of the following names and ask him to identify each person:

Sinclair Ross
Robertson Davies
Frederick Philip Grove
Ethel Wilson
Hugh MacLennan
Roger Lemelin
John Marlyn
Gabrielle Roy
Adell Wiseman
Henry Kreisel

All are Canadians who have written at least one good novel. Some have written several good novels. Yet your friend would be unusual indeed if he recognized as many as two of the names. Curiously, your friend probably wouldn't score very well even if he were a Canadian.

And so the problem remains. How does one begin talking about a subject like this, a group of writers who live or have lived geographically close but culturally at a distance, who write in English (or are translated into English) and yet are almost completely unknown in conventional literary circles?

Perhaps the best answer is to begin obliquely with the much used question of the nature of "Canadian identity". The phrase occurs in nearly every discussion of Canadian culture, whether written or spoken. It is a favorite subject of conversation among Canadian students and intellectuals. "What does it mean to be a Canadian?" An understanding of the question seems basic to any consideration of Canadian fiction.

The question is related to Canada's history as a British colony and later a member of the British Commonwealth. The question is bedded in the feeling that true culture, real quality, cannot exist away from Britain (a common feeling in Commonwealth nations – West Indian culture, for example, displays the same uncertain inferiority feeling.) The question is related to Canada's struggle to resist powerful social and economic forces that push towards total Americanization. It is related to Canada's ambivalent feeling towards the past and tradition. It is related to the enormous difficulty of unifying twenty million people of widely divergent social, cultural, and racial backgrounds in a country whose population is largely centered in a string of cities so far apart in both space and character as to be nearly city-states.

Thus, George Grant can accuse Canada of being an "American satellite", a nation with a brilliant promise that sold out to American economic interests. Other Canadians call Canada simply "America's attic", and Earle Birney (add his name to the list you give your friend to identify) can write a poem about Canada as the bastard child of the unblessed union between England and France with the United States as a wealthy interfering uncle – Canada the adolescent destined never to grow up.

What does it mean to be a Canadian? At a conference on Commonwealth Literature held at the University of Leeds in 1964, R. D. Mathews, who then was professor of English at the University of Alberta, told his audience

A consideration of language and culture in Canada must,

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I believe, presuppose that Canada exists, that it is a community despite language differences, that it possesses in the Arnoldian sense a culture, that it has a myth of being. But I am sure of none of those things for Canada. I am sure in Canada only of a disintegrating sense of identity. I use the word identity fearlessly. For by it I mean a communal sense of place, where place is defined as that crystallization of landscape, tradition, and aspiration which allows, indeed causes members of a community often to perceive similarly, and when not similarly, sympathetically, as a result of certain felt securities of existence shared among them.

D. G. Jones in a recent study of Canadian Literature, *Butterfly on Rock*, senses the same national identity crisis, but views it from another angle.

The evidence of our literature, and also of our history, would indicate that we are a people who have tried to live primarily on the basis of faith rather than belief. We have persistently placed our confidence in principles, doctrines, rules, rather than in ourselves or in the spontaneous processes of nature. And only too often we carry this faith, or these faiths, as a burden; we do not altogether believe in the doctrine or tradition we live by.

One more quotation should suffice for the matter. Neil Compton of Sir George Williams University in an essay entitled "In Defense of Canadian Culture" writes

Granted . . . [a] complex tangle of relationships and Canada's formidable (not to say absurd) geography, it is little wonder that the resulting culture is relatively rich in awareness of ambiguity, tolerance of diversity, and readiness to engage in self-criticism; but deficient in self-confidence, creative elan *and firmness of purpose. As the late Kaspar Naegele pointed out, Canada is a marginal society, uneasily occupying middle ground between European and American culture, and embracing a bewildering mosaic of marginal subcultures.*

This continuing national uncertainty of self is important to the Canadian writer and it is equally important for the reader who would understand Canadian literature. The effects of this uncertainty on the writer are difficult to pin down, a bit like trying to reach the ever-receding horizon on the plains of Manitoba. Perhaps the most important way this uncertainty affects the writer is that he feels no common culture from which he can draw, no points of reference with a common audience, a kind of cultural agoraphobia. Or to say this another way, perhaps one of the biggest complaints of Canadian writers (and the one most directly related to the identity crisis) is that there is no one listening, that the nation has not coalesced sufficiently to produce a reading audience with a sufficiently wide group of interests and experiences to support any writer. (The first edition of John Marlyn's *Under the Ribs of Death* sold only a few hundred copies, yet the book is a brilliant fictional statement on a most complex human situation.) Generally, the Canadian writer has found that he must gain support and recognition elsewhere – the United States, perhaps, or England. And until recently at least (and perhaps even yet) neither of these countries was particularly interested in fiction of the Canadian experience. It has been economically more rewarding for the United States to sell American books in Canada than to buy Canadian writing and push Canadian writers. And England has wisely chosen to hold cultural allegiance whenever possible (as she has done everywhere in Commonwealth nations); better for England to have Canadians reading Thomas Hardy than Gabrielle Roy.

Frederick Philip Grove, who came to North America in 1892, includes a kind of loose allegory on the plight of the Canadian writer desperately seeking an audience in his autobiography, *In Search of Myself*. He tells of driving out into the country, "a country of rock and swamp, a few miles north of Lake Erie." He is going to a farm house but the road worsens and he realizes he cannot make it; the road is thick mud churned by cows and horses. It is November and the air is piercing cold. There he sits in his car.

There were three possibilities. I might abandon my task and try to retrace my way by backing out. I might alight and, leaving the car where it was, leap the washout, to cover the remaining distance afoot. I might try to attract the attention of the people on the farm or in the house – they were expecting me – by blowing my horn.

He chooses to blow his horn, stuck in the mud in Ontario, blowing his horn, hoping desperately someone will hear. He could have backed out, gone back to Europe perhaps; he could have abandoned his old car, quit writing; he could continue honking, writing, hoping someone would hear. And finally someone does hear. It is a vulgar, crude, mud spattered, cruel old farmer. Such is the plight of the writer, or so Grove seems to say, to sit in the wilderness, honking, hoping someone will hear, but there is no true response.

Roy Daniells in *The Culture of Contemporary Canada*, published in 1957, says directly what Grove's story suggests:

The frontier view of the arts still prevails; they are regarded as light recreation, a brief diversion, a stimulus comparable to half a bottle of whiskey; the more violent and tawdry forms are consequently favoured. Puritan censorship, whether Catholic or Protestant, is ever on the alert, and the aesthetic life is regarded as a life misused or at best wasted. The colonial spirit has not died out: London, New York, Paris are the great good places; we ourselves can provide no real centre of culture, having no focus or spiritual centre to our community . . . The symbol of Canada is the beaver, that industrious rodent whose destiny it was to furnish hats that warmed better brains than his own.

Thus Canadian writing is not much better known in Canada than it is anywhere else. Not even the critics are listening. A. Brandon Conron, in an essay entitled "The Function of the Critic in Canada Today", says,

The fact that, until recent years at least, many Canadian scholars of recognized reputation have devoted their main energies to the study of literature other than their own is indicative of the stage in Canada's critical development. Our body of literature has been considered

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too limited to provide adequate scope for the critic of large ambition.

There are exceptions, of course. Desmond Pacey's *Creative Writing in Canada*, first published in 1952 and later revised, is a thoughtful perceptive critical work; Carl F. Klinck's *Literary History of Canada*, published by the University of Toronto Press in 1965, is a thorough reference tool. Perhaps these are signs that the mood is changing. The establishment of the New Canadian Library by McLelland and Stewart a few years ago has made over one-hundred titles available at relatively cheap prices. Most of the titles in the series are fiction, though there is some poetry and some criticism. (Unfortunately many of these titles are not available in the United States because of copyright restrictions.) Further, a number of impressive Canadian journals are beginning to treat Canadian writing seriously – *Canadian Literature*, for example, published at the University of British Columbia since 1959, continues to print careful essays on the subject (for example, the essay on Sinclair Ross in the winter 1971 issue). So there are some signs that there is a kind of awakening consciousness of the importance of Canadian literature. But there remains that hovering Commonwealth identity crisis that has impoverished the literature, and it is probable that it will be some time before that crisis is resolved. As the chairman of the English department at one major Canadian university said to me a year or so ago, "I wouldn't waste my time reading Canadian literature." His specialty, incidentally, is seventeenth century English metaphysical poetry.

Nevertheless, Canadian novelists have been working seriously in recent years. Some of them seem to work with themes very close to the contemporary themes in the literature of other countries. Richler's *Son of a Smaller Hero* is an urban Jewish novel much like Myron Kaufmann's *Remember me to God* or some of the things of Saul Bellow or Philip Roth. Robertson Davies, in a novel like *Tempest-Tost*, achieves a sense of absurdity that resembles some of Kingsley Amis. Douglas LePan, in a novel like *The Deserter*, seems obviously to be involved in continental themes.

On the other hand there begin to emerge in Canadian fiction certain themes that seem peculiar to the Canadian experience. Perhaps "themes" is not the exact term – "attitudes", "concerns" might be better terms. It is impossible to explore all of these attitudes in a short essay such as this. Some of them deserve extensive treatment, long careful studies, and they would probably reveal a good deal about the Canadian (or perhaps the Commonwealth) mentality. One such subject, for example, is the strangely feminine attitude or bent of mind evident in much of the fiction. Although the most modern writers – Charles Israel in *Shadows on a Wall* or Richler in *Cocksure* – move away from this feminine attitude, earlier Canadian fiction seems to contain a surprisingly large number of strong female characters and a corresponding number of relatively weak males. And there appears to be a disproportionate number of women writers. (Perhaps a frontier society naturally encourages art from its women; its men are out doing other things.) And some kind of adjunct to this female quality in the writing is the fact that sex in much of the fiction is presented as an act we are all a bit ashamed of, a kind of Victorian "have your way with her but be a gentleman and get it over as quickly as possible" sort of attitude: the woman must endure the act inflicted upon her by a man too weak to control his base emotions.

It is interesting that in much of this fiction, one sexual experience invariably produces one baby. (Perhaps this fact underlies the attitude that sex is a kind of unpleasant thing imposed upon women by men.) In Canadian fiction, nobody ever seems to get away with anything. One of the most famous scenes in Canadian fiction occurs in Grove's *Settlers of the Marsh*. The daughter listens to her mother and father in the next room. The father wants sex; the mother pleads against it saying to her husband, you know it will make a baby. Listening to the brutal male in the next room, demanding, the daughter vows never to let a man touch *her*. And sure enough the mother was right. The husband had his way with her, as they say, and sure enough she turns up pregnant. Almost nobody enjoys a good lay and gets away with it in this fiction. Of course this is too broad a statement to be completely accurate, yet this one lay-one baby thing occurs so frequently that it can scarcely be ignored. It's in Grove, in MacLennan's *Barometer Rising*, Ross' *As for Me and My House* (though here there may have been more than one; it's hard to tell), in Gabrielle Roy's *Where Nests the Water Hen* and *The Tin Flute*, and in a good many other places.

These related attitudes towards sex and physical love would make a fascinating study; the possibilities of a study of sex in the novels of Gabrielle Roy, for example, is truly exciting. But there is no space to explore them further here; suffice it to say the subject has great possibilities.

Another theme prominent in Canadian fiction is a kind of polarization between nature and society, the wilderness and the city, the garden and the cage. In a sense this theme is reminiscent of some of the American prairie realists of fifty, sixty, seventy years ago. And it is, of course, a natural subject for writers of a nation confronted with the immensity of the Canadian land mass and the violence of its weather. But what Canadian writers do with this theme is a bit tricky and difficult to summarize. Many Canadian critics seem to believe that the writers view the city (civilization) as an ark of refuge against the vast sweeps of land, the howling wilderness – the city or village a stockade that protects tradition and saves some dignity for man amid the bleak reaches of a threatening emptiness. D. G. Jones in *Butterfly on Rock* seems to argue this way, though he goes beyond the realistic surfaces of nature to suggest that Canadian writers have often used nature as a symbol of their internal turmoil.

On the other hand, many Canadian writers, often in a variation of the straight romantic tradition, find nature, the wilderness, trees, ennobling and purifying. And it seems to me that this attitude towards nature is the most characteristic attitude in the fiction of the past fifty years, at least the most characteristic of the fiction that I have read. Maggie (a strong female character with a weak vulgar husband), in Ethel Wilson's *Swamp Angel*, observes, "A man, and even a man's dog, has special quality and value in a

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landscape with trees." Maggie has just run away from her husband and the commercial life of Vancouver. She financed her escape from this petty male by tying flies and secretly selling them for a year. She finds joy, hope, and promise in the camps and lakes and forests north of Vancouver.

And it is not always gentle nature that is praised. Grove, in a collection of personal narratives titled *Over Prairie Trails*, seems joyous in the challenge presented by the snows and the cold of central Manitoba. Probably the best example of this theme of nature as an ennobling force can be found in Gabrielle Roy's books. Roy is a major novelist and one of the few writers writing in French to have works translated into English. (As one might expect, her works have received scant attention from British-oriented Canadian critics. Even Klinck in *Literary History of Canada* gives her impressive body of fiction but a few short and seemingly reluctant paragraphs.) She has published half a dozen novels, and there is a consistent attitude in them: civilization and society tend to tear the humanity from people. Society is a cage like the bank teller's in her novel *The Cashier*. City life is dreary, frenzied, sick, destructive. Life in the country is free, wholesome. And Roy develops this contrast in a sophisticated and complex manner. She is no Zona Gale who would sentimentalize the small town and nature in general. Roy in *The Tin Flute* does what Klinck terms, "studies with excruciating immediacy the career of a Montreal family, the La Casse brood – the 'boxed' ones." In *The Cashier* she studies the pitiful, caged insomniac Alexandre Chenevert, a man unable to live fully amid the constant signs and sounds and pressures and sickness of city life and his caged-in job at the bank.

On the other hand, Roy sees nature as a place of release, a place where love can exist. (There is no love in Roy's city life, only occasional hurried, grotesque, sordid sex.) The idea can be seen in a novel like *The Hidden Mountain*. But perhaps it can best be seen in Roy's novel *Where Nests the Water Hen*. The book is an excellent example of what Klinck means when he writes, "The nostalgia for a world of peace and protection, with a spontaneous response to the nature around it, with a leisure and composure not to be found today, is particularly strong in Canada." The *Water Hen* book, despite its curiously rustic title, is a sophisticated piece of writing that is both structurally and thematically worth one's attention. Basically, the book deals with a family living in northern Manitoba, "remote in its melancholy region of lakes and wild waterfowl, . . ." Luzina, the mother, has a baby a year (we are here back to the strong woman-weak husband theme), but despite this fact she is apparently free and happy. As her children grow, Luzina requests and gets a school to give them education. The province establishes a school and eventually, because of the education, the children leave. Luzina is proud of their success in the world, but she is a bit sad, too. They have left the simple life of the water hen country, and Roy makes it very clear that that life is wholesome and real.

The book is more complicated than I have described it. A substantial portion of the story deals with a Capuchin priest who knows the country and loves the simplicity of the people and the joy of unfettered life lived mostly out of doors. The book ends with a kind of rural dance – the priest attends and even Luzina, the mother of a large family, hops up and down to the music of the fiddle. The priest sits and watches, approving this simple ritual.

> *Above his old head shone billions of bright stars; in the grass fireflies emitted their brief sparks of light.*
>
> *Upon the tips of the high-standing grasses, when they bent in the lantern glow, great flowers took shape, only to melt away a moment later.*
>
> *The Capuchin crossed his heavy boots, with their eyelets and tiny hooks. He drew his pipe out of his pocket. He lit it, less because he wanted to smoke than to give the mosquitos a bit more opposition. Deep within the bluish haze, his eyes sparkled.*
>
> *To him also the old civilization seemed faraway, loveable, gracious.*
>
> *The farther he had gone into the North, the more he had been free to love.*

The scene of the simple people hopping up and down, dancing under the open sky under the kindly gaze of the priest, is particularly pointed because the people are, in a curiously mystical way, duplicating the mating dance of the water hens. The priest goes North where he is free to love his flock; his flock are like the birds, natural and spontaneous, unfettered by the sickness of the city world. Roy is a careful writer who can deal with a potentially sentimental theme in a most sophisticated manner.

Certainly not all Canadian writers treat nature the way Roy treats nature. Sinclair Ross, for example, would not seem to believe that one goes North to find love; indeed,

MARK SCHMITT

MOTHER

Once I dreamed
my whole hand was inside you,
I spread my fingers
like a peacock
and the feathers
stuck out your stomach,
I took my hand away
but left the feathers
where you flew all night
a moth around the back door,
when I turned off the light
and you died, I hung
like sulphur foam
around a match.

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As for Me and My House appears to view the life of the prairie as destructive not only of love but also perhaps art and joy. And Grove, in his fiction, is aware of the terrible challenges of the Canadian expanse. Nevertheless, there is a substantial amount of Canadian writing that sees man in a simple, natural environment, perhaps a farm or maybe a small town (I think of Mariposa and the final chapter of *Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town*) as happier, more complete, fulfilled as compared with man in the city. And the interesting thing about this theme is that it is not pursued by inferior or second rate writers; when one thinks of back-to-nature writing in the United States, at least that kind of writing in the past fifty years, it is usually done by the less talented people, the simplist mind. But in Canadian fiction it is frequently a major figure who sees nature as a means to love. To repeat myself, Gabrielle Roy is a major writer, a very complex author with a concern for technique and an intricate view of the world. It is difficult to understand why her work is not better known outside of Canada.

At least one other strain in Canadian fiction is worthy of a good deal of attention. With its ambivalent attitude towards tradition and with the continued influx of foreign citizens from a wide variety of nations, the Canadian writer has sometimes found the contrast, conflict between old values and new values a meaningful subject. Such is the case with Richler, and such is the case with John Marlyn whose *Under the Ribs of Death* seems to me one of the most interesting and profound novels written in Canada.

The book, to my knowledge Marlyn's only novel, is an urban story about Sandor Hunyadi, a Hungarian youth who grows up in Winnipeg's north end and who yearns and struggles to escape his immigrant status and become like the English, take an English name – Alex Hunter – move to "river heights" and succeed in the commerical world. Alex hates the values of his father – his father cares nothing for material things, loves talk and philosophy, loves books and people, is, in a commercial way, a complete failure. But he is a warm, compassionate man who cherishes the values of an old world culture and who is indifferent to the frenzied commercialism and the English snobbery around him. The book is a kind of loose allegory on the conflict between the importance of ideas and the importance of things, between a certain kind of old world life style and the new world life style.

Eventually Sandor succeeds in establishing himself in the commercial world and may even be on his way to acceptance by the English who set the social standards for the city. But Sandor is wiped out in the economic crash of 1929 and is left bitter and confused. In the end he appears to realize that his father's values have meaning, but the ending of the book is not simple and not clear. Perhaps the ending is a statement of the Canadian identity crisis – which way is *the* way for a young Canadian?

Under the Ribs of Death is a skilfully constructed novel built much in the realistic naturalistic literary tradition. Marlyn is a keen observer and he has an unusually sensitive ear to the variations in language common in a ghetto-like community like Winnipeg's north end. And Marlyn is able symbolically to communicate something of the helplessness and frustration of Sandor and others like him, people in an alien land seeking dignity and some sort of identity. Sandor is sitting in a cheap restaurant.

> *A streetcar passed; a truck lumbered by. The pots and pans in the kitchen rattled, and the counter shook. Alex turned his head: by long-established habit he glanced absently at the shelves vibrating behind the counter, at the dust motes there, leaping up as though suddenly and collectively repelled by their dark and grimy dwelling-place. As though in a weird and frenzied ritual, they strained upward to the sad light of a yellow bulb suspended from the ceiling – until, outside, an alien light changed color. Then the cafe grew still; the ritual came to an end and slowly and reluctantly its participants descended to the obscurity of the shadows from which they had come.*

Like the motes of dust, they seek to escape their grimy dwelling-place, but their fate is controlled by forces beyond their control, forces as impersonal as a traffic light. At the root of the book there are unresolved conflicts: the question of identity in a new land; the question of values; the question of differing cultures in competition. And all of these questions are faced, if not solved, by the young Sandor whose problems, in a way, are the problems of many Canadians.

The question of identity, the attitudes towards love and sex, the problem of nature and civilization are, of course, not the only concerns in Canadian writing. But they are, I think, important themes and attitudes in the writing, and perhaps an incomplete introduction is better than no introduction at all.

Mordecai Richler has recently edited an anthology of Canadian writing for Penguin, *Canadian Writing Today*. In the introduction Richler suggests that there is a sudden enthusiasm in Canada for Canadian culture, a shift away from the earlier indifference. He attributes the change to the founding of the Canada Council thirteen years ago and the subsequent activities of the Council in subsidizing the arts. "Canadian culture has entered into an era at once embarrassingly grandiose, yet charged with promise," says Richler. He appears even to believe that there is now a promising audience for Canadian writers. I hope he is right; surely there is evidence everywhere in the nation that the government recognizes the importance of the arts in forging some true national identity. But I fear that the image of Grove out there in the mud of Ontario honking with no one listening will remain symbolically meaningful for a long time to come. Just last week I was talking with the head librarian at a large university in Ontario. Tweedy, very British, he leaned back in his chair and crossed his long legs and smoked his pipe. We talked for a while about library things and eventually I asked why his library did not have any of the novels of Charles Israel or Jack Ludwig in its collection.

"Are they Canadian?" he asked.

"Yes," I said.

"I don't think there is very much to that sort of thing," he answered. □

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A young American writer, describing himself as "shocked . . . surprised . . . and very angry at what the United States was doing", discusses his emigration to Canada to escape the war.

Stephen and Virginia Minot

POET AS EXILE

No country likes to admit that it has discontented citizens, and no evidence of discontent is more dramatic than emigration. In the half decade ending in 1971 the United States has lost between eighty- and a hundred-thousand of its citizens. This is the greatest single emigration from this country since the Revolutionary War.

My wife and I felt that this event had enormous implications touching not only the war in Indochina but the condition of this country and what it offers to young people. We knew that it was not a simple story; with this in mind we traveled to England, Denmark, Sweden, France, Holland, and Canada, meeting with deserters and war-resisters in each of these countries.

This account concerns one U. S. citizen who chose Canada. He is one of many different kinds of emigrants we have interviewed for a book whose working title is The New American Refugees. —S. M.

One of my Canadian contacts was a former student at Trinity College. Steve Hume entered my writing course as a sophomore – a lanky boy with long blond hair and faded blue jeans. It was a small class, and I got to know the students well. Obviously it was a stormy term for Steve, the continuation of a year's experimentation with all that was available in college life; yet throughout it there was something open and sunny about his personality. His verse was interesting but not unusual, with echoes of Ferlinghetti and Corso. It was not until the following year that he wrote a poem which showed the promise of a developing and distinctive voice. It dealt with the birth of a calf by the light of a lantern on a Maryland farm – an intense experience which echoed his reverence for life.

Steve's family was well off and he had lived in Hawaii, Maryland, Washington, D.C. He went to St. James School in Hagerstown, Maryland, a preparatory school where he did fairly well. His grades were good; he served on committees and was a minor student leader.

But there were tensions he was hardly aware of at the time. In his junior year he had tried to run away to New York. His thought at the time was that he wanted to be a poet, and how could one develop poetic talent in a boarding school? He may have felt somewhat ambivalent about his decision, however, for he called his parents – and also his brother – before the flight, and so was intercepted while still packing.

As a senior, he hoped to enter Yale, but ended up at Trinity College, Hartford. He was an enjoyable person to have in class, but he did not begin to blossom as an original poet until his senior year of college.

By that year he had resigned from his fraternity, withdrawn from college life, and was living quietly off campus. He was also doing excellent work in all his classes. It was clear from what he was writing then that he would eventually be a real poet, but one of his extra-literary concerns during this solitary final year was the war and how he should respond to it. Although he had never been *political* in any sense, he was sure that he would never take part in the killing. This decision finally took him north to Canada.

After six months there as a "landed immigrant", the technical term for those who have been accepted as residents with the right to work, he made a three-day visit to the States to see friends. At that time we taped his conversation with us. The following selections range over a variety of topics, but they help reveal how many different factors go into the decision to leave one's country and also how enormously varied and ambivalent an exile's reactions may be to his new country.

In my sophomore year at school there was a program at school in the afternoon on draft resistance given by a student with a faculty adviser, and I started thinking about it then. But I didn't really decide I was going to Canada until my senior year. I listened to students talking about it. And there were a few articles like in the *Times* – little things like spraying crops . . . and I picked up on that for a while . . .

"I thought it [the decision] was quite personal at the time. It seems to me that it can't help being personal, but for me that was just the entire feeling, and I felt no political affiliations with anybody, SDS or the Administration. I was just shocked and surprised, kind of, and very angry at what the United States was doing and about the fact that I seemed to have somehow *missed* it. I was blind to it while it was happening. And why didn't I know? Which in turn made me think a lot about myself. See, why didn't I know?

"Yes, it was Jerry [a classmate] who got me started, asking all those political questions. I kept a lot of that to myself. At the time what I wanted to do most was to help

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him, do what he was doing. And I also wanted to know more. That's why I asked for the material concerning the draft and the war. And he said fine, you can just help by doing little things, sitting at the desk or something. It was just having pamphlets about the war, and just sitting in Mather Hall, being there so that people that went by out of curiosity maybe would pick up something and read it. Little things like that. And that summer I began; I basically spent my summer thinking about it. I never asked for a C. O. form. I wasn't a C. O. Basically, I'm not sure; I just might be capable of killing somebody, you see. I just don't feel that I'm a pacific person inside. In all situations I wouldn't be pacific. In some situations I would be belligerent. Plus, you know, I thought I'd be really hypocritical if I said I wouldn't go out and *kill* somebody. I just wouldn't know.

"But now since the law is changed [the liberalized grounds for conscientious objection] I just didn't feel like being given permission not to kill someone. They were sort of allowing me not to be in the army while they still had hold over me, while they still said you are not Stephen Hume, you are I-O or I-A or you are C. O., you see. Nor would I want to get a I-Y or a IV-F. I don't want any classification and I've been told that I was stupid for this, but I just don't want to do it.

"If I had a IV-F I'd probably take it and go right back to Canada . . . I decided that I would try to get accepted in a graduate school in Canada, and I was accepted at Masters [University] very early in the year; matter of fact in '68, around November, I had made calls to see if I could teach in Nova Scotia Province. And then I discovered I didn't want to be over a bunch of kids telling them this and that. I didn't want to be within a school system and applying their rules to young people. I was *really* tired of that. If I can help it I'm not going to use my Masters to teach, unless I find a place where I'm not censored.

"The summer before my senior year I knew I wanted to go [to Canada]. And I knew I wanted to teach there. But that changed into: I knew I wanted to go to school there. And I spent my senior year preparing for this half-hour at the border on a day in June. I spent the entire year preparing for that. Going over forms, and just leaving. Leaving is a *terribly* difficult thing. When you pick up and leave you have a lot of little things to attend to. You have accounts to close with people and with banks.

"I had a book called *The Canadian Identity* that I looked through. It was helpful not in the sense that I learned a lot about Canada before I left, but that the book had been written and I could read it – Canada was palpable, not just a name, wasn't just Mounties and snowshoes and snowstorms; it had a *history.*"

Our son Nick, who was present, interrupted to ask about the specifics of crossing the Canadian border. How long did it take? And did they make the decision right then? Was it like crossing over as a tourist?

See, it's good to have landed immigrant status because then you can get social insurance, and then you have all the privileges of a citizen except you can't vote. You can work. In that sense it was important. Social insurance is like social security; you get social insurance cards. If you have a job lined up, that would give you a number of points probably. It would make it so much easier. Because they don't want you to be a ward of the state when you're there.

"I stayed in Niagara Falls the night before, got up nice and early in the morning – left around 7:15, and knew exactly where I was going to drive to. It took me about ten minutes. I drove right in and started to stop the car. And then I discovered I was on the American side!

"I was ready to get out of the car and say 'I want to be a Canadian citizen'! So I panicked, and went 'Oo-wow!' and pulled out really quickly, thinking that this was a nice little touch to the seriousness of the whole situation. And went to the Canadian side, and there was a man standing there and I said, 'I want to be a Canadian citizen,' and he said 'Fine.' He was very casual, he said 'Fine, just park the car over there and go inside,' as if I had just said 'I'd like to spend a couple of weeks at a cottage here.'

"I went in and there were a couple of men there and I was invited into an office and the man asked me questions and I filled out the same form that was in the handbook [*Manual for Draft-Age Immigrants to Canada*]. By the way, I left the handbook at the motel so they wouldn't say, 'Oh, you've been studying for this.'

"He was very, very nice, and he was *just* as they said he would be. They said he would be either cross or he would be a really good guy who likes to go fishing. And that's just what he was. It was just so pleasant. And all the officials were talking about how interesting it would be for me, I would get to see the Shakespeare festival they have in the summer. And they were *welcoming* me to Canada! I was talking with them all, wearing a suit, of course, and had no hair. And a tie.

"The only rough part was at the beginning when both of us were strangers and didn't really know the ground on which either of us stood, you see. And it was very kind of touchy. But almost immediately it just smoothed out, and went very fine. Only once he had to go into another office, I think to talk to a superior about something I'd written down. But within a few minutes he was back, he told me I was a landed immigrant and he thought I would be a good citizen and he even recommended me.

"I just looked impeccable when I went there. You get points for knowing English, for your education, for, let's see, personal appearance; ten points for personal appearance."

"Really?" my son asked, incredulous. Steve laughed.

"Yes, that means shaved, hair cut, nails clean. Ears clean . . .

"Toronto – at night you can walk anywhere – even if you're a woman – and you're perfectly safe. People are people anywhere . . . and some of them hate other people, but you can't smell it in the air like you can here. It's not heavy in the air, you see, it's just what people normally feel toward people who are strange. So it goes on. You might get stared at if you have long hair in the subway.

"Lot of immigrant groups in Canada. Around where I

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live all the signs say 'We speak eight different languages,' because they have to. There are Greeks there, and the largest group are Italians. You can see Alfred Hitchcock dubbed in Italian, Hungarian, German – especially German.

"It was hard at first to find a place to stay. I wanted to go to the University housing office where they could help me get a place quickly, but during the summer the University is closed on Saturdays. So I drove around the city and ended up somewhere near Lake Ontario where I stayed at a motel for two and a half days. I just walked around looking for a job in book stores. I went all up and down Yonge Street. Then I went to the University and looked up their job lists. But remember, schools get out in April there, kids had been working for some time, so I looked and looked for a job about two weeks. I still didn't know anyone, and I finally got a job tutoring. It started as a baby-sitting job which was the last job I could have gotten, and the lady saw me and asked if I would tutor her deaf son. There were two Nigerian kids and I tutored the boy and took care of both of them during the day.

"Jobs are scarce in Toronto, but they're even more scarce in Montreal. The University [in Toronto] was so tough I got an ulcer in my ass. That's the extent of what I can say about it. It was very difficult. And it was huge. Of course I had no desire to meet anybody. They seemed very strange. They weren't like American students. They were stiff and very concerned with keeping Canada Canadian, and getting that degree. This could have been just the classes I had."

Later we got to talking about Toronto as a city and the concerns which roused its citizens. The major issue, he said, was the campaign to stop Spedina, a superhighway which was planned to plow through the suburbs into the city.

"All kinds of people are working together [to oppose it] – young people and older people who don't want this to happen. And the young people, of course, are making a lot of friends with the immigrants, which is good. And the big bosses are making enemies. They're organized now, putting bumper stickers on everything: STOP SPEDINA. They're red with big black letters. They get a lot of news coverage on TV. During the summer two M. P.s got in a fist fight in Parliament. They're really kind of frontier America. In the news sometimes they'll show a city council talking with the public. See, the people just come into the council and *talk*. And everyone gets really angry. People are standing up and yelling 'Hey, shut up,' and they're just beautiful. They're exposing themselves before these cameras, getting really angry and it's great. And there's no sense that anyone's going to be assassinated or anything. Just everyone's angry.

"They really love hockey. That's one thing that bothered me during the fall. Instead of playing football the kids would all play hockey. No one played football. It was ice hockey, but they'd practice on the sidewalks. You could go walking down and get a puck in the shins, a stick in the side of the head. You know how little kids don't watch what they're doing. They've got ice rinks everywhere, and they're always talking hockey. They've even got hockey bubble gum cards."

We asked him if he were taking a chance coming back to the States after having gained landed immigrant status in Canada. He pointed out that he had not yet received an induction notice and so was guilty only of living in another country without notifying his local board.

"I knew I was taking a chance to come down, but I wanted to see some old friends who think about things the way I do – about poetry and music and things. So I just came. But we keep hearing about what [the authorities are] doing now.

"Someone who was a landed immigrant went to Boston, and when he came back the man at the airport had a big book, a huge book, he said it was just enormous; he had to turn the pages at the top with both hands like this. Just pages and pages of names of people they wanted." (We started laughing. Where?) "Either Montreal or Toronto. And he went down looking for his name. They found his last name, and the man went 'Ah-*hah*!' But it was a different guy! And the man was just infuriated."

We asked him whether the Canadian students were involved in protest against the American involvement in Vietnam and he shook his head.

"Except for a very small number of students, no one at all was involved in any visible way with the war. Nor did I ever talk about it in classes. I remember a teacher mentioned something about it on one of the moratorium days

WILLIAM VIRGIL DAVIS

TREETOPPING

I remember him, my father,
straining his neck and eyes,
searching the skies for days
in autumn, seeking trees
that needed topping. At dusk
he would come home, his neck
still slightly bent back,
his eyes wild with looking
up so long. Mother would rub
his neck and shoulders. His
strong back muscles, veined
like wood, stood out. I never
understood why he did this
year in and out. I used
to laugh and say, why bother?
Now I would say, I know. I know.

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when they were firing cannons. Said something about why did they have to do cannons on this day when it was supposed to be peaceful. Everyone in the class just kept looking as if to say, 'Well don't say that here, I don't care. This is Victorian poetry, let's get on with the assignment.'

"Sometimes I feel Canadian. Like I get angry when the United States is going to infringe on Canadian rights. Sometimes when I get thinking, especially about literature from the States, you know, Walt Whitman, the whole thing, I feel kind of nostalgic. I feel as if a part of me is American.

"There was a low point during the winter. I received my I-A a couple of weeks before exams and the pressure there was at its highest for me. And on this very pressuring day I received this I-A notice. And at that point I just didn't feel like being in Canada at all. Not one more day did I want to be in that cold, dark place. But when the exams were over, I just loved it. It was just the exams."

At the time we recorded that conversation Steve had been in Canada six months and had completed the first term of a rigorous two-year M. A. program in English. Like the young men we interviewed in Europe, the first half-year had been his worst.

When I went to Toronto, it was six months later. He was living with a friend, Joyce Yamamoto, on Markham Street west of the University. He was far less resentful of the University than he had been during his first term. They had granted him an unexpected fellowship, and he had found some of his courses rewarding.

It still was not perfect. It is not easy for someone whose primary concern is contemporary verse to take a year of Old English and a year of Bibliography – the latter with a man "who hands out mimeographed sheets and then reads them word by word, enunciating each syllable so slowly that he seems to be dealing with some kind of impediment."

Steve and Joyce share a third-floor apartment which consists of an L-shaped living room-dining room-kitchen, a modern bath, and a bedroom. There is a little back porch which looks out over rooftops. The apartment is wood-paneled and sparsely furnished with moderately contemporary furniture. There is no living room couch, so most entertaining is done sitting around the maple dining room table, sipping tea. Without making a cult of it, the two have been off liquor and grass for the past year, and buy much of their groceries at the health food center in the neighborhood, as do many of their friends. The apartment is kept immaculately. "We find we both work better if there is a kind of order in the place," Steve said.

Joyce is a Japanese-Canadian whose parents came to "the new world" in the 1930s with every intention of returning to their homeland as soon as they had money to buy their own land. They have remained in Canada as farmers in Alberta, though they still dream of going back. Joyce has no such longing. A quiet-spoken but independent girl in her early twenties, she is a talented artist and her sensitive black-and-white sketches decorate the apartment walls. Presently she works as an art therapist in the children's ward of a local hospital.

Steve and Joyce have not decided what they will do after he receives his M. A. They hope they can move out of the city to a place where they can live more cheaply with a part-time job to finance her painting and his writing. "Either that or stay here in town and work for the post office. I don't want a job that uses up all my energies. That's why I've decided against teaching."

His first concern has remained his poetry. Although the University offered no courses in creative writing or even in contemporary verse, he has continued to work fairly regularly even through the more difficult period of transition. This is one of the factors which has kept him from becoming involved with the American exile community and the Canadian student body.

With his permission, we include here the poem which he wrote as a senior, part of a collection for which he shared first prize in the Poetry Contest at Trinity College. It is not a political poem, but there are patterns of death and rebirth which echo those in his own life – and there is a reverence for life which lies behind the decisions he has made.

FIELDS

In the fields of early fears
My eyes ten years younger
With ears kept to the lowing
At night, and the moan and cut
Of the afternoon mower,
The farm was all the home there was,
The sound of early fields:

A cow that shrugged in fits
Birthing her calf
Stuck in the womb, sucking
Like a shoe from mud.
When with a rope tie and pull
It split and bled, a grave was dug.

The fish were dead and white,
They lay on the lake like cream.
Ice burrowed to roots,
Turned them and tendrils into ice.
The sky was in a jar
All winter, paraffined over us.

The winter came undone.
Seed pods ruptured like grenades
Careened, bragging their bedlam
Their fine lust, that hung in the air
Like birds hovering to a wire:
This was a fullness we seized,
As in the dark a bannister.
Or the promise of new love.

But the faces of the men became afraid,
Were old: the fields they planted
Were limed with bones. The heat
Of that season kept the ice at bay
But warmed the graves to loam.
We crossed ourselves to keep the dead away. □

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CAROLYN MAISEL

THREE POEMS

GEOMETRICS

the largest circle a sort of limerick with bodies
no, parts of bodies moving around it

within that circle the eye of a hurricane passing
through Port Arthur in 1952, a girl's figure

running over the flooded baseball field of the junior high school
where the people huddle for shelter

within that circle a hollow sugar egg holding the granular sky
over a tableau she loved at Easter when she was four, the year

her parents were lost
within that the face of a watch, her dead husband's

within that an eye holding an extended
branch

and on the branch a bird
in the eye of the bird
the girl

she tries to understand what it is she holds
in her hands, parts of bodies that move in a circle

and in her belly
the earth growing round

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CAROLYN MAISEL

THE GIRL ON THE BUS

He notices her because she is so much
like the others, in her eyes there is
a wheel. It is always turning. Though

he is only a miner from the hills
and in his lungs there is a blackness like sin
if sin were illness

if desire were dust
in the smallest alveoli. He has come
to this strange city to be healed.

He thinks he knows
what he wants of her
but in his temple beats a tiny hammer

steady to the crossing and uncrossing
of silken legs. Through all the stops
the legs get on and off. There is

a curious blank space between the legs
and the eyes, filled with hard fields
and stones where his children play

and in the hospital there is a space between his
legs and eyes filled with a blackness the bones
cannot deny. The young nurse

tucks the blackness into white flowery fields
and smiles. In her eyes there is a wheel turning,
her legs click like scissors over the floor.

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CAROLYN MAISEL

THE GIRL IN THE WILLOW TREE

the girl in the willow tree is skipping church.
she has gone out to look
at her horse in the moonlight and climbed up
to the treehouse where she reads in the day

she is taking off her clothes, daringly,
in the glazed night of Texas summer, first
shirt, then jeans and pants

she wonders why she has done this
and cannot answer the question truly

the horses move beautifully in the small pasture, nibbling
the bark from the young pear trees, later the trees will die
from this
but now the smooth light soaks the skin of the palomino
and the blue mare with the hole in her left nostril

and the girl is very happy, but not at ease.

later the woman rising to her child's cry in the night
will look to the window, remember and ask

and there will be no answer
except the sudden brightness of the light

and cool skin as if she had ventured
to touch herself

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NIGHTSCHOOL

A Story by Raymond Carver

My marriage had just fallen apart and I couldn't find a job. I had another girl but she wasn't in town, so I was at a bar having a glass of beer.

Two women were sitting a few stools down. After a while the one nearest me began to talk.

"You have a car?"

"No. I do, but it's not here," I said. My wife had the car. For two weeks I had been staying with my parents. I used their car sometimes, but tonight I was walking.

The other woman looked at me. They were both about forty, maybe older. "What'd you ask him?" she said to the first woman.

"I said did he have a car."

"So do you have a car?" the second woman said to me.

"I was telling her. I have a car, but I don't have it with me."

"That doesn't do us much good, does it?" she said.

The first woman laughed. "We had a brainstorm and we need a car to go through with it. Too bad." She turned to the bartender and asked for two more beers.

I'd been nursing my beer along and now I drank it off and thought she might buy a round. She didn't.

"What do you do?" the first woman asked me.

"Right now, nothing," I said. "Sometimes, when I'm able, I go to school."

"He goes to school," she said to the other woman. "He's a student. Where do you go to school?"

"State College," I said.

"I told you," the woman said. "Doesn't he look like a student?"

"What are you studying?" the second woman asked. She was a little heavier than the other woman and seemed more sure of herself.

"Everything. Requirements mostly."

"I mean," she said, "what do you plan to do? What's your big goal in life? Everybody has a big goal in life."

I raised my empty glass to the bartender. He took it and drew me another beer. I counted out some change which left me with thirty cents of the two dollars I'd started out with a couple of hours ago. She was waiting.

"Teach. Teach school."

"You want to be a teacher?" She seemed to think this was funny.

I didn't say anything. I sipped my beer. Someone put a coin in the jukebox and a song that my wife liked began to play. I looked around. Two men near the front were playing shuffleboard. The door was open and it was dark outside.

"We're students, you know," the first woman said. "We go to school."

I looked at her.

"We take a night class," she said. "We take this reading class on Monday nights. It's kind of fun."

The second woman said, "Why don't you move down here, teacher, so we don't yell?"

I picked up my beer and my cigarettes and moved down two stools.

"That's better," she said. "Now, did you say you were a student?"

"Sometimes, yes, but not now."

"Where?"

"State College."

"That's right. I remember now." She looked at the other woman. "You ever hear of a teacher over there named Patterson? He teaches adult education classes. He teaches this class we take on Monday nights. You remind me a lot of him."

They looked at each other and laughed.

"Don't mind us," the first woman said. "It's a private joke. Shall we tell him what we thought about doing, Edith?"

The woman, Edith, didn't answer. She took a drink of beer and her eyes narrowed as she looked at herself, at the three of us, in the mirror behind the counter.

"We were thinking," the first woman went on, "if we had a car tonight we'd go over and see him. Patterson. Right, Edith?"

Edith laughed to herself. She finished her beer and asked for a round and this time I was included, though I still had part of a glass in front of me. She paid for the beers with a five dollar bill. The bartender looked at me.

"Patterson likes to take a drink," Edith said.

"You can say that again," the other woman said. She turned to me. "We talked about it in class one night. He

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RAYMOND CARVER has had recent fiction in ESQUIRE *and* HARPER'S BAZAAR. *He lives in California, and last year held a grant from the Endowment for the Arts.*

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says he always has wine with his meals, and a highball or two before dinner."

"What class is this?" I said.

"This reading class he teaches. But he likes to talk about different things."

"We're learning to read," Edith said. "Can you believe it?"

"I'd like to read Hemingway and things like that," the other woman said. She looked at me when she said "Hemingway." "But he has us reading these little stories like in *Reader's Digest.*"

"We take a test every Monday night," Edith said. "But he's okay. He wouldn't care if we came over for a drink. Wouldn't be much he could do anyway. We have something on him."

"We're on the loose tonight," the other woman said. "But I don't have a car, and Edith's is in the garage."

"If you had a car now, we'd go over and see him," Edith said. She looked at me. "You could tell him you wanted to be a teacher. You'd have something in common."

I finished my beer. I hadn't eaten anything earlier except some peanuts. I was glad for the beer, but it was hard to keep listening and talking.

"Let us have three more please, Jerry," the other woman said to the bartender.

"Thank you," I said.

"You'd get along with Patterson," Edith said. "He has manners like you."

"So call him," I said. I thought it was just talk.

"I wouldn't do that. He could always make an excuse. We just show up on his porch, he'll have to let us in." She sipped her beer. "You game? You're not scared are you?"

"No, that's not it."

"Come on then, let's go," the other woman said, running her words together. "What're we waiting for? Where'd you say the car is?"

"There's a car a few blocks from here," I said. "But I don't know."

"Do you want to go, or don't you?" Edith said.

"He said he does, didn't he? We'll get a sixpack to take with us."

"I'm not lying," I said, "I only have thirty cents."

"Hell, we have money," Edith said. "We'll get us another one, then go. Why the hell didn't you say so? Jerry, let us have three more. And a sixpack to go."

"Here's to Patterson," she said when the beer came. "*Mis*ter Patterson and his highballs."

"He's going to be surprised," the other woman said. "But he likes us."

"Drink up," Edith said. "Let's go."

On the sidewalk we headed south, away from town. I walked between the two women. It was about ten o'clock. Apartment buildings and rooming houses loomed up on both sides of the street, with here and there a light showing through a curtained window.

"I could drink one of those beers now," I said.

"Help yourself," Edith said. She opened the sack and I reached in and tore a can loose from the pack.

"We think he's homo," Edith said.

"Patterson. We don't know for sure, we think so," the other woman said. "I guess we shouldn't say anything, huh?"

"How much farther?" Edith said.

"The next block," I said. "I'm staying with my parents for the time being. It's their place." I stopped, raised the beer and drained half the can. I could see a white moon through the tree limbs overhead.

"I guess there's nothing wrong with it," Edith said, "but I'd say you're kind of old."

"That's not polite, Edith. That's rude!"

"Well, that's the way I am," Edith said. "He'll have to get used to it, that's all. That's the way I am."

"That's the way she talks," the other woman said. "She doesn't mean anything."

I finished the beer and tossed the can into some weeds.

"Now how far?" Edith said.

"This is it. Right here. I'll try and get the car key."

"Jesus! Well, hurry up," Edith said.

"We'll wait outside," the other woman said.

I unlocked the door and went downstairs. My father was in his pajamas, watching television. He looked at me when I came in. It was warm in the apartment and I leaned against the jamb for a minute and ran a hand over my eyes.

"Hi, son. Where'd you go?"

"The Donner Club. I had a couple of beers. What are you watching?"

"John Wayne. It's pretty good, sit down and watch it. Your mother hasn't come in yet." He kept looking at me.

My mother worked a swing shift as a waitress at Paul's, a *hofbrau* restaurant. My father didn't have a job. He'd worked in the woods, and then got hurt some years back. He'd received a settlement, but most of that was gone now. I had asked him for a loan of two hundred dollars when my wife left me, but he'd refused. He had tears in his eyes when he said no and said he hoped I wouldn't hold it against him. I'd said all right, I wouldn't hold it against him.

I knew he was going to say no this time as well, but I sat down on the other end of the couch and said, "I met a couple of women at the Donner who asked me if I'd give them a ride home."

"How'd they get there in the first place?" he said. "What'd you tell them?"

"I don't know how they got there, they just asked if I'd give them a ride home. In fact, they're waiting for me right now upstairs."

His mouth fell open. I could hardly believe it now myself but it was true, they were upstairs.

"Just let them wait, somebody'll come along. You don't want to get mixed up with them." He shook his head. "You really didn't show them where we live, did you? They're not really upstairs?" He moved on the couch and looked again at the television. "Anyway, your mother took the keys with her."

"She did?"

He nodded slowly, still looking at the television.

"That's okay," I said, "I don't need the car. I'm not going anywhere."

I got up and looked into the hallway where I slept on a cot. There was an ashtray, a Lux clock, and four or five old paperbacks on an endtable beside the cot. I usually

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went to bed at midnight and read until the lines of print blurred and I fell asleep with the light on and the book in my hands. One of the paperbacks was *Set This House On Fire* by William Styron. For some reason I remembered relating to my wife a scene from the book that had made a terrific impression on me. The narrator, whatever his name is, has a nightmare in which he wakes to see a man standing at his bedroom window. The narrator is so terrified he can't move, can hardly breathe. The man at the window continues to stare into the room, then begins slowly to pry off the screen. Still the narrator can't move. He is petrified. He'd like to scream, but can't get his breath. Then the moon appears from behind a cloud, and he suddenly recognizes the man outside. It is his best friend, and the horror he'd felt earlier was nothing to what he experienced now. In the dream, he was sure his heart stopped.

Even retelling the scene to my wife, I'd felt the blood come to my face, and my scalp prickle. But she wasn't moved by the telling. "That's only literature," she'd said. "I don't find that as horrifying as being betrayed by somebody in your own family. There's a nightmare for you."

I could hear faintly someone shaking the outside door. In a short while I heard footsteps on the sidewalk over my window.

"God damn that bastard!" Edith said. "No, and I don't give a damn either, by God!" I heard her say a minute later, and then I couldn't hear any more.

I went into the bathroom and then I went upstairs and let myself out. I looked at the sky again, but the moon had gone behind a building. It was cooler, and I zippered my jacket. I started walking to Paul's. If I got there before my mother went off-duty, I could have a turkey sandwich. After that I would go to Kirby's newsstand and look through the magazines. Then I would go back to the apartment and read the books as if nothing else mattered; until it was all somewhere behind me, and I slept. □

BENJAMIN SALTMAN

THE GROUND

Maybe you wonder if you committed suicide after all
you have trouble getting straight answers
from anyone your wife your girlfriend you push away
their warm hands remembering the knife the plastic bottle
and the bathroom mirror reflecting a scalp
you wonder how you got into the yard mowing grass

Well the answer is the ground find the ground
but as you suspect it's better not to dig
digging may strain and break the surface tension
and if that happens the whole outside world
can slip inside that includes oceans and the moon
think of the surface as an eye without lashes always open
tenderly taking in only the pictures of things
and that way you won't forget and start digging

No the best place is somewhere near where you can brush
crumpled paper a wrapper cans match covers away
like my place off Vanalden across from the school
even though often there's horse droppings and cigaret filters
I go there I have my wallet and keys I could be dead
and the ground is swollen and dust drifts in the baked hoofprints
here I listen to the stone veins the cracked lips flaking but
put down your face touch there the beating of that heart is yours

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A Story by Besmilr Brigham

THE DEATH OF MANUEL GARCIA

They were two old men who lived in the barrios and foraged from the trash dump. An island of waste – and they were from a congestion that forages. Squatters that spread about the area of refuse.

(Animals in packs run through trees, at edge burning, for scorched pieces of meat. A woman stands like a weird crane on one of the mounds. Fields – deserted beyond the market place; in daytime, a hill of children carrying off waste.)

Old Hesus Wong, – who lived in his little house in the city outskirts. A *chosta*, one room, shack like many about him. Pole fence he had put up for a tiny yard, where a few scraggly limes grew out of the packed dirt. Not like his friend Manuel, who had nothing. Manuelito –, the viejo, *el huero*, as most called him – because he was light. Two old men of Chinese extraction. Bedraggled birds –. (They drifted into the city, free as the birds – the buzzards, that also stood on stiff wire legs, and flew in meager hops over the dump, lifting from dogs. The big black fowl never fought, content to gorge their bellies.) Though a man could not be content so.

Both friends. Old Wong, who thought of Manuel –. Remembered strangely his feet. The dirty toes, in an old pair of bauraches, soles made of strips from a car tire, leather from boot tops wound for the thongs. The heavy sandals so worn, that big knots came. The clothes also from scatterings of waste. One could have seen the man's hide except for a multiple of rags he covered himself with

The ancient man looked like the very dogs that he kicked away, hunting in the waste. The dogs barked at him as though he was part of the refuse scattered over the mounds there.

(And Old Wong, hair white as the cotton tree –, both old.)

Manuel had placed against the dump ground wall, poles, rusted tin, to make a kind of shed. It looked like part of the *basura*, debris floating up from the low places. Pigs, dogs, even children, knocked the make-shift structure awry. And there were those also who stole from him, taking off the stronger wood.

From a better time, a friend with Wong. (Strange to have such a friend when one was old! An only man who looked upon him as near 'great' and thoughtful. Because Wong had carried in his heart a most excellent ambition. To write on paper with the fine lettering of his pen all the sorrows that came to him, and others, in this world. He had talked to Manuel of these things, often as in the good years they played the harps. Yet, none of the sorrows he and Manuel talked of seemed greater than their own.) For Hesus Wong had enumerated the sorrows. There was the sorrow of life, and the sorrow of death. The sorrow of loss, and the sorrow of children; the sorrow of beauty and the sorrow of love.

He found many strange words for his sorrows. And when Manuel spoke to him of their poverty, he told him in return of the sorrow of plenty.

There was even a sorrow of work, and a sorrow of leisure. Though Manuelito had found no work at all for over a year. (When his hands moved faster, both washed dishes for the restaurants. Manuel also sold useful structures of wire as he made them, carrying the big loads dangling and with much noise through the lively streets. Now they rarely found wire.)

When it became more difficult for either to live, Manuel collected garbage. He became an old sick man, and he had not been able to lift the heavy sacks and boxes. Hesus often found him on the street, waiting for a *mozo*, a poor one, to

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pass who would help put the big weights into the cart. And Hesus went with him, searching through orange rinds, about the juice stands, for bottles he might sell. They found bones at the sandwich shop that could be boiled, threw some to the whelp with pups that followed them. The route seemed long over the stones.

Until at last, younger men came with stronger carts; and Manuel had taken up his last secure roost in the trash grounds. (There was a time also when they had gone in other ways together. Hesus had managed to buy two mouth organs; and the two old men sat in closed doorways on the dark streets playing them. A strange pleasure to hear the sweet tones their mouths made, through the tiny slits between the metal; and it was good to hear the coins drop. But a slow time came; and for hunger, they had sold the harps.)

And for many months, Wong knew –, when Manuel thought of the sorrows, they no longer consoled him. The old man Hesus decided there was no sorrow harder than hunger. Then one day Manuel found a great treasure. (He had kept it and not brought it at first to Hesus, or thought much of it. It was like a tiny jar, filled with blue medicine.)

"Yes, I tasted also –," Manuel said, as he let Old Wong touch the thick stuff with his tongue. Soon Hesus felt sleepy. "If I drink all of it, I will sleep forever," Manuel laughed. (Though he kept the vial for many days, took it back to his shed. And tonight –, Manuel had come to Hesus again with the bottle of sleep.) "I have found the answer to all sorrow," he said.

How can you want to die –?" Old Wong watched him. "When you can always beg as I do," he said. "The ashes of China blow over us all. And though we are of two races, our people will help us."

But to Manuel, he and his people had all become Latinos.

"We are of a race that does not change," Hesus insisted. "From across the great river that encompasses the world, we each have come," he said. "And the little thread of life that we hold draws us together."

"I cannot go to them," Manuel decided. "I can play the mouth organ for that is good pleasure, but I cannot openly beg."

"You are too proud. But you eat food that I give to you, and from others also."

"I have never asked for it."

And then Hesus told him of the sorrow of silence. "Any time that I have food," he offered, "you know that you are welcome. It is a hard thing that on this night I am as you, and I have nothing. The people on the streets do not give freely any more; we are in the years with all when there is nothing or there is plenty."

"It is true I have never asked –," Manuel said. "Though I would ask you tonight for one thing. A glass with water, and the lime juice. A little *limón* if you have it. The sharp that cuts that is of the *limónes*. Though for a small sip the liquid is not bad, I am afraid it will taste heavy as gall when I make the swallows."

For a very long time after, Hesus Wong talked to him. (He talked of beautiful things. A hard strip of *chorizo*, sausages that hung brittle from the limber poles in the market. Hot bread. A hot *bolillo*. When he thought Manuel was easier, he would go out – though it was night, into the *calles*. There were people left who would give a man money for at least the *bolillos*.) And he hurried from his house while his friend's heart was warm for the *chorizo*.

But as Old Wong went, he became excited; he knew a fear for what Manuel would do, and terrible pictures came to his mind. (He had made many pictures in his life with words, yet none seemed so clear to him as those he saw suddenly. He passed the poor streets and the poor houses. Already, the people in them slept, barred behind their wooden doors and shutters. They too, had no more than he, – and how many of them also were hungry? If he could have seen a light, a little crack of bright color from a late lamp or the *carbón* fire, he would have aroused them. But to knock in the night! – a man inside would wake up frightened. There lay so much in the world to be afraid of. And he hurried until he came to the part of town where the last electric bulbs were still on.) About him were the rich, better places, with grounds and patios, wall-enclosed yards. Near, a man was getting out of a car.

"Chorizo," Hesus said. "I need to buy some of the cheap meat . . . *Bolillos.* I need to buy bread."

But the man pushed the old one out of his way, locked his car carefully, and went through a gate into his grounds and house.

Beyond the big double gate, Hesus could see people inside through the large windows. So that he felt a cheer there. And he knocked on the heavy bars, but no one answered. (He watched from the protective walls –. He rang the buzzer beside a gate when he could find one. He banged on the chained shutters, rattling the iron.)

"What do you want this time of night?" a woman servant answering would call to him.

"Poco dinero – una peseta," he would say. "What can you give me of a peso?" his voice came loud. "I want to buy *chorizo. Chingita,* I want to buy bread. A man is dying." Soon, a man would come into the light. *"Borracho,"* the two decided. "He is drunk or he is loco. Come back tomorrow!" But tomorrow would be too late. (The people inside too were afraid.)

"I must have it tonight," and he tried to keep a despair out of his voice. The shed light coming out of the bright houses, not near to him, cut him off. And though some tried, they could not see him. "Loco," they said and shut their doors.

"The life of a man will be on you," he would cry. "The death of a man will be in your heart." He sensed that he disturbed them, that he intruded even from the street, and if he rang again they threatened to call the police for him. That would never do! and the pictures stirred in confusion. (He ran up the wide streets and he was crying. What a great disaster to the world! – but when he came where the public displays were, he tried to make himself calmer.)

The Wing-Fin restaurant would be closed. It had been too late in the night when he started for that; and he did not know his own people's from the other big houses. He had gone to their stores and their food places and he had done unpleasant tasks as one had asked him, but where

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any lived and their families he did not know. And there were not a great number any more of the Chinese in this city; the high 'contributions' to the government had driven the less prosperous to more open areas on the coast. He was thrown to the mercy of the Calzadas.

On these open trade ways when he passed a man, – "I have a friend," he would say. "I have a friend and he is dying." And as the people pushed him or walked on, "I need money for *bolillos.* Please *Señor, dame una peseta.*"

Most of those he met were late drunks. A high class of drinkers. Or sober ones that could drink much and not walk altogether drunk, – not like from the early-closing cantinas, joyous with cheap wines and pulque. (These were people who lived with an ease toward money, a wealthy class coming from expensive clubs, high with the night and what they imagined as pleasure. They moved in a saturation of brilliance and they shifted from him as though it would soil their good clothes if he touched them.) He did not want to touch them! and he grew discouraged as he thought again of Manuel.

"Give me a little money," he said, "a *quinta,* a twenty-cent piece, a *veinte.* Give me a peso. Or a man's soul will be upon you." It became another thing to him. Like a night dream but he was not dreaming. He asked all he could find for this, all that he saw – each one, and he waited not for what they would give him, but for their refusal. A concern was gone from the world he knew, and perhaps its absence was a discovery so terrible –, he could not accept it.

"There is a poverty that cleans and a poverty that corrupts," he said. "Only the poor are innocent." With all his heart though it would kill him, he believed this. He felt that necessity had so spread bare his life this night that he walked in a tension of clarity with the only clean thing left. "I am poor," he cried. "I am poor!" It filled his hunger.

("Go to the Seguridad with your problems," some advised. And he wanted so little. He could not understand them, those who lived on wage and security. As though they couldn't think their own ways any more; forms had changed them. But he listened. "The social security helps people. Seguridad Social." A relief department had been set up for that. *Si, Señor,*" he said. But the Seguridad place would also be closed.)

"Let the soul of my friend lie deep in your heart," he defied them. "May it cause you when the morning comes to vomit your breakfast."

And at last he gave up. As one in terror, as the truth of his misjudgements all of his life came over him. He had cried all of the tears he could cry under these hot lights, hot to his burning eyes, hot to his heart. And he was not certain any more that he cried for Manuel. It would be too late now. There was no use to walk fast, no use to hurry. Still he would ask whomever he met who was out so late as he. (And he left the gaudy squares, luminous as stars and as unanswering.)

It was always darkest in the Madrugal. He did not know, but even the Cristo must have died deep in the night. To him, when he thought of the Cristo he thought of Manuel, but differently – as a living old man, a small old man that he remembered as younger, who was his friend; and he could not see him dead. (He imagined that Manuel, as in happier days, had fallen asleep – into the good whole sleep because he thought of the dreams Old Wong gave him. "I will go for both of us," Hesus had said. "Lie on my cot and when you wake from God's right sleep, we will have some sausages.")

Earlier, Wong had remembered the churches, but it was too late to go to the Cathedral. Even the great cathedrals, because there were persons who came to worship and robbed the altar pieces – had long ago begun to lock their doors against the intense darkness. There was nowhere and he knew it. And when he came to his own poor house, slowly even he pushed open his door. There was no one inside. There was no sign left of Manuel Garcia. "Perhaps he will come back to me with the morning," he thought.

But as the old man looked about, he saw a thrown-aside peel of a *limón,* a wet lime. And of the three glasses he kept on his shelf, there remained only two. "Oh, my poor friend," he said. "If you had waited I would have joined you."

Old Wong sat in a chair beside his table, watching the little tallow light as though it was the soul of Manuel, and he talked to it. (There were no joys whatever that he could tell to the candle, not even the one joy left of understanding, that he had always believed in and tried to teach to Manuel . . .)

"Manuelito," he said, "my poor one, my poor lonely friend. You could have taken my bed to die upon it." Though he knew why the man had chosen not to die there. The *policia* would have been with morning to question, they would have taken Wong and perhaps he could not have proven that the simple death was not one of the sins written with black ink in the newspapers. Because of this, even now Hesus could not go out in this hour to the big dump ground to look for Manuel.

(. . . And as the candle kept burning, he tried to bring back many things from their lives together. Even that was bitter. They were never as close as he had imagined. It seemed almost that Wong had misused his friend, talking his own thoughts to him. At last, only the times they played upon the mouth harps seemed real. Music that to remember was sweet to him as the Mañanitas, – the morning songs to the little Virgin that he could not believe in. Sweet as the air upon the evenings of the great Mass when all men's hearts poured out to one. "I am alone now," he said. "There is no one," and he thought a long time about it. "Soon, my good old friend, I will join you – your soul will not walk alone in that strange place.")

When it was day, a little past light . . . he must wait, the beggar children who went to the refuse grounds would find him. Then, by full morning he would go out, he must go himself to the police department. He would tell the people at the Ministerio Publico, and he would tell them everything. An officer would take him to where they had put Manuel, to identify the body. (Some one was needed for that –.)

There was no man so desolate – *desconocido,* that he should live on this earth, and die . . . without a name. □

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STEPHEN DOBYNS

THE WAY IT GOES, OR THE PROPER USE OF LEISURE TIME

Now all my words are bricks
and I have built myself a small penitentiary.
I still refuse to be penitent but
take pleasure in diddling the idea.

If my cat continues to become human,
I will kill it and rid myself
of its echoes. The cat
understands this and will become more human.

Instead of barred windows, there are mirrors;
instead of reflections, there are doubts.
They wear belted and double-breasted raincoats,
sharp hats drawn over their eyes.

I have sent my cat on an errand of mercy,
a few coins and a note around his neck
to the Pope. My doubts tell me he is lounging
in a bar waiting for the King to die.

With an intense effort I turn the bricks
back into words. They flutter and fall
like dying bats. Here is one called
Help, and another, Haste.

I refuse to accept them or see them as mine.
This is a poem about being alone.

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THE TROPHY

A Story by E. F. Pound

The story takes place in southern California at Disneyland, a vast amusement park that everybody is more or less familiar with. It embodies – or tries to – the kind of fantasy Disney made famous in films and is run by a staff that along the outward line at least is always young and comely and always very pleasant. I suspect that the park has changed somewhat, that it has grown more complex, since my first and only visit there, but I also suspect that it is still basically the same in many of its attributes – not that I need describe it further. Anything that I might say, as a way of starting out, nearly everyone already knows.

I was eleven years old on that day, a stragglehaired urchin with a camera and great curiosity. I spent the greater part of an afternoon and a full evening in the park, but I may as well begin about five o'clock, when I came upon the dwarfs. They had formed a line, earlier, in order to be photographed, but were now breaking up, moving around, and I was hugely disappointed, as I wanted to take a picture of them. The dwarfs were about as tall as young women, taller than I was with great apple cheeks, globular comical bodies and short arms. A pretty girl, dressed to represent a fairy tale princess, was leading them away, much to my displeasure.

I followed them for a while, half in the hope they would stop and half for the sheer sport of the thing, then finally I broke away into the human mass that fills the streets and every building in Disneyland on hot summer days. I rode on a horse-drawn trolley of a kind used years ago and later stopped on a bridge over a moat beneath a castle with turrets and pennants and crenellated walls, all of it looking real enough in a somewhat miniature way.

A young man was blundering into other people on the bridge and talking steadily – shouting sometimes, briefly, but most of the time talking in a steady clear voice to himself. He was saying the same things over and over, without making any sense as far as I could tell, and I didn't know what to make of him. Nor did anybody else, apparently. People stepped around him without looking, though they were aware of him; some would look at him with disgust and go on; a few people smiled, the way you do when somebody does something foolish. The man went on and on, talking about himself, and I watched him, entranced with this new experience.

"Yes," the man said. "I'm going mad."

The words were pronounced very clearly, and I was reminded of advertisements for things on television, of the way people talked. "Yes," the man added distinctly, as if he wanted to sell something. Or possibly as if he were answering some question. He was tall and his somewhat faddish clothes were rumpled and soiled.

He said he was going mad, but he didn't seem to be bothered by it, or sad. It seemed to interest him, to be something one marveled at. He lunged away suddenly and ran hard into a young woman, knocking her into her escort and making him stumble sideways. "Watch where you're going!" the offended man blurted out. The woman limped a couple of steps and began to rub her ankle where the man had kicked her, her face twisted up.

"This is the night," the young man said solemnly, not to the damaged woman or the other man, and his voice rose to a shout with, "Seven-ty-miles-an-hou-rrr," then came back level again. "Yes."

But it wasn't night, I inwardly – and childishly – objected and I glanced around quickly at the bright buildings and trees, to make sure. It was about six o'clock now, evening maybe – though it was still so bright it didn't seem late at all. Certainly it wasn't night and I felt a strong urge to correct the man, and at the same time had the impression I wouldn't be listened to.

"I'm going mad with myself," the voice repeated thoughtfully. The man's hair was very long and there was a stubble of sparse beard on his face and he moved at a good clip past the couple he'd struck and ran into the railing of the bridge, then toppled half-way over 'til he was leaning far out over the moat – at the point, it seemed, of going all the way over.

I moved to the railing a few yards away and looked down, in the dispassionate mood of an engineer surveying a problem. If the man fell, where would he hit? How deep

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was the water? At that time I had a capacity for acutely precise observation without judgement and wasn't in the least concerned about the man's health or disposition, though I was immensely interested in what was going to happen next.

I could see that he was going to fall and my mouth, that had remained slightly open since my arrival in Disneyland, must have opened a fraction wider in anticipation – the man *would* have fallen, at any rate, had not another larger and older one hauled him back violently into the middle of the bridge, and the young one, who had gone on talking the whole time, went right on talking now.

The large man stepped up to a woman who had two girls with her and said something about the staff and a phone and something about "herding him towards the gate." Then he fell in a few steps behind the strange performer, who was now strolling slowly away – towards the entrance as it happened – with his hands in his pockets. He was acting like an ordinary tourist now, except for the talk, and my interest began to flag just a bit.

It occurred to me that Disneyland was full of wonders that I had by no means exhausted yet, and many no doubt as lively as this. And too it *was* evening and I meant to take pictures, would have to take them before it became too dark. The present event was not quite in the picture class, but I went along tentatively all the same, a short distance behind the two of them, until the voice began to rise again and peaked once more in the shout, "Seventy miles an hour!" The young man stopped walking and simply stood there, moving his head, arms, upper body, like an actor on a stage, while he repeated the things he'd been saying all along and which seemed continuously to interest him. The big man stopped, too.

It was in the middle of the street that leads down to the mall and to the tracks that run over the tunnels, and many people were going and coming. Those nearby slowed down, eddied around him as people had done on the bridge; a troop of little girls in green uniforms passed in front of me, hands over faces, faces over popcorn, and I dodged around them impatiently.

"Yes. This is the night," the man said and swung suddenly off at a right angle from the direction of the street, towards the crowd and the buildings, and the big man dived at him, spun him around, trying to head him back the way he'd been going. But it didn't work. The young man fought away from him and began to stride back towards the buildings again and the big man had to fight him around. In the scuffle, both of them came close to falling.

"Let him alone!" someone shouted.

Both men stopped moving; then, as the young one was facing towards the entrance, the older one moved around behind him, his eyes sweeping over the heads of people, apparently looking for help. Two young men stepped out of the crowd and walked up to the older man, and one of them said, "Let him alone."

"He'll hurt somebody. Or himself," the big man answered.

"He's more likely to get hurt by you than anything else," the young man said.

"If you want to be of use, help me get him out of here," the big man said, without looking at either of the two young men. His eyes were still seeking beyond the crowd.

"What for?" the young one shrugged. "He's all right."

Just then two men in blue coats and gray trousers came out of the crowd that was growing steadily thicker and more stationary. Both of these men were smiling pleasantly; one of them turned and began to ask people to move on. The other went up to the young man who was causing the trouble and said hello. He asked him if he could be of help, but the other ignored him, looked right through him and went on talking as before. The older man shook his head. "He's gone. He needs some kind of medical attention."

The staff man told him that an officer was coming, but they might try to get him to a first-aid station in the meantime. He tried to get the young man to listen to him, but a moment later – I'm not quite clear how – an immense struggle began. I think the young man tried to break away and the others tried to hold him, three of them, with something short of complete success. The two staff members grappled with his legs while the older man hugged the top of him, but he shook them off, one by one, repeatedly, fighting it seemed not so much against them as against any restraint. He was thin and yet immensely strong and I watched him with great respect; his entire body arched, heaved, writhed like a metal coil that was being belabored and he fought without art – not fighting at all in the way men usually do. He struggled and, incredibly, fragments of the same speech came out of him, as if he were a man thrashing and talking in a dream, punishing the other men, punishing himself, without even knowing that he was. And nobody helped him; nobody took his part. They were watching it all, just as I was.

It didn't occur to me to take a picture, though it was well worth chancing the film for, and later I regretfully wished I'd thought of it at the right time. It could not have been long before the officer did come; at least I concluded that he was a policeman, even though he was not in uniform, because he was a huge man and had brought a strait jacket and had an official, businesslike air about him. Some other staff people came, too, and they all managed finally to get the jacket around the man. I sound vague. It would be easier if I knew his name, but I had no way to find it out then and wasn't curious about it. He was simply a young man – about 18, I believe, possibly a year less or a year or two more. They got the jacket on him, still not easily, by any means, despite the number of them; then they carried him away and I went to a refreshment stand and bought a Coke because I was thirsty.

The event had a kind of completeness; it was a successful show for me, now over, and I felt satisfied. I was not in the least concerned about what would happen to the young man, or about how he'd got there in the first place. He was gone and I was a realist and had pressing business.

I went for a ride in the caterpillars that have droll faces and move on rails underground and watched with a highly critical eye the displays you see below in the dark. I waited in a long line and rode on one of the submarines, then on a paddle wheeler, a period affair that reproduced a Mississippi river boat, I think, at least in all externals. It glided

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by frontier scenes that had been set up on the shore, and I took pictures with great care for the lighting and proper settings on the camera. Some of them didn't turn out, of course. I wasn't skillful – whether I took great care or not.

I was alone, too; I had brothers, but had been suffered to go off on my own, under the proviso that I was to meet my father at 8:30 at the gate. So I tried everything that I had time for and money for and considered worth it, buying souvenirs, but hoarding money just the same, buying carefully despite the great reach of my appetite. I had considerable character then and could be trusted to go off by myself without getting into mischief – given that I was a little forgetful of some things when other things were particularly interesting.

I saw the wild one again later on, after a number of more commonplace adventures that are lost to me now, and after I'd had a rather abbreviated conversation with an old man. For some unaccountable reason, I remember the old one very clearly. I'd sat down on a bench to rest and he began talking to me as if he'd known me for a long time. He called me "Sonny" and mumbled; he was very old, though still lively, and I think he might have addressed a man of thirty in the same way.

"You couldn't see all of this place in a week," he said, "not see it right." And I agreed. He didn't want to see any more today, though, he confided. He'd done enough for an old man in one day. We went into the matter of where I came from and what I liked best in the place and then he began to tell me what his own best preference was, but I saw the man in the strait jacket just at that moment, running fast and very cleverly through the crowd and I didn't wait to hear.

He was conscious of what he was doing now, clearly. He was running away and making a supremely fine job of it at that. And this time he wasn't colliding with anybody, though I have the impression that I did, in my effort to keep up. With the camera clutched in front of me in both hands, I contrived to keep him in sight for less than fifty yards, the quick, shifting back of him, then he was gone completely. The people that had captured him must have felt as I did and possibly did as I did, being out of breath. I sat down and tried to figure out where he might have gone, without being able to do it. Then I remembered suddenly that I'd left a pile of very select odds and ends on the bench where the old man was and went back for them.

It was getting darker now and cooler and when I had my last, most memorable encounter with the mad one the sun was almost down, a glazed and gross orange on the world's rim. I simply walked up to him with no knowledge that he was there. I was due to meet my father presently, but was taking a somewhat roundabout way to do it; I was slouching along by the water, not on one of the walkways, and found him huddled against a tree, with not very much of him visible except from my own devious course.

I stopped a few feet away and stared at him with a kind of guarded delight. I admired him. I'd seen him do outstanding things. At the same time I didn't intend to get too close, even if he did look at me now in a way that suggested some conscious recognition of the kind of animal I was. And even if he did have an air of repose about him. His face was glistening with perspiration, but his head lay back tiredly against the tree and his legs were extended, crossed in a relaxed way.

"Evening," he said, and I nodded at him.

"What's in the packages?"

"Stuff," I said. He didn't seem inclined to move any part of him, couldn't move in some regions.

I glanced around quickly, then examined him again, in the grip of an immense indecision. While I realized that it wasn't possible, I still wanted to wait and see what was going to happen to him – in fact, I agonized about the certain truth that I was going to miss something great if I went to the gate as I was supposed to. He was simply sitting there and they were bound to get him now, sooner or later. Or if not that, I might witness another headlong flight, if I stayed.

He shook his head once, sharply, because his face itched, I think, and he wanted to relocate the water.

"I know something you haven't got there," he said. "You haven't got one of these things I'm wearing."

Of course I didn't have it, I thought. He was as obscure now as he'd been in his earlier delirium.

"You can have this one if you want it," he said lazily, and there was no misunderstanding that. I stood there blinking at him, dumbfounded. He was offering the thing to me, and one did not make such prodigious gifts.

"Sure," I gasped. "You mean it?" My glee became tinged with suspicion immediately. "How much do you want for it?" And I began to cast mentally over the money that remained to me – and not enough did, so I passed on to the idea of a trade, within a matter of seconds. Things to trade I did have.

"There's no charge," he said. "You only have to take it," and there must have been considerable irony in his voice, I now believe, though I was very far from such subtleties then.

I took it, of course – helped him out of it, scrabbled up the other things and got out of his reach in all haste, on the theory that he would be bound to change his mind. I was euphoric. I galloped back through the crowd, calculating my father's probable anger, and brimming with the story of my vast success, which was going to amaze everyone. But then, suddenly, I slowed down and after a minute stopped, somewhere along the main street, having realized that I couldn't possibly show the jacket. They would take it away from me if I did; they were bound to. The thought made me wild with disappointment and I recall that I swore out loud, ignoring everyone else – I'd picked up a few choice words already and I must have used them all. I writhed in my anxiety to think of some way to keep it; then I bent down, as furtively as one can in a crowd, and stuffed it down below some other gear in a sack. If I could keep it out of sight long enough, I knew, it would be too late for anyone to do anything. They'd let me keep it then. Of course, there would be a certain quantity of wrath to face, but I'd faced that before, a number of times, and by the time I got back to the gate, I'd done a rather successful job of convincing myself that it was an indifferent thing in the long run. I was almost my old self again, almost jaunty. □

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GEORGIE

A Story by Peter Owens

It was so hot and motionless in the back shed that Georgie could hear the ringing and humming inside his own eardrums. He could see the sweat bead up on Fat Tom Bushbeck's forehead and run down his large, round, pink face leaving wet shiny streaks. He wished Tom would hurry up and discard the seven Georgie knew was there. The seven would bring him Gin.

A mosquito came singing and whining in around Georgie's plastic eye. He snapped his head to try to locate it with the good eye, but this mosquito like most seemed to have a sense for knowing Georgie's blind side, the same as they seem to have a sense for closed eyes on a pillow. Damned things seemed to know, Georgie thought, seemed to know that dull plastic blue iris was just as blind as a closed lid; damned things the way they coming in singing like they do.

"Sho-Jeez, she's a warm one, ain't she, Georgie," Fat Tom mumbled deep and hollow, flicking and then laying down that red seven Georgie knew was there all along.

While leaning forward to reach, Georgie could hear Dayrle Jones running and hooting down the gravel drive

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with what must have been a message of considerable importance seeing how outside it was a good ten degrees hotter and the sun roasting down with enough steam to discourage a slow walk. And at the moment Dayrle tore through the screen door sending it to bonging and moaning against the empty oil drum inside, the mosquito came in singing again. Georgie wanted that Gin against this sudden flurry of adversity . . . he plucked up the seven . . .

"Whooo-eee, by Jesus Christ," Dayrle hooted, moving wide-stepped and breathing hard to the table, Fat Tom throwing his cards down to terminate the game before Georgie could declare . . .

The mosquito lit near to or on the lid; in a spasm of irritation and hurried impatience, Georgie swatted at his face with his fan of cards; the knuckle of his thumb bumped the undersized eye and popped it, bouncing, onto the table; then, panicked, Georgie dropped the cards and slapped one hand over the horrid lid, slapped the other hand down over the eye, and spun away from both men. He wedged the eye back in and sat shamefully feeling his heart banging inside; he hated anyone seeing that hole; he hated it worse than all things.

Dayrle and Tom laughed at Georgie's desperate flailings but soon, thankfully, turned to each other, "Yessir," Dayrle breathed hard, "bareass-naked, whole damn tribe of 'em . . ."

"Tribe 'ah what . . ."

"Hippies, whole damned tribe ah them gypsy thieves down there to Sunny Pond there, all laying 'round bareass." Dayrle stopped and looked at Georgie's back, winked at Tom, "You hear that, Georgie?"

"Mmmmm," Georgie mumbled, trying to act bored and casual, hoping they wouldn't start to picking and joking about his wayward eyeball and all *that* could start.

"Girls, Georgie, naked girls, all over the place," Dayrle said. Georgie didn't move. Dayrle moved the chaw around in his cheek, then squirted a shiny brown projectile down onto Georgie's sneaker . . .

"Ah, come on, Dayrle," Georgie snapped up, grabbed a rag out of a pile of motor parts and quick wiped it off, "I had Gin, Tom . . ."

Both men laughed and shook, seemed to choke, with pleasure and derision. Georgie turned to them; fearing he gave them an opening to kid him about his eye, he smiled sheepishly and shrugged.

"Come on; let's go have a look-see; git yer gun, Georgie . . ."

"Gun? Don't need a gun to peep do we?" Georgie said trying to smile.

"Peeping!" Dayrle grunted, nodding his chin toward Tom, "listen to that, will ya, peeping . . . Jesus; what you gonna do when them dirty bastards come stealin and puttin them drugs in the drinkin water like they say, huh . . . peeping he says, Jesus."

Fat Tom got up and waddled slow and heavy to the gun rack. Georgie looked to Dayrle, "You ain't gonna shoot 'em . . . I don't think . . ."

"No, Georgie," Dayrle said disgusted, "we're just gonna invite 'em to leave . . ."

Georgie was startled by the sound of the bolt slam-shucking down and ringing for a moment. Fat Tom finished loading and lay the gun on the table.

"But, could be we'll let 'em stay around a day or two so's we can all git a look at them girls," Dayrle said mock serious, then broke out laughing and slapped Georgie on the back. "No harm in that, huh, Georgie . . . could be we're just down there to Sunny Pond huntin racoons or somethin, huh?" He laughed, his thick neck twitching and rumbling.

Georgie looked at the gun again; this time he smiled and understood better. Still enough, Georgie knew hippies were trouble and wasn't sure he wanted to take any chances. He explained to Dayrle and Fat Tom he was tired and not all that interested. They said they could understand him feeling chicken about it considering all the terrible things hippies could do to you if they caught you snooping around on the land they happened to be borrowing at the time. So, they made a deal. They told Georgie they'd cover him from the cliff opposite Sunny Pond while he worked his way up the near shore to where the willow hung out over the bend and from whose branches Dayrle had got the best view imaginable. Georgie was pretty uneasy about doing it all alone, but he couldn't very well say he was afraid, particularly with his friends watching out for him. With all the talking and assurances, they managed to get Georgie into Dayrle's pick-up truck where he had two sixpacks and a pint flowing for the afternoon's fun.

The truck fish-tailed down the sand road toward the trout pool people in the village called Sunny Pond. Branches slashed at the body and stones clacked up underneath while the men passed the pint and took careful swigs from their beers. Georgie drank several good slugs to try to quiet the butterflies working around in his belly. "What *do* they do to ya, if they catch ya snoopin," Georgie asked coy and trying to act matter of fact.

"What you worryin about that for, Georgie?" Dayrle said loud above the sound of the engine whine, "we'll be watchin . . ."

"Oh, yeah, I know, Dayrle, I'm just curious . . . you know?" Georgie said taking a sip from his beer, the can rattling against his teeth.

"Oh, it depends, I suppose," Dayrle said loud, "depends on what *their thing* is; some of 'em tie ya down and shoot needles full ah drugs into ya . . . give ya a chance to see things their way for a few days . . ." he swigged from his beer and drove skillfully with one hand, "some of 'em git the fellas together and queer ya up a little, nothin big; give ya a little taste of it's all . . ." Dayrle laughed at that for a few moments, then got real serious, "Then some of 'em's real nice to ya . . . give ya a woman, send ya off to the woods . . . that's what they call infilterin, huh, Tom?"

"Yeah, yeah," Tom said, his big body rocking and pushing against Georgie.

"Give ya their diseases, see . . . special kind of worms that work their way up to yer lungs so when ya cough you

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PETER OWENS has just finished a cross-country journey by truck – "one of those events when time is intolerably slow and constant headlong movement a requisite for sanity . . . ." He lives in California.

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spread it around civilized folks . . . if you don't choke first . . ."

Georgie nearly gagged up the warm sloshy whiskey in his belly. Dayrle got a howl from that, and Fat Tom guffawed and nudged himself closer to the window.

Shortly they turned off the sand road onto a smaller grass-centered strip leading to the feeder stream. When they got to the stream, Dayrle explained how Georgie just had to walk down the stream bank to Sunny Pond, while he and Tom would take the ridge on the other side and keep watch from the cliff. "Don't git carried away now, Georgie," Dayrle laughed.

"Huh?"

"I say we want to git home for dinner."

"Oh. Yeah, sure," Georgie mumbled, thinking they were referring to something else. He was kind of glad to see them go. The whiskey stirred in with the butterflies giving him a sense of pleasurable solitude and adventure.

He moved along carefully, keeping his eye out for rattlers which sometimes came down to cool themselves on hot days, walked along a section of narrows where the water moved deep and clear with swirls and eddies here and there, and quiet little whirpools tugging at leaves and tiny sticks. Once past the deep narrows, Georgie was able to move out into the stream and jump from rock to rock. Up ahead he got a quick glimpse of a snapper which hissed audibly from a light pink mouth, then slid quiet off its rock into the water.

Georgie fingered the gun and waited a moment; the snapper found a deep spot and disappeared. He moved along again; soon he could hear voices echo up through the stands of cedars and over-hanging oaks like he was moving down a special tunnel of shaded cool and stillness. He felt his belly swirl with anticipation, felt the warm nose-numbing whiskey seem to tingle him all over as he drew closer and the water moved slower . . . heard voices and yelps, girls, too, he could tell; stepped careful from stone to stone, holding the gun so if he slipped he could jam down the stock for balance, got so he could see the mouth of Sunny Pond and could hear the persistent hush of the waterfall on the far side of the pool. Then he saw the weeping willow tilted out over the bend just as Dayrle said.

He moved ever cautious toward the canopy of thin branches they once used as whips for imaginary horses they rode when they were kids. At the willow, the voices were loud and echoing along the limestone cliff; he could hear splashing, but could not yet see. Georgie rested the gun against the trunk of the willow, then moved out on a tiny sand bar which would provide the proper angle, he could tell. He separated the branches and moved into the canopy of the tilted tree, moved out to the very edge of the sand bar, carefully separated the branches on the pond side, and sure enough, not sixty feet away, he saw a boy and a girl running down into the water from the beach. Both were naked and had lean, tanned bodies – the girl with long brown hair which fanned across her shoulders, the man with a dark, curly beard and long, shoulder length, sun-bleached hair. They jumped around in the water. It was cold, Georgie could tell, and they held their arms stiffly around themselves like young kids do.

Then another couple rushed down the beach and ran splashing into the water. The four of them laughed and jumped around, and suddenly from a spot he could not see, a flute began playing, and the people joined hands and did a dance like ring-around-the-rosey. They laughed, throwing their heads back, pivoted from side to side as they changed directions, and Georgie could feel himself smiling at their chilled yelps and shivery laughter.

More than anything, Georgie was dazed by it all, what with the girls and their fine brown bodies dancing around and provoking swirls and dizziness in his belly, but also because it set him to thinking how not so many years ago, they, too, came down to the pond for skinny dipping not so different, remembered running around bare naked and feeling that stir inside even though then they were little kids without hair . . . Then the flute player came into sight, moved down to the water's edge and skipped up and down playing notes that sounded bird-like at first, then broke into eerie, melodic clarity; he skipped up and down bowing his head; then boom, a drum startled Georgie, and they all dunked down into the water. The boy played quiet and slow, the water calm and still, just four heads and tiny ripples moving out from their necks; then he stopped playing and it was perfectly still except for the hissing from the waterfall and the sound of crickets.

Georgie squatted down to relieve the ache in his neck. He remembered coming down to Sunny Pond with his other friends (Dayrle and Tom were teenagers and too old), remembered Madelaine who was now grown up, but who came with them and lent the atmosphere a special kind of daring. He remembered one time asking Madelaine if he could touch her breast which at the time was no different from his own but which held a certain fascination because she would grow up. He pressed his finger against the smooth white flesh taut over her ribs, remembered a moment of giddy fascination shiver through him, a kind of religious chill at the prophetic transparency of time and change.

In trade, of course, she was allowed to touch him. At that time, Georgie was not self-conscious about the eye, and when he swam, of course, he took it out so he would not lose it in the deep pools. He remembered how he expected she would touch his genitals, but instead she moved her hand toward his eye and touched the sleazy sagging lid as if she supposed she could look inside his head; and as she touched, she made a noise of disgust and snapped her hand away in shivery repulsion. 'Icchh,' she said; and Georgie remembered feeling hot waves of humiliation and self-disgust.

Now they stood out of the water. Again they did the little dance, and again the boy with the flute began to play. Georgie separated the branches so he could see, and for a moment almost wished he were one of them.

There were other times when the eye itself was the focus of derision. Georgie remembered going to school and for some reason having to do with the strange look of the plastic eye being accused of having bugs – cootie-bugs, they said; and often even his friends would not sit with him even though they knew he had no such bugs. That

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passed eventually as he grew older until people began to treat him like a fool; 'dopey,' some called him and often not without a certain affection. Georgie grew used to that; people picked on him as they might pick and tease a pet. Sometimes it was very cruel and painful, but Georgie found if he went along with it, he could hide his humiliation and gain affection, even a certain admiration from people. Just as with Dayrle and Fat Tom, he would be the center of the joke and yet, people watched out for him, would even stand up for him and argue he wasn't nearly so dumb as he looked.

Boom went the drum, and again Georgie jumped, and the people dropped down into the water. Knees aching and startled out of his reverie, Georgie figured he'd seen enough and would be getting back to meet Dayrle and Tom. He waited a few moments to see if they would jump up, then turned and pushed his way out of the canopy . . .

"Well, hello there, brother Peepers!"

Georgie was stunned. A naked man faced him, his face bearded and impassive, Georgie's gun held at his hip. Georgie struggled out from the branches, already his heart banging loud and quick inside. "That's mine," he blurted trying to smile, "was huntin . . ."

"Sure were," the man said calmly, stepping back slowly, but other than that revealing no emotion whatever. "Come on," he said nudging his head toward the beach.

Georgie brushed his nervous hand over his face and pretended not to understand. "I gotta be goin," he swallowed, his voice garbled, " . . . have my gun, thanks."

"You come along, first, brother Peepers; you come meet the sisters and brothers . . . have a good look," the man said dry but nodding his head yes now.

"Oh, Jeez," Georgie struggled, "oh, Jeez, that's all right," he whined, knowing this would give Dayrle and Tom a story for all time . . .

"Come on," the man said more sternly, pointing the gun toward the beach.

Georgie moved along cursing himself for staying so long. When he got to the open, he looked up to the cliff as sly as he could hoping Dayrle and Tom would jump up and turn the tide, start to yelling and carrying on so he could grab the gun and run. But it didn't happen; Georgie turned his head down and shuffled as slow as possible through the sand. Up ahead, he could hear voices remarking with muffled surprise as he approached. Frightened and ashamed, he kept his face down, moved so slow that the man prodded him forward with a stick. Georgie waited for Dayrle and Tom, but nothing happened.

Then suddenly, his stomach dropping and a feeling of lonely panic twirling inside, he remembered Dayrle saying for him not to get carried away. Oh, Jesus, he thought to himself, they started back and left without me, felt his throat tighten still harder, felt his heart banging in his ears, his mind starting to visualize dark tortures, waves of derision and anger. Jesus, he thought, in Snapper Creek they'd drive you out of town, get you arrested for peeping, Jesus; if *they'd* do that, what'd these people do, making their own laws like they do?

The stick prodded; desperately Georgie snapped around, but the man dropped back crouching and careful. "Let's be peaceful, brother Peepers," he said with that slow and maddening calm.

Georgie moved forward, his chin tight down against his chest. When they got near, Georgie could almost feel their closeness.

"Brother Peepers, sisters and brothers," the man said in a formal voice.

Georgie stood tense.

"Hi, brother Peepers," he heard in sporadic unison amid giggles and quiet laughter, "Open your eyes, Mr. Peepers," one said. "Brother Peepers has but one eye," the man behind said while moving around toward the group.

Georgie got himself ready to run. Gun or no gun, even risking getting shot with birdshot, he got ready to run. He lifted his eye to see where the man with the gun was. A girl had stood and was coming his way. He lowered his eye quick, the girl blocking his sight. She stopped very close to him; she smelled of some weird, burnt perfume; he dared not look again, but recalled she had pocks on her face and was not a pretty girl. She touched his chin; he looked again, quick and despite himself. Naked. She was bare naked and had bright near-turquoise eyes, her face rough from having acne but brown from tan. "What's your name?" she asked in a tiny whispery voice.

"Georgie."

"Hey, man!" a loud voice said, "have a seat, man; don't be up-tight." Georgie's eye traced the voice with a quick dart past her shoulder. There was a sizable group of people lying around. He did not see the man; rather his eye caught patches of pubic hair like so many bright flowers.

"Relax," she whispered, "relax." She pressed on his shoulders. "Sit down, we're peaceful . . . really." Georgie sat. There were sounds of approval, "Georgie . . ."

"Huh!" his voice more a twitch than an answer.

"It's all right," she said, trying to soothe him.

He looked again at her. She was smiling and her head was tilted. She had knelt down, her face even with his. Another person moved over close to him. His voice was low: "Hey, man, we all get caught with our pants down now and then," the man joked, nudged Georgie's shoulder. "We can dig it . . .," the man laughed.

To Georgie it sounded no different than any other come-on to derision. He stayed stiff, figuring he'd wait his chance to run.

In the meantime a pipe was going around. People sucked in, then held their breath, made quick hissing sounds, then strained while they held their breath. The man beside him moved away, then came back with the pipe. "Here, have some of this,"

"No thanks," Georgie said while the man sucked and handed it to the girl.

"This will relax you," she said, almost like a question. She sucked in, making the same sound, then spoke in that strained way. "Georgie?"

She smiled with her head tilted like it was. Georgie looked at her; she offered the pipe. "Try it," she said softly, her voice kind.

Georgie took the pipe, took a puff, and breathed in like the others and she had done. She winked at him and let out her own air. Georgie gave her the pipe; this went on

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several times with the three of them. No girl had ever smiled on him so; cautious as he knew he had to be, his stomach stirred as he thought of running from her.

Georgie knew the pipe contained some kind of drug. He waited for some sort of change to come over him, but none did. He began to feel more comfortable and relaxed, but he attributed that to just sitting there and letting the time pass under the warm afternoon sun. He could hear the falls hiss and seem to crinkle like a glass mobile; a kind of lazy afternoon silence seemed to pass over them all; he could hear the crickets scratching and chirping, and now and then a locust would buzz-buzz, its voice then seeming to crackle apart with strange clickings. The girl stayed knelt in front of him for what seemed a long time. The sun shone down at an angle picking up the fine misty cascade of pollen sparkling like thousands of tiny falling stars. It was the time of the afternoon when the flies swarmed over the water and the trout flicked the surface leaving tiny whirlpools. Georgie felt more relaxed; they all seemed calm and lay around like a den of sleepy lions not very interested in him, certainly not looking to punish him. The girl just knelt there and looked at him; no one had ever looked at him like that, so long and so careful.

A young man came over holding a knife and a piece of leather. He whispered a greeting like people do in church, then leaned over and put the piece of leather around Georgie's head, held it for a moment, then moved away.

Then the girl squeezed Georgie's hand. A wave of confusion swarmed over him, but before he could react, she was up and going toward the water.

"Go on, go ahead," a voice said. Georgie turned and saw it was the man who brought the pipe. It was a swift and confusing interlude; Georgie got up, and followed her toward the water, watched as her bottom swayed with her walk; then the confusion passed, and Georgie pulled at his buttons, the sun beating down, and a swim seeming utterly delicious. He threw off his shirt and followed her down into the water. The girl splashed water up into Georgie's face; he watched the water wash slippery and shiny over her neck and shoulders and breasts; then she dipped down to her neck and made a shivery noise.

"Hey, brother Peepers," a voice called from the shore.

Georgie turned. It was the boy who brought the leather, and he was motioning Georgie to come out of the water.

Georgie splashed the girl once lightly, then turned and swayed against the water toward shore. When he got there, the boy reached up and touched Georgie's chin the way barbers do. Then he walked behind, and Georgie stood still while the boy tied something around his head. The boy then led him down to the water. "Look down in the water . . . see how it looks, how you like it . . . your reflection, look at your reflection . . ."

"Oh," Georgie mumbled; he leaned down, catching the angle to see his face.

The boy had made a leather eye patch. Georgie saw a different face, not handsome, but different and no longer foolish; the feeling started small and grew until his throat was thick with gratitude and amazement.

"Groovie, huh?" the boy said pleased with himself.

Georgie looked again, a smile breaking over his face. "Jesus," Georgie mumbled, "Jesus, I never thought of that; and I seen them before," he said with amazement. "Jesus, thanks," he said, looking down at the new face.

Then he snapped up and looked out to the girl to see what she thought. He moved out into the water, his smile wide and his insides excited.

"Wow," she said, "it looks good." She smiled, tilting her head to size him up again.

Georgie looked out at the girl feeling pleased and glad she liked it, feeling this sense of pride and playfulness move up inside, thinking to himself, playing with the notion of staying, maybe going with them or something. He slanted himself against the water and moved out deeper; he could see the water part way up her breasts, could see her nipples taut and water beaded on the goose-pimply flesh; she lowered herself down and took water in her mouth, then jumped up and squirted it toward him, then moved in deeper, her face no longer smiling but looking on him serious and straight; she moved back deeper with her arms flowed out and floating on the surface, her face down, and her lips blowing lightly on the surface of the water as if blowing on a candle; then she lifted her face and head back, lifted her arms and pulled her hair back, looked at him again, and this time smiled almost shyly. Georgie moved deeper into the water, somehow thinking to himself that she was asking him to come to her, not knowing why, but feeling in some sense she was signaling; he moved not knowing the extent of his courage, only that what seemed most logical, what made it all suddenly awkward and rushed was his feeling he was supposed to kiss her . . .

"YOOOOOEEEEE!" then the guns crashed overhead, Georgie snapped his head up, saw the guns crash again, the two men shooting in the sky; there were screams on the shore. "GIT HER, GEORGIE, GRAB HER," Dayrle growled; she screamed and lunged at Georgie, her hand scratching down his face, tugging herself from the deep water, then pushing past him. 'YOOOOOEEEEE. GIT YER STINKIN GYPSY ASSES OUT AH THESE WOODS," Dayrle screamed, then fired, his voice deep and growling.

Georgie was stunned and horror-struck; then he saw her gaining on the shore, and he lunged through the water to catch her, to try to explain.

"GIT HER, GEORGIE, GIT HER, GIT HER, GRAB, WHOOEEEEE!" Dayrle yelled.

She struggled and stumbled toward the shore. Several more shots went off, exploding like percussive barks around the pool and cliffs.

"COME ON, GEORGIE, GIT HER, THE NIGHT'S YOUNG, WE'LL DO OUR *THING*, GEORGIE."

Dayrle shot one more time, this time down in the water near the falls, the sound a huge hollow gurgling thwump which seemed almost to lift the girl in terror; Georgie struggled forward, but she was out of reach and disappeared into the woods where the rest had gone. When he reached the shore he could hear the sounds of engines starting, the sounds of earnest, hurried voices and curses of *pig* and *killer* and obscenity. He stopped exhausted, knowing it was useless, his mind ravaged with confusion, plopped down onto his knees, then fell face forward in the sand and cried. □

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MARK McCLOSKEY

MY BODY MAKES A LEGEND

The garden is full of strangeness now:
for cardinal, veronica
crone-blood, baby-dreams —
new names after the long snow.

*

Jane, she had long pale curls,
my pencil folded in them,

and Bev, her far mouth, it mummed me,
silver airs broke in my blood.

But who are they?
The garden is full of strangeness,

Bev won't let me die for her
though her father owns a pleasure-cruise,

Jane's blue eye is sure
my hand is a toad.

*

What is lost like a glass bracelet in the garden
twenty Aprils over? Surely
someone is bitching about her hair in a mirror,
someone's mouth is full of trivials no one hears . . .

my body breaks like a bottle
of smoke at the end of a legend.

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A STORY BY EDWARD GUBAR

A Bathtime Story

Plug the stopper. Run your bath. Aim for a temperature minimally discomfortably hot. Don't close the door to the bathroom. Begin reading as you listen to water fill the tub.)

This story contains three characters. A young man. He is handsome: blond, blue-eyed, Nordic-like. He is running naked through a field of high corn. His legs churn; arms, machete-like, breach a path. His precisely cleaving buttocks flush red. The hard stalks and rough soft sod hurt his flesh. It is raining very hard.

(Close your eyes. Perhaps you can hear it.)

He may be walking through a forest. Diffracted rays of the sun pierce the tops of tall pine trees. Nearby, hidden from his sight, a cascade, rendering silent all of creation within its ken. Beneath the pine canopy a doe pauses and silently gazes. But he, the naked wayfarer, has no time and cannot pause. Two pairs of eyes, differently hued, yet sharing a mask, engage. He switches a bucket of spring water, trout-fresh, from hand to hand, and begins to run.

A young girl. Waiting. In a farmhouse at the edge of a cornfield. She stands at a window gazing, nose, naked breasts, pane-squashed. A faithful yard mutt, exiled beneath a shed, looks across, views her water-mottled unsubstantial visage and yelps for dryness. She wears tight jeans. Her feet are bare. Black hair long and loose spotted with flour. She has been baking. A killer hawk rises from high corn into spitting nimbi. Her heart soars. Her lover is coming.

Unable to hear his footfalls she closes the door of the cabin. Gently, so as not to disturb her creation, she glides to the soft bed and stretches out, turning her face upward, receiving the warm sun. The dog barks and she raises her head to the glass. It is he, come to suture their hurt. She watches as he nears the door. Tears fall from her soft brown orbs. They will drink the newly fallen water he has fetched with her apple pie. After.

(If your tub isn't full yet, don't continue. Read the above until the water level reaches two-thirds. You might also begin to remove your clothes.)

(Tub ready? Fine. Close the taps. Step in. Do not sit down. Remain standing letting your feet adjust.)

The bucket set sloshing on an oak-hewn bench, he enters the cabin. She draws him in. The door closes snuffing the rain patter. Prancing, almost whinnying, she faces him, takes his hands and leads him to a chair set by the fire. Throned he sits, legs stretched on the farmhouse floor, his feet fronting the yellow heat. Warmth touches, curls, encroaches, rises ankle high, higher. Testing his presence, fingers pecking, picking, poking his flesh, to him she smiles.

She kneels before him. With her hands she rubs the fresh wet sod from his feet; then lifting, leaning, she presses his toes to the tips of her heavy, heated breasts. Her black hair, framed in fire, glitters. They speak.

She voices hurt.

He consoles.

She emotes anger.

He explains.

She asks forgiveness.

He forgives.

In the center of the room they face each other, blues and brown tautly tightly met. Lithely unbelting she drops her jeans to the floor and steps from them, naked now as he.

(At this time, whether male or female, you should lower your genitalia into the water.)

Differences purged, they are lotus-like, yet still unjoined on the bare, cold floor. Heat flashes sear her sex, now fully moistened. His, warmly bloodied, floats upward, readying. But the smell of the pie, warm apples unskinned, sugar-flecked, crosscut doughy whiteness

(Grasp your cake of new white Dial and hold it under your nose. Inhale deeply. Another brand of soap will do, but not as well. You should be using Dial because of its excellent deodorant capabilities.)

infects his nostrils. Deftly disengaging, he rises, rubbing his stomach, and moves to the table. He sits.

(Sit down now yourself. Dish the soap.)

Stranded, forlorn, she sighs and raises her warmly wetted body.

(Stand up again.)

A swift nod of his head, a glance from his food gleaming eye, motions her to the door. She pauses, shivering, removes a glass from a neat and well-stocked cupboard, then goes.

(Leave the tub. Open the medicine cabinet and get the cup you use to rinse your mouth.)

She opens the door.

(Open a tap.)

EDWARD GUBAR lives in Chicago, where he is working on a novel. This is his first published story.

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She dips the glass into the bucket, fills it,

(Dip the cup into the tub. Make a splash with your right hand if you haven't got a cup.)

and returns, slamming the door. Drops of rain water freckle her body.

(Get rid of the cup. Close the tap. Reenter the tub. Sit down.)

She serves and sits. Using a pearl-handled Bowie, her father's, long time dead, he carves a manly piece. She watches, her wounded eyes glossed with rage. Smoke rises from the severed pie. Hand loading polished fork, silver sparkling in the shining sun, he cuts and lifts, his mouth waiting. He eats and mumbles, nodding pleasure. Hands covering exposed, puckered, blushing nipples, she watches and speaks nothing. Their newly contrived bond newly broken, gold glints of anger from her eyes now flare. He is too busy to notice.

(This would be a good time for you to stop reading and soap yourself. Do that now.)

(Done? Good. Lie back in the tub and rest your head.)

Pie ingested, he sits back and pats his muscled belly. A gleam for her reborn in his eye, his wrinkled brow suggests the feathered bed. Love shattered by his gorging maw, she silently agrees. Smiling new promises, he rises and takes her hand. Unsoothed, she rises and follows, grasping the appled knife behind her thigh, unseen. To the smooth, undimpled bed they go, unspeaking.

(If it's your habit, begin to indulge now.)

His head pillowed deep and downy he draws her gently across his lank body. Her shoulder shades his face from the lowering sun.

Heart pounding quicker than the rain upon the roof, she sits astride him, hip high, and places the blade next his knee. She smiles at the moist lids of his waiting, closed eyes, and whispers his name.

Outside a forgotten yard mutt yelps again.

Pulling shoulders he brings her lips to his own.

She kisses. Her eyes do not close. His tongue probes untouched.

His head descends, nuzzling. He mouths a nipple. She suffers herself to be sucked.

Tongue tired, he rests on the pillow and tosses her hair, watching the sun glint.

Hip sitting, she shuts her eyes and steels her body. She presses his thighs.

Letting her locks fall free he nods and closes his eyes.

Lightly, slightly, she lifts her body.

Thunder shakes the window beside them.

He grasps his member.

Her hand enfolds the Bowie.

A thrust. A blade, full-bloodied, enters and leaves; enters and leaves. Outside a happy yard mutt frolics in the sun.

(Unplug the stopper. Raise your body out of the water. Be careful not to let little flecks of soap dirt coagulate on your skin. Try to step onto the rug without getting the floor too wet.)

(Dry vigorously, using a fresh towel.) □

SUSAN FROMBERG SCHAEFFER

THE ODD DAY

It is an odd day.
It looks hot, but is cold.

Everyone shivers
In his light things

While the buildings
Clarify their indifference

So sharp at the edges
They seem stamped

Out of steel.
It is like stepping

Into a film of summer
Sometime in March

And bringing the real weather
In. Suddenly,

The eyes and the skin
Part company.

As always,
There is a kind of balance.

When I come in,
My sun-stunned eyes

Turn everything green.
The bone-marrow warms.

The page holding the poem
Of my grandmother

Dead now six years
Turns itself green.

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Peter Hoffmann

SOME LESSONS IN CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

Literally thousands of books have been published about Adolf Hitler and his movement, about Germany between the years 1933 and 1945, about the Second World War. Many of them are worthless, most of them have only passing importance. But a substantial number of them represent significant contributions either to the knowledge of past events, or to their analytical penetration, understanding, and evaluation from legal, political, constitutional, strategic, sociological, economic, ideological, psychological, ethical, humanistic, and historical points of view. Many tragic situations and crimes, much misuse of power, suppression of liberty, and exploitation of human beings, many cynical and destructive actions that have occurred in the history of mankind would deserve the same attention. What distinguishes the tragedy of the Nazi period from the tragedies of other times? What accounts for the fascination this period has for so many?

Part of it lies in the dimensions of the crimes. The average little mind finds them incomprehensible and they assume a quality of supernaturalism. Many, against their better rational judgement, secretly admire the great criminal and/or statesman who dares to do the impossible and unthinkable, who knows what the little man does not know: That once he has learned to think on a vastly higher plane and in such unlimited dimensions as no one else dares to think in, many "impossible" things become possible; he is then far ahead of the masses, and if he does not lose touch with reality, he can become their leader. Favorable circumstances (economic crisis, political turmoil, wide-spread dissatisfaction with the "system") are still necessary, and the leader may have to put in a great deal of hard, back-breaking work, and immense exertions of the will, to win power. But even before he has won it, he knows that most things declared impossible by ordinary men are possible for him, and he knows he will be able to achieve many of those things once he has gained power. Often the great leader, or criminal, is not only relatively indifferent to the means he employs to further his goals, but also to his success in the long term.

In Hitler's case, the strange fascination that often attracts people to great criminals is increased not only by the fact that he lived in our own time. His life has deeply affected the lives of all of us. But one factor is of the greatest significance – without it Hitler could not have been what he was – it has changed all proportions of events, and it was almost unknown to any period before 1914: the masses.

The masses have appeared here and there in world history, in Peiraeus, in ancient Rome, in the peasant uprisings and anabaptist revolts of the Middle Ages and of the Reformation, and in revolutionary Paris. But every time they manifested themselves, they did so on a localized and small scale, and each time they faded back into the twilight from which they had emerged for a brief, explosive moment. By the end of the 19th century, however, they had arrived to stay, first in Europe and soon in most parts of the world. Where populations had barely doubled in the thousand years from 800 to 1800 in Western Europe, the 19th century in most industrializing countries brought an increase at a rate never known before. From 1815 to 1914, 47 million people were added to the German population of about 20 million. In 800, there had been about 10 million in the same territory. Never before the 19th century had there been "enough" people; governments had always been concerned about populating their territories to increase power, production, and wealth. Now there were not only enough, but, in the opinion of some who warned of the dangers, too many. Great waves of overseas emigration failed to relieve the pressure sufficiently. The multiplication of humans continued because the innovations that made it possible continued: improved transportation and communication, better distribution and increased and rationalized production of food, improved hygiene and medical knowledge, greater and growing demands for industrial laborers. The existence of the masses made human lives more expendable than ever; the reservoir became practically inexhaustible (more than 25 years of war in Vietnam, for instance, have not effectively drained the man-power resources of the belligerents).

Rationalism and Enlightenment made state and government independent of any particular ruling family and immensely increased the pressure for equality of individuals, and for participation in government. When the *raison d'état* was no longer dictated by the interests of a dynasty, but by the interests of a people, nationalism became inevitable. Peoples demanded the right to constitute themselves as a recognizable body in its own right, as a nation, and they developed the means by which this could

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be done: constitutions, representative assemblies, flags, anthems. This may seem harmless enough. But when wars were fought, they were now no longer the wars of the rulers, fought by mercenaries, and they were no longer fought for objectives limited by the ability of the rulers to pay their hired soldiers or by the resources the rulers were otherwise able to draw on. In the past, had they wished to harness a greater proportion of their subjects, the rulers would have had to generate an active popular interest in the affairs of state, and this would have amounted to sacrificing a good deal of their absolute sovereignty. When nations had constituted themselves, this changed. National governments could mobilize far greater armies and other resources, and they found themselves forced to aim at the defeat of the equally greater human and material resources of their adversaries. Besides, the masses are not easily satisfied with lost wars or inconclusive results; victories must be as complete as possible, destruction and not merely defeat of the enemy must be the aim. All dimensions of traditional warfare are thus exploded, and the potential of destruction and cruelty is increased on a vast scale. One only has to add, as the technology of the 19th and 20th centuries did, the formerly inconceivable means of death and destruction – fire-power, transportation, bomb loads, chemical warfare – and one may begin to sense something of the quantity and the quality of the changes.

These new facts were represented and demonstrated by Adolf Hitler as by no one else. There were criminals of similar stature, if numbers of lives destroyed are a yardstick, and Stalin and Mao are in excellent positions to compete with Hitler for the title of the greatest criminal. There are always small Hitlers in every society, if the name Hitler can stand symbolically for crimes against humanity. Any war is a crime, and defenders share in the guilt of destroying human lives, generally as well as in specific ways. Russian, British, American, and German submarines have torpedoed refugee ships, killing thousands of non-combatants without military or other necessity. The madness of the *Maquis* and other self-appointed avengers in liberated France (1944/45) has cost the lives of thousands who were just as innocent as the men, women, and children of Oradour or Lidice. The Red Army has visited horrible vengeance on German and East European civilians, particularly in Silesia and East Prussia, punishing them for crimes that soldiers and *SS* thugs in German uniforms had committed in Russia. The Czechs killed Sudeten Germans by the thousands in 1945, and drove millions from their homes. The bombing of Dresden a few weeks before the end of the war in Europe killed more than 100,000 civilians (about ¼ of the total killed by air raids in Germany during the entire 5 years and 8 months of the war), and it was militarily worthless. Few details are known of Lenin's, Stalin's, and Mao's crimes; the Boer War, or the American "pacification" of the Philippines in the wake of the Spanish-American War, are not currently topics of great concern. But the brutalization of war always affects all sides, not only the side that is "wrong", "guilty", or "the aggressor". It is continuing down to our own day, with massacres in Hungary, in Algeria, in the Congo, in Biafra, in Vietnam, and in Pakistan. What, then, is Hitler's uniqueness and particular fascination?

He was a representative of modern cruelty and destruction like many others, but never before have crimes of statesmen been so well documented as in the case of Hitler and his helpers. In 1945 there was no German government that might have supressed evidence; all government records were seized by the Allied military governments. Chronological proximity and the great effort and sacrifices of World War II still generate a good deal of interest. But there are further points which may help to understand the phenomenon. The National Socialist (Nazi) ideology was a hodgepodge of resentments and emotional attitudes (including anti-Semitism) still shared by many people in any industrial society. And National Socialism "succeeded". For a short time, Hitler's armies had occupied most of Europe; Hitler's empire was comparable in size to that of Napoleon I. And National Socialism succeeded in a people for which the English-speaking nations feel a considerable degree of affinity.

It is human nature, finally, to ascribe historical events primarily to a single source of causation – a man, a force postulated by some socio-economic theory, or a deity. The last point of view has temporarily become unpopular; the second one will never be really popular, though it is being enforced as orthodox in certain countries. But explanations concentrating on the life of a man will always be popular.

There are several serious studies of Hitler's life. Alan Bullock's *Hitler: A Study in Tyranny*[1] is the best known and the most comprehensive. Countless other treatises were written on aspects of Hitler's life – his ideology, his effectiveness as a propaganda speaker, his putsch of 1923, his strategy, his personality, his death – but there is not yet a satisfactory biography. Bullock has used only a limited amount of source material, and especially on Hitler's early years his work contains many erroneous statements and conclusions taken over from earlier writers and from Hitler's autobiography, *Mein Kampf*[2], which has long been known to be highly inaccurate. Bullock has since written an excellent short study of Hitler's strategy,[3] but it appears that his biography of Hitler will be superseded by other works in the very near future, particularly by a forthcoming book by Werner Maser that promises to close

1 Harper & Row, New York 1952; rev. ed. 1962.

2 Adolf Hitler, *Mein Kampf: Eine Abrechnung*, 2 vols., F. Eher Nachf., Munich 1925-27; Adolf Hitler, *My Struggle*, Hurst and Blackett, London 1933; [Adolf Hitler], *Adolf Hitler's Own Book Mein Kampf (My Battle); Unexpurgated edition*, Hurst and Blackett, London 1939 (several other unexpurgated editions in English were published in the same year, at least two in the United States).

3 Alan Bullock, "Hitler and the Origins of the Second World War", *Proceedings of the British Academy* LIII (1967).

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many gaps. Maser has already produced two searching studies,[4] based on a vast amount of original research, and dealing primarily with Hitler's early years. He has unearthed many of the facts covered up in *Mein Kampf*, and every serious student of Hitler's life will have to consult Maser's books. Bradley F. Smith has published an intuitive study of Hitler's youth,[5] but it is quite limited in that it did not (and in fact could not) make use of Maser's findings.

A number of useful accounts have been written by people who knew Hitler personally and fairly intimately, insofar as any person could know a man like Hitler intimately. They range from the hollowness of Ernst "Putzi" Hanfstaengl[6] through the revealing conversations between Hitler and Hermann Rauschning[7] to the intimate familiarity and searching insights of Albert Speer.[8] Speer, without a doubt, has provided the most important single source on Hitler and his way of thinking for the period 1933-1945. All the other initiates, including the intelligent ones — Göring, Goebbels — were dead before they could write, and they would not have been likely to tell the truth. Besides, few were on such intimate terms with Hitler for so long as Speer. Not even Göring, Goebbels or Himmler saw Hitler as much and as often as Speer in the 1930s and 1940s; Bormann might be the only exception, and it will surprise no one to learn that he did everything in his power, short of risking his position of trust at Hitler's court, to remove Speer. Speer's great familiarity with Hitler the man was possible precisely because he was not one of the political or military henchmen during his first ten years in Hitler's service, but his architect. Speer's relationship with Hitler was a private one, between fellow artists as it were. Yet it was the artistic expression as revealed in his building projects that was an incomparable source for the deepest thoughts of the dictator.

For the period of Hitler's career up to 1933, no one has penetrated the maze of propaganda and speech-making, of prejudice and lies, of misunderstanding and misconception as deeply as Konrad Heiden, who died five years ago in New York. In 1936, his biography of Hitler was first published in German in Switzerland, and in an English translation in London and in New York. This was followed in 1944 by a revised edition entitled *Der Fuehrer: Hitler's Rise to Power.*[9] This book has been reissued by the Beacon Press in Boston, in 1969, in their paperback series "Europe in the Twentieth Century".[10]

Despite the wealth of material brought to light by the war-crimes trials since 1945, the confiscation and opening to scholars of German Government documents, the publication of memoirs, and the painstaking research of numerous historians — despite all the knowledge now available, Heiden's book is still not merely a valuable contribution to the understanding of Hitler, but indispensable. For Heiden has understood Hitler better than any of the other biographers of Hitler so far, with the exception of Albert Speer.

Heiden was not the only one who never took Hitler's account of his early years, given in *Mein Kampf*, at face value, but he was the only important biographer of Hitler who could draw on years of first-hand acquaintance with Hitler and his movement during the ten or twelve years of the dictator's rise to power. In 1923 Heiden was the leader of a small democratic student group in Munich that attempted to combat Hitler with protest marches, posters, and mass rallies. Although he did not make a dent in the movement whose further career (after the ill-planned and largely unsupported putsch of November 1923) depended very much on the economic malaise of Germany since 1929, Heiden, who worked as a journalist for the prestigious *Frankfurter Zeitung*, certainly became well acquainted with Hitler the politician, and with his party. He sought out many National Socialists and others in positions to know, he used all documentary material available to him at the time, and he later added to it the material collected by the Hoover Institution at Stanford. Even today, after so many myths and uncertainties about Hitler's life have been cleared up, the bulk of the factual information in Heiden's book remains accurate enough.

For example, the Hitler family tree required only relatively minor corrections. Heiden's interpretation of Hitler's genealogy is plausible and in agreement with Maser's findings — at least in tendency. Incest is a dominant phenomenon in Hitler's family background, and even Maser's thorough research has not quite dispelled the old suspicion that somewhere the connection between Hitler's family and some Jewish Austrians or Bohemians was closer than the National Socialists' own laws governing "racial purity" would have permitted. Hitler's attitude toward work, and particularly work with his own hands, is described with great intuition and quite convincingly by Heiden. Hitler had a great and overriding aversion to the ordinary kind of labor necessary for securing a livelihood, though he

4 Werner Maser, *Die Frühgeschichte der NSDAP: Hitlers Weg bis 1924*, Athenäum Verlag, Frankfurt/Main, Bonn 1965; Werner Maser, *Hitler's 'Mein Kampf': An Analysis*, transl. from the German by R. H. Barry, Faber, London 1970, £ 1.70

5 Bradley F. Smith, *Adolf Hitler: His Family, Childhood and Youth*, The Hoover Institution on War, Revolution and Peace, Stanford, California 1967. $1.85 (paper)

6 Ernst Hanfstaengl, *Unheard Witness*, Philadelphia, New York 1957.

7 Hermann Rauschning, *Hitler Speaks: A Series of Political Conversations with Adolf Hitler on His Real Aims*, T. Butterworth, London 1939.

8 Albert Speer, *Inside the Third Reich: The Memoirs*, Macmillan, New York 1970. $12.50

9 Konrad Heiden, *Adolf Hitler: Eine Biographie*, 2 vols., Europa-Verlag, Zürich 1936-37; Konrad Heiden, *Hitler: A Biography*, Constable & Co., London 1936 and A. Knopf, New York 1936; Konrad Heiden, *Der Fuehrer: Hitler's Rise to Power*, transl. by Ralph Manheim, V. Gollancz, London 1944 and Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston 1944.

10 788 pp., $3.95.

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never tired of speech-making. His aversion may have been pathological, and it may have been the well-known laziness of one who considers himself a genius. At any rate, Hitler managed to turn it to ideological advantage by combining his attacks on "international Jewry" with his tirades against Marxian international socialism. By insisting on what he termed National Socialism, he could dispense with both. Heiden's description of Hitler's aversion to work, incidentally, is fully confirmed by Speer, for the 1930s.

Heiden's book cannot serve as a reference work, and it was never intended as such. Although neither Bullock nor William L. Shirer[11] have provided the reliable reference works that are needed, it is now no longer impossible to write them. Maser has made a very useful start. Heiden himself once indicated that he considered Maser to be the scholar most competent to write a biography of Hitler. He never thought his book in any way definitive, but he intended it as a contribution to the struggle against Hitler that was in the end only forced on the Allied countries by Hitler himself.

The greatest value of Heiden's work lies in its masterful description of the *Zeitgeist* of the 1920s in whose framework one must see National Socialism. The atmosphere in which for more than ten years Hitler struggled for power (along with many other politicians, some of them no less unscrupulous) comes alive in Heiden's book. From this point of view, it is an advantage that he has not tried to be objective in the sense of attempting "detached" scholarship. Masterful, too, is the manner in which Heiden gradually lets the National Socialist Party come into existence, from all corners of Germany, Austria, and the Baltic countries, from the muddled sources of pan-Germanism, from the belief in the cultural superiority of the German nation that had been proclaimed by so many throughout the 19th century, from J. G. Fichte to H. St. Chamberlain. Heiden points out the contributions to National Socialism that arose from anti-Semitic attitudes rooted in more than a thousand years of Christian history, and the impulses that came from circles of military men, and of *Landsknechte*, professional soldiers, washed ashore after four years of bloody battle with nothing to come home to and with nothing to do but find an occupation at least vaguely similar to making war.

In the Munich of 1919 and 1920, many such types were floating around, and Hitler, spying and informing on certain political organizations as an Army surveillance agent, in the turbulent times of the short-lived Soviet regime in Munich and of its bloody suppression, came into contact with people who were ready to do almost anything as long as it was anti-Bolshevik, anti-Communist, anti-Socialist, anti-Left in general, and pro-military and pro-authoritarian – which for many also meant pro-monarchic. Heiden demonstrates convincingly how Hitler, having lived among the most common and lowly as well as among many intellectuals and pseudo-intellectuals in the twilight of a boarding house in Vienna, easily fit into this still-at-war and civil-war post war world, how he was able to mix with certain groups of the middle class, and how he learned and instinctively understood how to appeal to the only source of strength for a politician in the 20th century, the masses. Heiden further shows how Hitler, contrary to his own theories about propaganda, practised the demagogic art of tuning in to his audiences, to the masses, the art of sensing their responses and reactions to the orator's phrases and slogans, and the art of learning how to give expression to what they unconsciously wanted to hear and to what they felt deeply without being able to articulate it. It is the probing quality of Heiden's biography that makes his book still worth reading and that significantly distinguishes it from Bullock's study.

The almost complete absence of references to sources (there are only two or three footnotes in the entire book of 788 pages, and only occasionally are dates of speeches and events given in the text) is, however, nothing short of frustrating. The reader is unable to know and assess the value of the sources Heiden used, and he is usually in the dark about how much of what Heiden states is first-hand or second-hand information. Also, the book has not been revised since 1944 and Heiden's general reliability may lead many readers to accept the errors along with the correct information. Though Heiden did not take sides in the debate about who was responsible for the burning of the *Reichstag* in 1933, he leans somewhat toward National Socialist authorship, and that has since been disproven by Fritz Tobias.[12] Heiden believed Hitler's story that he had not received strong anti-Semitic influences until he reached Vienna; but it is clear now that, contrary to his own assertions, Hitler was strongly influenced in this direction both at home and in school. And Heiden believed Hitler's own legend that a year after his mother died in 1908, he had sunk into the bitterest misery, had had to beg and even to perform physical labor in order to survive. In reality, Hitler had lived comfortably on a pension and other regular income from his inheritance, at about the level of a secondary-school master. He lost most of his income, it is true, when he changed his residence frequently while dodging the Austrian military draft, and when he finally moved to Munich, shortly before the outbreak of World War I. In later years, too, his attitude in money matters was a curious one for a self-styled artist-prince. After he had assumed power, he steadfastly refused to pay income tax on the millions of marks he made from *Mein Kampf*.

It has long been held that Hitler and the Party managed to survive financially – indeed, to gain power – only because they received large sums from a number of bankers and industrialists. Heiden has adopted this view, and subsequent writers have accepted it from Heiden, notably George W. F. Hallgarten.[13] Only recently have scholars begun looking into the documentary evidence, and it shows that Hitler's Party did receive some money – from Kirdorf, Thyssen, Hugenberg, Flick and others – but also that the

11 William L. Shirer, *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*, Simon and Schuster, New York 1960.

12 Fritz Tobias, *The Reichstag Fire*, Putnam, New York 1964.

13 George W. F. Hallgarten, *Hitler, Reichswehr und Industrie*, Europäische Verlagsanstalt, Frankfurt/Main 1954.

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industrialists spread their support through the entire political spectrum. It shows further that the sinister industrial barons played no part in the intrigues of January 1933, and that their financial support was extended most heavily to the conservative parties in the political center, not to any of the extremist groups. As Henry Ashby Turner, Jr., has formulated it: "On balance, big business money went overwhelmingly against the Nazis."[14]

Much has been made of Hitler's alleged sexual abnormality. Heiden calls it "masochisticoprophil inclinations". Others, such as Otto Strasser, have maintained that Hitler was impotent. Speer was close enough to Hitler through many days and nights, particularly on the "Berghof", to have gathered a good deal of circumstantial evidence, and it all points to normalcy. The medical information available on Hitler indicates the same.

Hitler the political orator may have been able to convince and sway crowds of a certain composition by speaking to them. But millions of Germans gave him their votes without ever having heard him speak, let alone having seen him. A good deal of his appeal was in *what* he said, in the manner the Party presented itself, in its organization, in its use of flags and uniforms. Whether one claims that National Socialism as a form of Fascism was a logical expression of the German national character – as some writers still do in all seriousness – or that it represented a phenomenon peculiar to a certain socio-economic situation which happened to exist in Germany in the late 1920s and early 1930s, in either case it is necessary to confront and investigate the phenomenon of considerable mass support for National Socialism. This raises difficult theoretical questions: If it were possible to ask most voters for National Socialism why they so voted, and if one could be certain that most of them would answer honestly, at least subjectively honestly, how could one be sure that those giving this information knew the motives from which they acted? In any case, the information is not available; opinion polls, however unreliable, were not conducted on any sufficient scale in the 1920s. The investigator of Fascism as a mass movement is always forced to resort to induction and inference, and he can make only tentative judgements. Seemingly simple explanations will be attractive and tempting, but cautious and inconclusive statements may be closer to the truth.

Sweeping interpretations of Fascism vary from the Marxist belief that it was a phenomenon of decaying Capitalism and thus a supra-individual, socio-economic force that could be fought only by the means of mass agitation and mass movement, to the suggestion that Hitler's reign was nothing but an historical accident of horrible consequences that were so horrible mainly because of the existence of the masses and of means of mass-destruction in unheard-of dimensions and quantities. There is also the contention that German "Fascism" was the result that had to be expected from a history studded with authoritarian characteristics and violence, from Luther through Bismarck and William II to Hindenburg, Papen, and Hitler. Heiden, of course, is careful to differentiate far more than this, but the temptation to find a key to the whole problem proved irresistible to many authors. Wilhelm Reich was one of these.[15]

Reich's book was published in English translation in 1946 and has been re-published in a new translation in 1970. Recently it has become popular again among young students who are worried about the specter of Fascism in North America, and who are not content to see it merely as a German and Italian, and perhaps a French phenomenon, but who suspect that it is much more widespread and much more deeply rooted in modern mass society. Reich was also one of the early authors to attack ancient sexual taboos whose practical purposes can now be alternatively achieved. Even the necessity of children for a warm, stable family life is being questioned now, but in any case, offspring is no longer inevitably the result of heterosexual relations, and the existence of the human race certainly does not seem endangered by the practice of birth control. More importantly, Reich was a forerunner of many of our contemporaries who have become deeply suspicious of any behavior that is forced upon human beings by authoritarian patterns, in early childhood and later on. Some suspect that sexual repression and the build-up of inhibitions from early childhood may indeed be the principal tool of authoritarian control.

Wilhelm Reich was a psychiatrist in Sigmund Freud's circle, and interested in biophysics. He broke with Freud, became a Marxist, developed his concepts of sex-economics as a refinement of the simplified purely-economic explanation of socio-political phenomena by Marxists; he was expelled by Socialist and Communist parties, and he was forced to leave National Socialist Germany. He died in 1956 in a U. S. Federal Penitentiary while serving a term for violation of drug laws, after his "orgone box", a device Reich claimed would restore energy to people, had been declared a fraud by the Food and Drug Administration.

A psychological explanation of Fascism was, in a sense, inevitable since the work of Freud had achieved the major breakthrough of psychoanalysis. Many writers have since come to conclusions quite similar to those of Reich, though in other fields of inquiry and by different approaches. Konrad Lorenz, for instance, has suggested strongly the relatedness of love and aggression, describing love as a form of aggression, and pointing out that the energies released in love relationships might be and may have been on many occasions in the past re-directed to produce violent forms of aggression, to "organize" the people. Of course, other factors such as the use of weapons helped make aggression among humans a deadly activity. A number of younger authors have taken up the idea that wars were made possible by the suppression of sex drives in society at large. Soldiers visiting bordellos are no contradiction but an illus-

14 Henry Ashby Turner, Jr., "Big Business and the Rise of Hitler", *American Historical Review* LXXV (1969), pp. 59-70.

15 Wilhelm Reich, *The Mass Psychology of Fascism*, newly translated from the German by Vincent R. Carfagno, Farrar, Straus & Giroux, New York 1970. $3.25 (paper)

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tration of violence and cruelty practiced in dealing with human beings. Reich has said all or most of these things before, though in a difficult, even tortuous style.

The basic psychological thesis Reich put forward is this: Human reactions can be understood by reference to three layers of the human personality structure: the surface layer of the tamed, reserved, polite, "civilized" person; the intermediate layer "which consists exclusively of cruel, sadistic, lascivious, rapacious, and envious impulses"; and the deepest layer, the biologic core in which one will find, under favorable social conditions, "an essentially honest, industrious, cooperative, loving" animal. The natural, social, or libidinous impulses from the third layer have to pass through the second in order to spring into action, but they become distorted in the process. Everything that is truly revolutionary comes from man's biologic core. Fascism in essence embodies the intermediate layer of secondary drives, and it is "only the organized political expression of the structure of the average man's character, a structure that is confined neither to certain races or nations nor to certain parties, but is general and international." It is "the basic emotional attitude of the suppressed man of our authoritarian machine civilization and its mechanistic-mystical conception of life. It is the mechanistic-mystical character of modern man that produces fascist parties, and not vice versa." This may not be immediately plausible, but Reich has even less-scientifically ascertainable ideas: he says a mass-free force, "orgone energy", is present in all of the Cosmos, and he calls it *bio-energy* in living organisms. It must be released sexually from time to time in the individual, otherwise the individual will develop neuroses which in turn are the causes of all irrational social and political movements, as well as of mass-neuroses. These ideas are not entirely accepted today, to say the least. Reich's explanation of Fascism is based on them, and it can hardly satisfy the serious student.

To a certain extent, Reich's case also rests on faulty statistics. He calculates that in 1925 there were in Germany over 14 million "workers in industry, trade, commerce, etc., and agricultural workers", and over 20 million "lower middle class [workers]" ranging from home workers and domestics to white-collar workers and lower-level civil servants. These, according to Reich, constituted the ideological structure of German society. Then the reader is asked to accept several precarious assumptions, such as that the above ideological structure of German society corresponded to its observed political behavior (voting), in contrast to its "socio-economic position". According to Reich, there were somewhat less than 22 million "workers" and about 13 million middle-class wage earners or workers voted against their own economic interests – for instance, for the National Socialists. There can be little doubt about this, although it must be emphasized that the Social Democrats lost only a fraction of the number of voters picked up by the National Socialists in the years 1928-1932, and the Communists increased their share of the votes constantly after 1928, up to an impressive 16.9% in November 1932. Reich says that the approximately 9% lost by the Social Democrats, or about 3.12 million votes, were workers' votes cast for the NSDAP in 1930. This is to say, about half of the votes cast for the National Socialists in 1930 (total: 6.4 million; gain over 1928 elections: 5.6 million) were cast by workers. Perhaps so; it depends on the definition of "worker". But in the sentence following this statement, Reich divides the 3 million into "some 60 to 70 percent [which] came from employees and 30 to 40 percent from workers".

Obviously, it is as difficult for Reich as for anyone else to come up with a fully tenable interpretation of the election results of the years 1928-1932. It does not help very much to learn from Reich that the division of German society according to its "ideological structure" into 14 million workers and 20 million lower-middle-class workers corresponded to the division of votes cast in the summer of 1932 for the Communists and Social Democrats on the one hand, and for the "NSDAP and the German Nationalists" on the other hand. It is not clear how the division according to ideological structure was arrived at, but it seems to be based on the election results so that the results interpret themselves. It is also not clear who were the "German Nationalists". Parties that might qualify by name and program actually lost votes in the period under discussion, notably the German-National People's Party with which the NSDAP entered into a coalition in January 1933. In a sense, all German parties were "nationalist" parties, perhaps with the exception of the internationalist Communists; but only by adding the votes received by the NSDAP and the Center Party (Catholic) in July 1932 can one arrive at the numbers for the group Reich refers to as "the NSDAP and the German Nationalists". Insofar as statistics for 1925 formed the basis of Reich's calculations, he also neglected the population increase in the seven years up to 1932; the fact that the number of youthful voters who had not seen military service was growing tremendously, and that millions of citizens eligible to vote never voted (despite voter turnouts as high as 84%), must render any calculation of the ideological structure of German society inaccurate at best, provided that it is represented by voting patterns at all.

But if Reich's figures prove unreliable and confusing, his work nevertheless offers many stimulating insights and thoughts, some of which have since become commonplace.

According to Reich, everyone – and thus the average worker, too – derives his psychic structure from his social situation as well as from the existing authoritarian atmosphere around him. Therefore, neither the Marxian economic approach to sociology alone, nor the Freudian psychological approach alone can give a satisfactory answer to the questions: Why did people, and especially workers or soldiers, allow themselves to be misused and dominated? Why did so many of them voluntarily support authority? Reich found what he considers the correct answer by building upon both the sociological groundwork of Marx and the psychological groundwork of Freud. This leads to Reich's main theses:

1. The authoritarian family is the factory that reproduces and intertwines the sexual and the socio-economic structure of society. It is the authoritarian state in miniature; the child learns to adapt to the latter by adapting himself to the former.

2. The moral inhibition of the child's natural sexuality

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makes the child afraid, shy, fearful of authority, obedient, "good" in the authoritarian sense of the word. Every vital life-impulse is now burdened with fear, man's thoughts and activities in general become inhibited.

3. The suppression of sexuality not only makes people subjects, fearful of authority, unable to rebel even if they see their economically wretched situation and their true interests. It also distorts their vital impulses, makes them brutally and sadistically aggressive instead of "naturally" aggressive. It makes them suitable for the armies of imperialistic wars. The energy of repressed sexuality is turned into the energy of military struggle and suppression and exploitation of other humans.

4. Thus, economically suppressed man is led to feel, think and act against his own material interests through sexual repression and through the concomitant obedience to the authoritarian state.

Reich supports his views with much descriptive material, especially from the social-revolutionary history of the first forty years of this century. He demonstrates the repressive influence of religion, particularly upon sexual activity. Sexual gratification, however, is deemed by Reich essential not only for human happiness, but also for the liberation of the natural human urge for activity, including the activity called "work". Sexual gratification therefore, in addition to favorable external conditions, is necessary to make work free, voluntary, and pleasurable. Conditions of human life in which "the natural process of love, work, and knowledge" governs man's economic, social, and cultural life are referred to as "work-democracy" by Reich. And: "Work-democracy is the sum total of all functions of life governed by the rational interpersonal relations that have come into being, grown, and developed in a natural and organic way." Even if this sort of prose is no great help in trying to understand National Socialism, or Fascism, the valuable contribution made by Reich was that he stimulated a great deal of thought, and that he has advanced the cause of individual freedom.

Peter Phillips,[16] a historian, has employed a much less theoretical approach to the questions: How and why could National Socialism arise? How could its crimes be committed? Phillips' point of view is shaped more by his personal experience than by scholarly research, although he does use an impressive array of factual information to support his views. He does not attempt to give any sort of comprehensive or systematic history of Germany for any period. Phillips' personal experience as a prisoner of war who, after an attempted escape, spent years in German concentration camps, ulitmately occasioned this study.

The basic quality of Phillips' book is a rational and at the same time compassionate effort to understand the experience of the German people. This was no small undertaking, and the result is a remarkable achievement. Years of hate, of suppressed memories and of reliving the past in recurrent nightmares led Phillips to the realization of the sterility of hate, and of the necessity for himself of facing up to his experiences. While most survivors of the camps were too untutored or too hard-pressed by the need to work for a living, Phillips had the opportunity after 1945 to spend many years in studies and thought – the duty of the teacher, but also his special and cherished privilege. Thus, Phillips was able to overcome the sterility of his resentments, and to achieve an understanding of his experiences and a peace of mind denied to many others.

To his great horror, Phillips discovered in himself the same basic "inhumanity" that we all share. He remembers how he stood by apathetically when a friend was being beaten to death in the concentration camp, or when another was led off to be "liquidated". He did not intervene, let alone try to take the friend's place. This could hardly have saved anyone; Phillips' own death would have been added, not substituted. The "inhumanity" then consists only in preferring one's own life to an attempt to save another's. But one can appreciate the frustration and degradation felt by Phillips at his inability or unwillingness to take any action regardless of the consequences to himself.

The very mass of the material that Phillips draws on makes depth impossible. The Weimar period and its demise, so important for the mentality of the German masses, are given short shrift. The description of the situation in 1932 and 1933, and of the events connected with Hitler's rise to power, is excellent and based on much recent scholarship. Yet, what is meant by the spiritual and moral void, predicted by Nietzsche and Dilthey, to which Phillips assigns responsibility for Hitler's success? How exactly were the masses who voted for Hitler affected by this spiritual and moral void, and why were the rest of the voters less affected, apparently? (In free elections, Hitler's Party never received more than 37% of the popular vote, and in March 1933, after four weeks of intimidation, terror, and oppression, still only about 44% voted for Hitler in what could no longer be called a free election.)

The extent of myth-mongering about Hitler's person that is still going on is illustrated by Phillips' statement, based on the account of Heinrich Himmler's masseur, Felix Kersten, that Hitler was sexually impotent with women but experienced orgasms during his own speeches. It has been noted earlier that Speer's account contradicts this clearly, and Hitler's physicians attested to the dictator's normalcy, too, though not to great frequency of sexual activity.

There is also the question of opposition to Hitler's regime within Germany. Phillips tends to follow authors who discount its importance and size, although he is quite willing to acknowledge whatever there was. He seems not to have come across the necessary information for an adequate assessment. True, the numbers of those who claimed to have resisted the regime were often inflated after the war. Many in the Allied occupation forces found themselves asked to believe that practically all Germans were in some way veteran Resistance fighters. This, of course, was not even remotely the case. Under foreign occupation, universal popular resistance is rare enough, but it would have been a unique and most surprising phenomenon under the conditions prevailing in Germany. An indigenous and autonomous national government that appears lawful and employs all modern means of control

16 Peter Phillips, *The Tragedy of Nazi Germany*, Praeger, New York 1969. $6.95

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efficiently is practically irresistible within. Nevertheless, there were far more than "in all about 30,000" imprisoned for political offenses in September of 1939, when the war began. This figure given by Phillips is too high for the six main concentration camps in operation in September 1939, but much too low for the total number of political prisoners. Nor is Phillips right in stating: "Many more than 30,000 – although almost certainly not as many as 100,000 – had been through the hell of the concentration camps." Phillips obviously referred only to concentration camps on German soil as of the end of 1937, and to inmates who in their majority were Germans. For he gives the figure of 162,734 inmates for April 1939, on the same page, but coupled with the statement that "most of them" were imprisoned in the new camps in Austria and Czechoslovakia.

Exact figures on the numbers of those who were in and out of German concentration camps between 1933 and 1939 are very difficult to come by, and often not reliable. But some revealing figures have been preserved from the files of the *Gestapo* and also from those of the regular courts of justice. According to official tabulations made by the Nazi regime, 27,369 persons were under formal indictment for alleged political offenses in 1939, and 112,432 were serving sentences for such offenses in 1939. There were, in April 1939, 21,400 inmates in the six main concentration camps on German territory (without Austria and Czechoslovakia). In one year, 1936, 11,687 persons were arrested for illegal Socialist activities alone. In the same year, the *Gestapo* collected 1,643,000 illegal leaflets in Germany that had been distributed by underground Social-Democrat and Communist groups alone. In the six years of Nazi rule before the war, the regular courts of law alone sentenced about 225,000 people to serve a total of about 600,000 years in jails and penitentiaries for political offenses. Between 1933 and 1945 some three million Germans were detained for political reasons for shorter or longer periods, some for many years, in concentration camps or penitentiaries.

In one chapter, Phillips relates his own experiences in concentration camps. No one who has not had the same experience can be presumptuous enough to comment on such a story, but it is easily the most gripping part of the entire book.

Phillips concludes his study with an effort philosophically to evaluate the horrible record of human passion and evil. In the absence of a faith in some transcendental or supra-human force commonly referred to as God, and given the relativity of all value systems, there can be no remedy for the moral and spiritual void in which National Socialism could arise.

And there is still the material condition of the human race. Millions are forced to live under the most wretched conditions. One can only agree with Phillips that it is necessary for more fortunate nations to do everything possible – at the very least, to give up 1% of the national income – to create humane living conditions for all humans, including the poor at home, and those in the Great Concentration Camp of the Third World in Africa, Asia, and South America. But humane conditions of existence require not only enough food, shelter, clothing, medical attention; but also dignity, meaningful occupation, and equality.

Here there is a note of pessimism. No rapid or even nearly complete solution of the material problems seems possible without the destruction of some of that which the solution would be aimed at preserving. Inhumane methods would be necessary to eliminate some of the causes of misery – population growth, uneven distribution of wealth, destruction of natural resources, hunger. People would have to be coerced and their lives regimented and controlled, family planning would have to be imposed by the authorities. It is impossible to *teach* people not to reproduce so fast, before the catastrophe will occur, and even if they could all be fed and housed and clothed, (over) crowding would still lead to horrible dehumanization and outbreaks of violence. We may also have to give up much of what we like to consider "culture" and esoteric refinement. The masses will impose their tastes on the rest even more than they already have, just as Tocqueville predicted more than a century ago. However, if we do not make the necessary sacrifices, says Phillips, the hungry races of the world may soon play the role of the *SS* in the White Concentration Camp, and we will be the Jews in it. Thus ends Phillips' assessment of the Nazi experience.

The fate of European Jewry is paradigmatic for extreme persecutions of minorities. The story of the persecution of the Jews in Holland, for example of their deportation and mass murder, is told in a comprehensive work by Jacob Presser.[17]

In his introduction Presser states that Göring, Himmler, Heydrich and other Nazi leaders "put pressure on Hitler to come down in favor of the 'orderly' mass extermination of the Jews", and that Hitler was still wavering in 1940, that he was then still considering a scheme for the emigration of all Jews to Madagascar. No peace was concluded with France, however, and Madagascar was not ceded to Germany and could not be used. Would the Free French or the British have defended Madagascar against a German invasion? Perhaps. Still, in the light of what Hitler said on many occasions in the 25 years of his political career, in the light of his plan to make the German race master of the world, and in the light of his indiscriminate hatred of the Jews including his only slightly indirect threat (in *Mein Kampf*) to gas them, it does not seem plausible that emigration was a serious alternative to mass murder, contrary to what Presser and other authors appear to believe. Rather, the question for Hitler seems to have been when, where, and how the Jews could be killed. Madagascar was not a place, at any rate, where anyone was expected to survive for long, let alone several million Jews deported there – presumably without machinery, fertilizer, seeds, building materials, vehicles. If there was any apparent hesitation on Hitler's part in carrying out his program for the "solution

17 Jacob Presser, *The Destruction of the Dutch Jews*, transl. from the Dutch by Arnold Pomerans, E. P. Dutton & Co., New York 1969. $10.00

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of the Jewish Question", it was due to lack of opportunity and coordination, but probably not indecision.

What Hitler said in his countless propaganda speeches in the 1920s and 1930s, in *Mein Kampf*, to Hermann Rauschning in the early 1930s, to his generals – about the needed *Lebensraum* for the conquest of which it would be necessary to defeat Russia and the British World Empire – all pointed in the same direction: the rule of the world. It was so fantastic and unrealistic that it was next to impossible to believe. Since the publication of Albert Speer's *Memoirs*, however, we are better informed. The planned buildings for the capital of Hitler's projected Germanic world empire speak clearly enough, through size and design, and through the concept of the "ruin value" of the buildings. They were to be built so that once they were ruins, many centuries after their construction, they would still be far more impressive than the architectural ruins left behind by the Roman Empire. Such concepts reveal a megalomania that cannot be surpassed. Perhaps Hitler's constant threats against the Jews seemed just as unbelievable as his announcements that he was going to rule Europe, and then the world. However, if he had acquired operative atomic weapons (and this was a real possibility) he might have achieved both – the rule of the world, and the destruction of practically all Jews. If one sees both together, Hitler's aim to rule the world, and his threats to destroy European Jewry, the emigration schemes no longer look like an alternative to mass murder.

On 30 January 1939 Hitler said in a long speech before the German *Reichstag*: "I have prophesied many things in my life, and I was usually laughed at. During my struggle for power, it was especially the Jewish people who received only with laughter my predictions that I should one day take over in Germany the leadership of the state and with it the leadership of the entire people, and that I should then among many other problems solve the Jewish problem. I think that the resounding laughter that Jewry raised in Germany then has since died in their very throats. Today, I will once again be a prophet: If international finance Jewry within and outside of Europe should succeed in plunging the peoples into another world war, then the result will not be the Bolshevization of the Earth and thus the victory of Jewry, but it will be the annihilation of the Jewish race in Europe." Not that Hitler seriously meant to claim that he would not go to war unless attacked; on the contrary, he made it clear on several occasions – on 5 November 1937 and 23 May 1939, for example – that Germany would not be attacked, but that he would make war nevertheless because the struggle for *Lebensraum* required it.

If Hitler's statements could seem confusing or fantastic before 1939, particularly to those who only knew his public statements but not the ones he made in small private groups, or to some high-ranking generals, we are now well enough informed to assess Hitler's true intentions more correctly. Presser's book is strong testimony to the consistency of Hitler's intentions, although Presser has investigated only some of its manifestations in the Netherlands, but not the internal German scene.

For the history of the Netherlands in general, and of Dutch Jewry in particular, the question of how to confront Nazi tyranny was a problem heavy with implications, as it was in Germany itself, and in the other countries occupied by German troops. In Germany, it meant high treason against a seemingly lawful government, at least one that had come into existence legally. In foreign countries occupied by German soldiers, resistance against the occupation forces was more obviously patriotic and in the national interest. Even so, when it came to protecting Jews – Dutch Jews whose ancestors had been Dutchmen for centuries – the record of the Dutch population was not much better than that of the German population. Throughout Presser's work, a certain slight bitterness is noticeable, despite the many instances of courageous protest that he describes, over the lack of resistance to the persecution and "special treatment" policies conducted by German authorities against the Dutch Jews.

There are other phenomena that Presser finds difficult to understand, but he describes them with considerable fairness and tactful intuition. There was almost no resistance on the part of the Jews themselves. Not as if they had not known what was to be done to them (a case of several hundred young Jews who were murdered at Mauthausen in 1941 became well known in the Dutch Jewish community), but they simply could not believe systematic and indiscriminate slaughter. Jews are no exception to the rule that men tend to hope in spite of everything they may be going through, and what was happening in the death camps *was* incredible in the full sense of the word. When Jews by the trainloads arrived in Auschwitz in 1943 and 1944 – why should they expect to be killed? Although the extermination program was, of course, secret, and those engaged in carrying it out were forbidden to talk about it "outside" under penalty of death, it was "known" by way of rumor outside the camps. Still, how could one take seriously such horror stories? The arriving Jews were divided into groups, they were told to undress, to carefully tie together their shoes, and to go to the "shower rooms". They were more than willing to believe that, having reached their destination in the "relocation project", after the long train ride without sufficient hygienic facilities, they were to be allowed to bathe. Only when they were pushed and crammed into the gas chamber (camouflaged as a shower room, with false shower outlets), when they were standing so tightly that nothing could fall to the floor, and when they heard the heavy steel door close – only then did the last of them understand. And it is still incredible. But the full evidence is available, and Rudolf Hoess[18] and others have described in the greatest possible detail the entire process of mass murder.

Like any ruler of foreign peoples who ever understood his business, the German authorities usually did not deal directly with the Dutch Jews, but through a specially created body of Jewish representatives, the Jewish Council *(Judenrat)*. This group of highly respected and well-known Dutch Jews cooperated with the German authorities, though often under protests, in all measures leading to

18 Rudolf Hoess, *Commandant of Auschwitz: Autobiography*, World Pub. Co., Cleveland 1959.

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registration, humiliation (Jews had to wear a yellow star on their outer garments), to evacuation, deprivation, concentration in ghettos, and eventually to deportation. In the camps, there were Jewish Councils operating similarly. (Even in the death camps, not all arriving Jews were killed immediately, but those able to work were "selected" and killed later; some few of them survived because the death machine ground to a halt before it could complete its work.) The Jewish Councilmen did "all they could" to relieve the misery, to prevent measures of persecution, but they cooperated, and without their cooperation the work of the German persecutors would have been much more difficult. What could they have done? If they had refused to serve, others would have been found, perhaps people of less integrity, corruptible ones; was it not better that "good" people served on the Councils? They might be able to save a few, to help some to escape, and they would not be so easily tempted to enrich themselves with the belongings left behind by deported or murdered Jews. The Dutch Jews, of course, were no more and no less human than any other people. But no matter how great the efforts of the Jewish Councils to save and to prevent where they could, they could not escape the odium of collaboration, and they knew it. They found themselves in a position similar to that of many German officials who stayed in their posts during the Nazi era to help, to prevent what they could, to aid Jews (as some German officials did fairly successfully in the Netherlands, too). These Jewish Councilmen, and those German officials, were fully aware that by doing what they did, they also became involved in the criminal actions of the regime. They hardly expected to be understood by posterity. Perhaps it is too difficult a position for posterity to understand. Presser undoubtedly tried his utmost to understand, but he could not quite suppress the gnawing feeling that there should have been more resistance all around, and from Jews as well.

Presser's impressive work is termed by the publisher "a definitive account of the holocaust in the Netherlands", and the sheer volume and comprehensiveness of the tome tend to support this claim. To the historian and to the scholar, the extreme paucity of references to documents must be disconcerting, however, and it is small consolation that, as Presser states in the forward, there is preserved in the Rijksinstituut voor Oorlogsdocumentatie in the Netherlands a complete manuscript with all references to sources used. The average historian cannot go to the Netherlands just to see the manuscript of Presser's book; in fact, the general idea of publishing is to make this kind of procedure unnecessary. However, the book appears to be written primarily for the Dutch general reader, and for survivors of the holocaust and their relatives and descendants. Though the historian will find many questions unanswered, the general reader will be both well informed and moved by the compassionate, intuitive, readable, yet factual (if often rhapsodic) narrative.

Historical investigation of Germany's and Europe's 12 years with Hitler has taken many forms. Two examples of what readers in East Germany are allowed and encouraged to read are Julius Mader's stories of World War II espionage operations.[19] Mader, the author of *Who's Who in CIA*,[20] and his co-authors hardly ever deviate from their derogatory tone in dealing with almost anything coming out of a non-Communist country, unless they quote directly from documents. Fortunately, Mader does quote from documents quite extensively, especially in his book on German espionage. But in description, his and his co-authors' prose is full of contemptuous invective against the "Fascist revengist aggressors" in the West German Republic or elsewhere in non-Communist countries, against their West German colleagues, against monopoly capitalism, against provocateurs and interventionists. As well as we know that the policies of Communist countries are not entirely beyond reproach – as in Hungary in 1956, or in Czechoslovakia in 1968 – we know that Mader and his co-authors are not *totally* wrong in what they say about things "Western". But, whatever the reason for this tenor – be it force of habit, or force of environmental circumstances – it can hardly fail to detract from the books' standing and credibility as works of historical scholarship and writing. No crimes are ever committed in the service of the Great Fatherland of Socialism, in the interests of class-struggle, in the fight against "Fascism". Similarly, Dr. Richard Sorge was a "heroic reconnaisseur" of the Soviet Union. But almost nothing but crimes are committed in the service of non-Communist countries, and those engaged in the same activity as Dr. Sorge on the other side were nothing but dirty low-down spies. This is the totally partial position that Marxist-Leninist doctrine requires. For the historian, for the reader interested in true history, it is too simple, too black-and-white. Even in the capitalist degenerate West, many have progressed beyond the differentiation between just and unjust wars.

Both books, nevertheless, are valuable contributions at least for readers who have no access to Western publications, and both books are based on much primary source material – though much of it has been published years ago in Western countries, and the book on Dr. Sorge contains many errors and is based on much less primary material than the one on German espionage. In both books, however, it is relatively easy to separate the sheer propaganda from the factual narrative.

It may be difficult for Mader to follow scholarly custom and give exact information concerning his sources because of pressures beyond his control. Even so, the story of how he came by the reminiscences of Major-General Hans Piekenbrock, former head of the German military Counter-Intelligence Section I (Intelligence), is a strange one: Piekenbrock, on his way home to West Germany from Russian captivity, passed through where Mader was able to talk with him (in Berlin?), and suddenly handed Mader the

19 Julius Mader, *Hitlers Spionagegenerale sagen aus*, Verlag der Nation, Berlin 1970, 475 pp.; Julius Mader, Gerhard Stuchlik, Horst Pehnert, *Dr. Sorge funkt aus Tokyo*, Deutscher Militärverlag, Berlin, 4th ed. 1970, 475 pp.

20 Julius Mader, *Who's Who in CIA*, (publ. by the author), Berlin 1968.

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handwritten notes! Where are they now? May any scholar examine them in full? Mader would probably answer: Why not, if you let me see what you have in West Germany. And he has evidence that access is being made difficult for him by West German archives (many Western researchers have had similar experiences in some of the same West German archives). He does not seem able to travel to West Germany, because of restrictions in one or both parts of Germany, and correspondence does not yield him what he requests. On the other hand, Eastern archives only rarely admit Western researchers.

There are in Mader's book on German espionage almost fifty pages of reminiscences by Piekenbrock, followed by twenty-six pages of testimony by Major General Erwin Lahousen Edler von Vivremont, head of *Abwehr* Section II (Special Services, Sabotage). The Piekenbrock material had not been published, though it was known indirectly to Western scholars at least through the testimony and publications of Paul Leverkuehn, Friedrich Wilhelm Heinz, and Lahousen, all former *Abwehr* officers. The statements by Lahousen that Mader publishes are taken from the Nuremberg Trial records, published in the years 1947-1949, though probably not easily accessible to East German readers. East or West, the 42-volume set is not likely to be found in many places outside research libraries. Some memoirs by Lahousen have also been published in English by Charles Wighton and Günter Peis in 1958.[21] The information given by Colonel Erwin Stolze, Lahousen's deputy, while Stolze was a Russian prisoner of war, apparently consists of a good deal of otherwise unpublished material, including some details on the role of Karl Hermann Frank, the later Minister of State for the Protectorate of Bohemia-Moravia, during the preparation of the German take-over of Czechoslovakia in 1937 and 1938. The material covers some sixty-seven pages, and it is followed by forty-six pages of testimony given in Soviet detention by Lieutenant General Franz Eccard von Bentivegni, head of *Abwehr* Section III (Counter-Espionage). This, too, is interesting material but not uniquely revealing. The total text of 392 pages, without appendices, thus includes slightly over 40% of documentary material, and the title of the book, *Germany's Espionage Generals Speak*, is justified. The rest of the book consists of introductory and concluding chapters, some documents from the Nuremberg Trial records, some lengthy quotations from the official Soviet history of World War II, a chronology of German military intelligence operations from 1933 to 1944, and notes and charts.

The value of both books authored and co-authored by Mader for East German readers cannot be in doubt. But they do not meet the requirements of either works of historical scholarship, or scientific editions of documents. The testimony that had not been known so far, especially Piekenbrock's, Stolze's and Bentivegni's, is printed only intermittently. There is no indication of how much has been left out, where the originals can be found, whether they can be examined. Yet, if he could have used all the material now available in both parts of Germany, Mader might have written the definitive history of the *Abwehr*.

This would also have required the inclusion in the investigation of such phenomena as the anti-Hitler group within the *Abwehr* of which Admiral Canaris, the chief, was not a member, but the guardian angel, and to which belonged such men as Major General Hans Oster, Lieutenant Colonel Helmuth Goscurth, Sonderführer (Major) Dr. Hans von Dohnanyi, Dr. Otto John, Dr. Dietrich Bonhoeffer (who to most Americans who know his name at all was a theologian of considerable originality), and others who are mentioned only in passing or not at all. Naturally, the very existence of such a group must be an embarrassment to any proponent of the theory that the *Abwehr* was nothing but the sinister arm of Fascism and of the wire-pulling monopoly-capitalist trust-bosses whose exponent was Hitler. Any resistance to Hitler that East German historians are willing (or permitted) to acknowledge as springing from honorable motives must be Communist, or, at the very least, in sympathy with Communism. Mere patriots who wanted to save their fatherland from the destruction of war do not qualify.

Dr. John, of course, is a special source of embarrassment and it is not surprising that he is not even mentioned in either of the two books. John maintained links between the anti-Hitler conspiracy and the Western Allies, through *Abwehr* channels, even after the *Abwehr* had been absorbed into the *SS* Intelligence Service in 1944, and after Oster, Dohnanyi, Bonhoeffer and others had been arrested in April 1943. After 20 July 1944, John managed to escape to Lisbon, joined the British Military Intelligence, returned to Germany in 1952 as head of the West German Office for the Protection of the Constitution (particularly against Communist subversion), and in 1954 disappeared from West Berlin into East Berlin. John's story is that he was kidnapped, and although he played along with his East German "hosts" who guarded him closely at first, although he gave a press conference in which he said he had chosen the true Germany by crossing into East Berlin, he escaped only a few months later. His ruse had worked, the East German authorities were led to believe they had a convert on their hands, and they relaxed their surveillance of the high-ranking prisoner. In West Germany, the courts did not believe John's story, and he is still fighting for his rehabilitation.

Eventually, the student of National Socialism and its results will arrive at the question of what became of the monsters. The answer is not edifying, interesting, or satisfactory, and this may help to explain the paucity of good studies on the subject. One of the top criminals, Reinhard Heydrich, suffered a violent death. He was assassinated in Prague by Czech nationalists in May 1942.[22] Hitler, Keitel, and Jodl barely escaped the same fate on several occasions, the last on 20 July 1944 when Colonel Claus

21 Charles Wighton and Günter Peis, *They Spied on England: Based on the German Secret Service war diary of General von Lahousen*, Odhams Press, Long Acre, London 1958.

22 Jan G. Wiener, *The Assassination of Heydrich*, Grossman Publishers, New York 1969. $6.95 (based on limited material, poorly documented)

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VAN K. BROCK

FROM THE BERLIN WALL

". . . a great snake lying across
the heart of the city . . ." – RFK
"Ich bin ein Berliner." – JFK

Barbed wire tendrils into concrete cracks.
The wall, twined by steel vine, becomes
Part of a landscape crawling through alleys.
The bent claw rusts in the sealed houses.

O und die Nacht, die Nacht,
Wenn der Wind voller Weltraum gnaws our faces
While men climb the windless side
Machine guns scratch.

The wind's rough tongue sleeping
Licks the wounds away.
The lit ridge is a concrete scar
Stitched with barbed wire.

One head devouring a cancerous tail,
One claw gouging its own eyes out,
What are those shapes in its paw?
A rustle of leather wings.

Walking this scar at night, they scan
The city and sky and, blinded by lights,
See black Buddhas bubbling in whitewashed ovens,
Hear jade madonnas wailing in our firebombs.

Graf von Stauffenberg made his assassination attempt. Hitler shot himself through his mouth, in his underground bunker in Berlin, on 30 April 1945, after his *Reich* had collapsed. Some escaped, and Martin Bormann, for one, may still be alive somewhere. Ten others were hanged on 16 October 1946. Colonel Burton C. Andrus was in charge of guarding them and of supervising their execution, and he has now told his story.[23] Little of it is new, and there are no profound insights. One gets glimpses of the personalities of the men whom Andrus guarded, and a superficial view of the circumstances of their imprisonment. The security problems are interesting and surprising to anyone who had the impression of impregnable might when looking at the Nuremberg Trial setting with its numerous uniformed guards and close security checks. Once Göring's guard was almost killed by a knife thrown from somewhere, and it may also have been intended for Göring for all that Andrus could discover; the knife-thrower was never found. Three suicides, including Göring's, also could not be prevented.

Andrus still feels strongly anti-Nazi. Needless to say, he is still fully convinced that the Trial was not merely just but also legal. The legality is dubious, of course, as the legal basis and procedure by which the criminals were convicted were not codified before the crimes had been committed. But one must admit that expediency strongly suggested a procedure such as that adopted in Nuremberg. German courts had sufficient German laws available under which to convict the defendants, but they might have been slow and ineffective, and the doctrine of collective guilt ruled them out as competent. The death penalty might not have been applied, as the trend in West Germany was away from it. The thought that men such as Göring or Streicher might be released and possibly allowed to attempt a political comeback after some ten years seemed intolerable at the time. They could all have been tried, convicted and sentenced to death many times over for their crimes in Poland, France, or Russia. But how could they have been distributed fairly among all the countries wishing to try them? Finally, the concentrated and public spectacular of a year-long trial ending in ten hangings was considered, perhaps rightly, to be indispensable for confronting Germany with the realities of the 12 years, and for sinking in once and for all that the war and all it meant were both wrong and lost. Nevertheless, the death penalty transcends the practical purpose of protecting society; it constitutes revenge, a primitive and cruel response to crime.

The problems that Nuremberg tried to solve are still with us. War and aggression are continuing in the world. Obedience to military orders still may lead to a medal of honor, or to the gallows. Andrus is convinced of the justice of the Allied case: he knew of no soldiers, he said, who swear to obey "all orders". He does not know the oath of personal and unconditional obedience to the *Führer* that all German soldiers had to swear since 1934. Aside from this, the expectation that soldiers will examine orders as to their legality before carrying them out may be justified in many cases, but in many others it is naive in the extreme, or hypocritical. Telford Taylor, a former member of the staff of the Chief U. S. Counsel for the Prosecution at the Nuremberg Trial, has recently said what needed to be said on the subject.[24] Hamburg and Dresden were never much discussed by "the media"; Nagasaki and Hiroshima were considered "necessary" and their function in bringing to a close the war with Japan cannot be denied. No such circumstances or considerations attach to My Lai, nor is the name of Auschwitz ever likely to be forgotten. Statements by World War II veterans after the verdict against Lieutenant Calley have helped to show up My Lai for what it was: war at its most brutal and unrestrained – no more, no less.

23 Burton C. Andrus, *I Was the Nuremberg Jailer*, Coward-McCann, New York 1969. $5.00

24 Telford Taylor, *Nuremberg and Vietnam: An American Tragedy*, New York Times, New York 1970.

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But here the culprit cannot be an individual put in a situation in which he was not able to act with restraint. The culprit is a society – and this includes every one of us – that willfully places individuals in such situations. Legally, Lieutenant Calley was guilty, according to the court-martial's findings. But the laws according to which he was convicted were made by the same society that put him where he was incapable of keeping them. People who are in no way responsible for the conflict are made to kill others who are equally not responsible; this extreme immorality is imposed by our society, and it is hypocrisy and brainwashing to invent and enforce rules for committing acts of immorality. The trial of criminals, even those in the highest places, whether in Nuremberg or at Fort Benning, cannot solve the problem newly raised by the massacre at My Lai, and such trials must not be allowed to serve as an alibi for those who did not become personally and tragically involved. □

Selected Poems of Guillevic, translated by Denise Levertov. New Directions. $5.95 hardbound, $1.95 paper

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On first reading Denise Levertov's translations of Guillevic, I was hard put to evaluate them. They were obviously good; they read well in English and they seemed faithful, many times even literally faithful, to the originals. To my ear, however, they did not seem to be by Guillevic. Somehow they lacked his admirably controlled ironic tone and the vitality of his "spoken" language. I mean "spoken" in the sense that for all its precision and spareness, the language of Guillevic is that of conversation and not prose. Almost all poems are addressed directly to a listener – human, animal or inanimate. The distinction between the spoken and the written word is perhaps more important to French than English, but it is one that plays an important part in the effectiveness of Guillevic's poetry. What makes him a difficult poet, and he is difficult in French as in English, is the demand he makes on language. His poems surprise the reader by their syntactical acrobatics, their incompleted sentences, the play between personal and impersonal pronouns, the long separation of pronoun and antecedent, and such other grammatical devices. These departures from a grammatical norm are very much like speech patterns of conversation, with this difference: in conversation, much of the elliptical nature of language comes from a ground of common reference between speakers, while in the poetry of Guillevic the ellipsis creates a feeling of ambiguity.

It is this ambiguous tension that is most lacking in the English of Miss Levertov, and I think, strangely enough, because the translations are too literal: they tend to take words at face value. Not enough is made of tonal ambiguities, of shifts in perspective and other such Guillevic characteristics. Instead Miss Levertov makes too much of the image (for example, see her introduction). In the prose poem *Voyants*, which starts the selection, Guillevic implies that the most important act of the poet is that of commitment, of perspective, that is to say, how one views the world. "*Nous vivons comme dans la doublure de la vie*" – we live as if inside the lining of life. Miss Levertov has translated this, disastrously I think, as "we seem to live double the amount of life." The proximity of "double" and "*doublure*" is misleading, and it exemplifies the danger of what seems a literal translation. Miss Levertov does not always escape that kind of danger and the translations suffer from it in various degrees.

Voyants is also a credo for Guillevic. The image of living inside the lining of life is not only a structural metaphor for the rest of the poem, but it characterizes the point of view in most poems. Guillevic writes about "things", *i.e.*, trees, rocks, and its creatures, land, etc . . . He identifies with "things" not in a sentimental way but almost in an existential way. He is inside the lining of rocks when he talks about their relationship to the external, when he talks of their madness, of their loss of voice. He imagines the inside of the sun when he talks about its illusion of light. And he did write: "*J'ai logé dans le merle . . . j'ai vécu dans la fleur . . . J'ai vécu dans des fruits . . .*" ("I have dwelt in the blackbird . . . I have lived in the flower . . . I have lived in fruit . . ." *Habitations*, p. 134.)

* * *

There are mistakes in the translations; these are usually difficulties in English. The use of pronouns in French is such an example. The shift from personal to impersonal or general pronoun is an important device in Guillevic's poetry. It not only reproduces some characteristics of speech, but it also allows the presence of the speaker the flexibility to shed some of its personal attributes to identify with the object described. In English, the poem *A Colomba* is obscured because of a confusion in pronouns. Miss Levertov's translation reads:

I married a wand of willow
and so there came to me sorrow.

We never took those long voyages
through clouds towards
a depth of sky.

But I was poised
for moments or for eternity
like water in water.

——And now the time comes when
he must know
who, on the riverbank, has touched
his bride,
the willowbranch:

whether it is again he who suffers
so much, and in so many landscapes.

In French it is:

J'avais épousé la branche du saule
Et bien entendu la plus mal venue.

Nous n'avons pas fait de ces longs voyages
A travers nuages
Vers un fond du ciel.

Mais je suis resté
Pendant des instants ou l'éternité
Comme l'eau dans l'eau.

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––Et c'est maintenant qu'il faudrait savior
Qui, sur le bord de la rivière,
Toucha son épouse,
La branche du saule.

Si c'est encore celui qui souffre tellement
Dans tellement de paysages.

In the first line, the definite article "la *branche du saule*" should be kept, for it implies generic qualities which the English doesn't. Why is "*branche*" first translated as "wand of willow" then later as "willowbranch" when it matters here that it is the speaker and not the branch that changes? Second objection is to the word "sorrow" for "*la plus mal venue.*" Miss Levertov's note says that it means "the worst one that came along." Yes and no; it means the least welcomed one and, by that, indicates the reluctance of the bridegroom. The tone is light and "sorrow" is too heavy in English with its prediction of gloom (never mind the rhyme). Another point: "poised" in the third stanza seems to me wrong for "*je suis resté.*" The water image suggests a certain inertness while "poised" suggests a certain rigidity, as though a spell froze the beginning of an action. In the fourth and fifth stanzas, Guillevic suggests the change and alienation that occurred from the wedding. He asks the question as an outsider by using the impersonal "il *faudrait savoir.*" Miss Levertov's change from first person pronoun to third person "*he* must know" seems extraneous to the poem and, to my mind, obscures the point of view.

* * *

The translations suffer, at times, from a general heaviness of tone – a heaviness that does not reproduce the spoken qualities of the originals. Why in *Enquêtes # 1* (page 68) is "*est-ce que la lumière vous a fait mal*" translated as "has the light done you any injury?" It means "Did the light hurt you?" Physical not moral. In *Enquêtes # 10* we have "Does the sun *depart from you* without regret?/ Has the sun explained this?" Why not simply use "leave you?" In *Les Rocs # 8* the lines "*Ils ne savaient plus/ qu'ils avaient une voix*" (p. 76) should read "they forgot they had a voice." Why the laborious "they had not still known/ they had a voice?"

I also have an objection to Miss Levertov's tendency to overdevelop images. In *Of my death* (p. 89), the line in French that means "from it you brought this quivering wild game that you keep to give away," is "You have brought back/this shuddering wild bird/that you hold out to give away." It is a beautiful image in English, but too graphic. "*Gibier,*" I think is deliberately general so as to incorporate the figurative meaning of the game hunted by the quester.

In *Habitation* (p. 32) the description of circumstances is held in the neutral tone of documentation to evoke a certain objective coldness which brings out the exclamation of beauty at the end. By adding the adjective "lousy" to food, and by translating "*habitat*" as "dump", Miss Levertov tips the scale before the end. Her anger is sarcastic; Guillevic's is cold. On the other hand, the last stanza seems to me perfect in English. "It's the look in those eyes of hers" conveys everything of "*C'est le regard/ De ces yeux qu'elle a.*" The inversion in French is common to the speech of conversation; here the English also has that conversational tone. Most of the time, Miss Levertov ignores Guillevic's inversions. While they should perhaps not be mimicked, some attempt should be made to convey the nonchalance of speech.

* * *

In all fairness to Miss Levertov, I should point to her many successes in these translations: but those I have already alluded to in the first sentence of this review. If quibbling with a line here, a stanza there, and a word over here seems picayunish, it must be pointed out that such quibbles are only examples of mistakes that characterize the translations. Guillevic's language is so precise, so deliberately tense and cryptic that subtleties are not complications but revelations of meaning. In works this short and condensed, one wrong note and the whole poem is out of tone. My main reservation about the translations is that, in the long run, they do not catch Guillevic's unique voice.

–Dori Katz

Being There, by Jerzy Kosinski. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. $4.95

In recent years, Jerzy Kosinski has come to be recognized as a member of that slim band of serious novelists whose works express a profound urgency for moral redirection. In his previous novels, *The Painted Bird* and *Steps*, the author has tracked the landscape of violence which surrounds contemporary man, a violence which has now become a permanent element on our horizon. The forces of turbulence and oppression wear, in his first two novels, the public faces of evil: war, hatred, distrust, malevolence without motive. Ultimately, his protagonists absorb the brutalizing influences of the collective violence and are themselves destroyed – psychologically and morally – for further affirmative human action. Like the landscape of which they become a part, there is no retreat from violence.

Different in both form and content from his earlier fiction, *Being There* is nevertheless a continuing meditation on the theme of violence, a fable or "conceit" concerned with the phenomena of masses of men dead from an assailant so far removed as to be entirely invisible. As Frederick J. Hoffman has identified the modern dilemma, the great moral problem of the twentieth century begins at the point at which the distance between the agent and object is lost to the mind and to the imagination. With covert violence as Kosinski's major preoccupation, *Being There* dramatizes the destruction of man's power to live meaningfully. Following the insight in Simone Weil's powerful and suggestive essay on *The Iliad*, Hoffman asserts that the crucial result of the modern maneuvering of force (that which makes a *thing* of anybody who comes under its sway) has been the loss of human power to think, plan, and act in terms of the metaphors of his cultural inheritance.

In a recent article in the *Times*, Kosinski explored the dangers of a strange human malaise – the growing incapacity of the self to assume a viable shape. "The basis of our common horror," he wrote, "is the covert theft of self, the fear of having one's ident-

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ity overshadowed." The governing concept of all of Kosinski's work pivots on the twin notions of the integrity of "self" and the persuasive forces of the "collective" image to distort and ultimately to destroy man's capacity to remember an historical epoch when personal identity was a primary human value.

In Kosinski's perspective, the central question for modern man is no longer "Who am I?" but "Who do you want me to be?" Thus, in a late time, the knowledge we form of ourselves "is nothing but a collective image which, like ubiquitous television, engulfs us." We are, he concludes, "a culture of the denial of self," and the profane phrase "doing one's own thing" is really no more than a mockery uttered by people whose own thing is to be a part of the amorphous supergang. This collective self-image becomes an hypnotic drug for those who have lost the courage for – indeed, the very memory of – "Nobility of soul." They have consigned their souls to the hell of other people – to the craving for a collective ritual situation. In this new grammar of violence, the distance between the assailant and the victim has been immeasurably lengthened. These "collective souls," or "dead souls" as Kosinski calls them, are collaborators in the violence, and there is no longer a precise relationship to the criminal circumstances. For Kosinski, the moral tragedy of the "dead souls" is the failure of awareness of their complicity in the most damaging and subterranean act of violence (that which makes a thing of anybody who comes under its sway).

In a recent essay, "Phenomenology of Reading" the brilliant French critic Georges Poulet writes: "At the beginning of Mallarmé's unfinished story, *Igitur*, there is a description of an empty room, in the middle of which, on a table there is an open book. This seems to me to be the situation of every book, until someone comes and begins to read it. Books are objects.... They wait for someone to come and deliver them from their materiality, from their immobility." Poulet's example of the "waiting book," resting in silence, mutely soliciting the empathetic engagement of the reader's consciousness, applies with notable precision to Kosinski's third novel, *Being There*. Unlike his previous works, *Being There* is an openly parabolical tale, an exemplar of "the culture of dead souls."

The hero (model?) of this bizarre "conceit" is a young man portentously called Chance. Protected from the glare and noise of life from childhood by the Old Man, Chance occupies his days tending the flowers and trees in an enclosed Edenic garden. Damaged from birth, "the soft soil of his brain" makes him ill-equipped to deal directly with life, and the sources of his knowledge of human experiences are mirrored in his brain through his endlessly favorite pastime – television. His vision of life is bounded by the limits of the media, and because he is a mental idiot, he accepts the map for reality. Keenly sensitized to the visual, he is ignorant of great tracks of life. In later times, when he is confronted with erotic experience, he tells his aggressive partner that he would rather "watch." Chance is a dwarfed and pure *voyeur*, a watcher watching the watchers, but because he is incapable of engagement, he experiences no thrill, no excitement.

Suddenly the Old Man dies, and Chance is evicted from the garden – a man without a verifiable personal past and only a filtered mirror of reality. Dressed in the elegant garments of the Old Man, Chance enters the labyrinthine city and is immediately a traffic victim. Only slightly bruised, he is invited by an attractive matron to recuperate in the home of her husband, an aged and dying industrialist. Charmed by the sereneness of Chance, the wealthy Benjamin Rand seeks his advice on the national problem of inflation. With laconic wisdom, Chance responds: "In a garden . . . growth has its seasons. There are spring and summer, but there are also fall and winter. And then spring and summer. As long as the roots are not severed, all is well and all will be well."

Rand conveys the wisdom of these remarks to his friend, the President, who in turn quotes them approvingly on national television. Immediately lionized as a financial wizard, Chance is besieged by an eager press for more details, a greater elaboration of his prowess as problem-solver. Who is this man who has gained the ear and admiration of the President? A man without a past, Chance saves himself from the scrutinizing eyes of rapacious journalism by the simple comment: "No comment."

Judged one against whom no sin can be discovered, Chance seems a likely candidate for the Vice-Presidential position. Chance "has no background! And so he's not and cannot be objectionable to anyone! He's personable, well-spoken, and he comes across well on T.V.!" In fable, Kosinski is reinforcing the notion that the future of the country may well reside in the prophetic hands of men without a definable self. The ultimate process of violence will be realigned in the new grammatical terms of a different cultural hero.

Throughout his tale, Kosinski has dramatized the impending and coercive circumstances which rob mankind of its powers to create a unique human identity. Steeped in the politics of totalitarianism and the collective psyche necessary to achieve its dominance, Kosinski exploits the nausea, the preliminary to genuine disease and eventual death. "Hell is . . . the inability to be alone, to see yourself as your self sees you." The clear and present danger is the almost total erosion of the capacity for self-criticism, for an independence of values not induced or generated by collective or corporate image models. In its increasing collectivization, modern society offers every conceivable escape from the realization of self, the "loss of human power to think, plan, and act . . . Participation in the collective rites, such as mass-spectator sports, rock and pop festivals is a stage in the loss of self, which has assiduously been rubbed off from the earliest childhood by the collective-conformist eraser."

Like an open book, on a table, in the middle of an empty room, *Being There* portrays a world reduced to its own immobility – impotent, sluggish, distinguished *only* by being there. If history is the lengthened shadow of a man, the new age of Chance augurs ill. In Simone Weil's terms, covert violence has destroyed man's power to live meaningfully in a world where we raise idiots to the stature of heroes.

–Daniel J. Cahill

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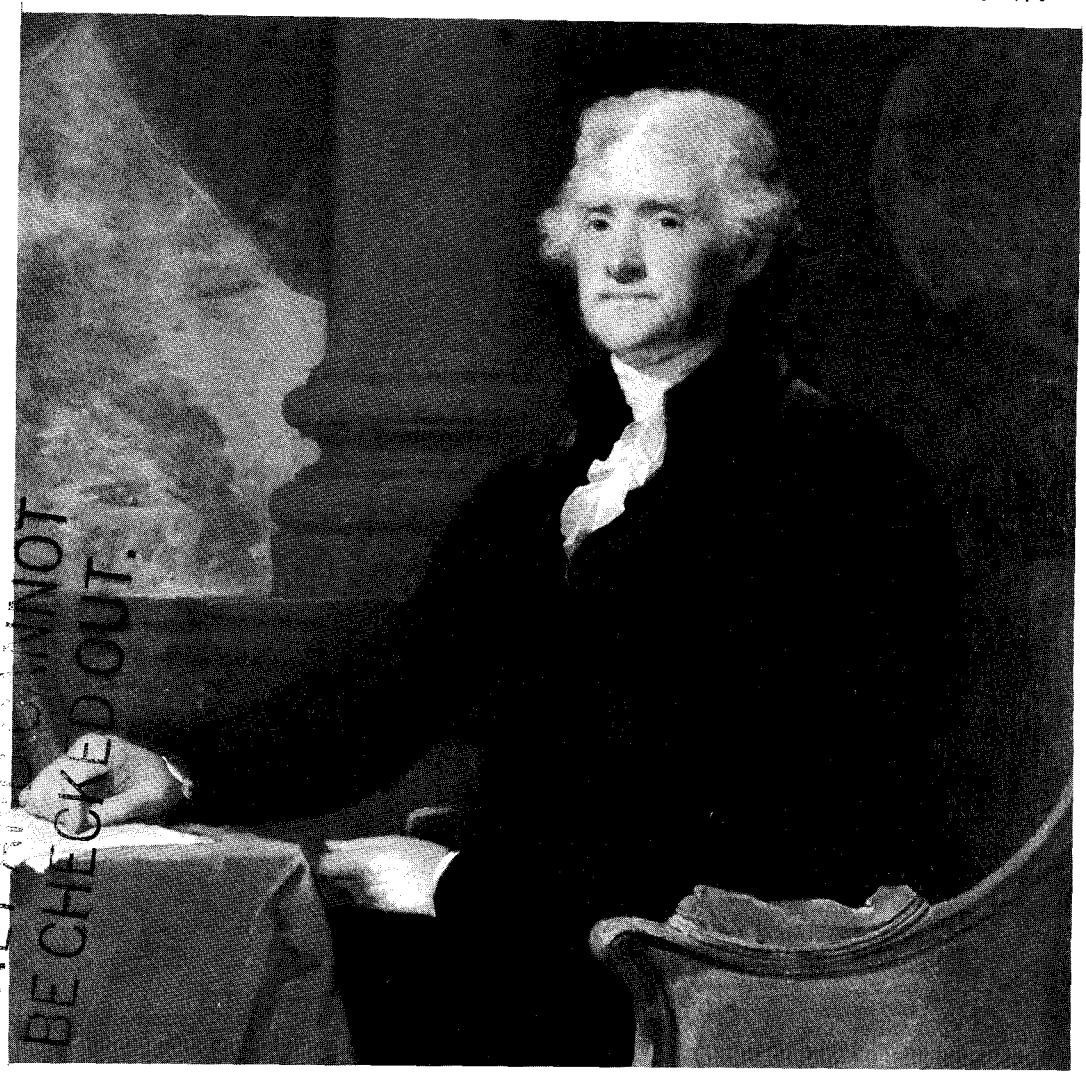

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